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THE

IRISH

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER TO FEBRUARY.

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(Son and Successor to Martin Keene.)

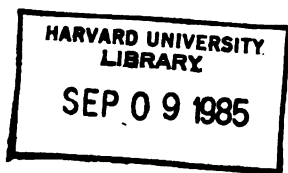
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THE
Irish Monthly Magazine,

(Formerly THE IRISH UNION MAGAZINE.)

VOL. II.]

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

[No. 7.

TO OUR READERS.

HAVING presented our readers with a complete volume in the six numbers already published of the IRISH UNION MAGAZINE, we have thought it advisable to continue this periodical in a slightly modified form. Our title was adopted with the intention of conveying to the public our views upon the subject of the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, supposing that we should thus express our political character, and set forth one of the leading objects which we have in view in this publication,—to strengthen the connexion of these countries, and oppose the progress of the repeal movement by sound reasoning. Further reflection has convinced us that a title-page, from its great brevity, cannot fail to be indefinite, and that the attempt to afford a short definition of so extensive a subject is more likely to produce a false than the true impression of our principles. We have, therefore, now, on commencing our Second Volume, adopted as our name, "THE IRISH MONTHLY MAGAZINE," which, being more comprehensive, if it fails to give us a distinctive character, at least will not be liable to affix upon us one that is untrue. As for our principles, the reader will not find it difficult to extract them from our articles. That he may, however, learn at one view our character and intentions, we must request him to peruse the following brief statement.

As a Magazine, we wish to produce chiefly, though not exclusively, from Irish pens, such literary articles and reviews as shall give us a claim to the position of a first class periodical. We wish to be understood as not seeking a secondary position. We shall not be satisfied with less than a chief place, and if we fail to attain it we shall contentedly retire from the field with a sincere hope that others more competent may arise. We are not to be understood as competing with the Dublin University Magazine. We hope, and are convinced that it will long continue to retain the high character it has acquired for literary and political excellence. We know that patience and time only can procure success, but taking courage from the progress made by our sister of "Alma Mater," we shall hopefully steer in the same

water, not as rivals—jealous of one another, but confident that we shall afford mutual encouragement and strength.

Our politics are of a distinct nature, and easy to be explained,—**WE PREFER TRUTH TO EXPEDIENCY.** We are Conservative—forbearing towards those who are opposed to us—wishing success to all men in their honest purposes—not disliking any man because his views differ from ours—but holding our own views distinctively and firmly. In one respect our conservatism differs from what is usually understood by that term. It does not stop short with the determination of holding what remains to us of the constitution; it proposes active and vigorous measures for the purpose of strengthening our position. We aim at gaining political advantages, that we may be thus the better able to *preserve* our rights. We do not seek to injure or detract from the rights of others; we go no further than a firm vindication of our own. Our relation, therefore, to the government is this:—in every object tending to the real welfare of the country, we are their supporters; aware of their difficulties, we would rather judge them kindly than harshly. Such measures as are opposed to our principles, but which do not directly affect the strength of the Protestant Church and our constitutional privileges, we shall as little as possible discuss; for our principal object is not to weaken our opponents but to strengthen ourselves. We shall, however, retain to ourselves the right of expressing when occasion may arise, our strong opposition to all measures of false expediency. Measures which tend to weaken our own party we shall resist with the utmost pertinacity and zeal. Our relation to the Romanist party is similar. We wish to cultivate with them kind and brotherly feeling; but where their designs are directed against us, they may expect from us neither favour nor affection, but plain and strong denunciations. We wish for peace, but we will not, without resistance, procure it at the expense of our own rights and privileges. On one point we shall not cease to cry out for justice; while we do not actively oppose ourselves to the general working of the National Board of Education, we will claim the right which no government can take from us, though they may refuse to recognise it, of having the Scriptures and the principles of the National Church, made the basis of instruction for the children of Protestant parents. The attempt that is being made to deprive us of this right, we will resist, as an act of tyranny and religious persecution. We will also strenuously oppose ourselves to every further aggression upon the Church Establishment.

It may be necessary, at a time when religious controversy is agitating so violently the public mind, to set forth a plain statement of our Church principles. We have a strong attachment for our National Church, and we are willing to stand or fall with her. We will not narrow her principles by the standard of any party. In her fullest and most comprehensive character, we are the firm advocates of *all* her doctrines and discipline. We conceive that it is unwise to overlook or undervalue either of these, with the hope of strengthening the other. We do not place the Church above the Bible, but we receive the Church because we believe that it contains the warrant and seal of Scripture. We are opposed to all internal controversy, from whichever extreme or section it may come. We cannot lower our principles to the standard of the dissenting bodies. We will not sacrifice an

iota of what we believe to be true, for the purpose of uniting with them. But, nevertheless, we would rather regard them with affection than dislike. We make *no concession*, but we would rather win them by kind words, than increase their separation from us by unnecessary censure.

A variety of difficulties have hitherto opposed our progress to success, but as they are of a kind which it is in our own power to remove, they have in no degree discouraged us. To those who have hitherto supported us, we return our warmest thanks, and we will do our utmost to retain their favourable opinion, and to give them good value in return for it. The kind encouragement which has been so liberally afforded us by the Press, we hail alike as a prosperous omen of success, and as a healthy symptom of the generous spirit of our countrymen. Our object is to do good, and if we fail in obtaining the support of the public, we shall be willing to suppose that we have been injudicious in our method of attempting it, rather than that they have been wanting in good will towards us.

THE CRISIS—BEING A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO IRISH PROTESTANTS.

EVER since we can remember, we have heard men again and again exclaim that the *crisis* was come,—that an immediate and decisive ruin was impending the Protestant Church. This cry has been raised from year to year; and, in truth, all that time there was no want of reason in it: for, year by year, the church has been beaten down and sorely injured by Irish agitators, by English newspapers, and British parliaments. However, we had heard this cry so often, as to have grown used to it, and very foolishly concluded, that this *crisis*, as it had been coming ever since the memory of man, would, in fact, never come. Probably we were short-sighted, and could not recognise its approach in the preceding symptoms; certainly we can see it now, not at a distance, but close at hand. A *crisis*, bearing life or death to the church of our fathers, and to all the blessings spiritual and constitutional that belong to it, has come; we cannot fail to see it. The few months that precede the next meeting of parliament, contain the germ of *safety* or *destruction*.

In and out of parliament former friends and open enemies alike have spoken calmly of putting an end to what worldly men have dared to designate a "very bad thing," and a "grievance," because it stands in the way of their compromise with error. Bad subjects and bad Christians refuse to be peaceful until the church is sacrificed to their agitation. The politicians think, that for the sake of the state the church ought to be given up—they hope that by sacrilege they can bribe the disaffected into allegiance. What prospect is there in such a sacrifice but disappointment complete and ruinous? But that which men talk calmly of giving up, is not theirs to give; it is the rightful property of the Protestants of Ireland. Parliament is omnipotent. It is said that it may pick any man's pocket legally. If it were necessary to sooth the disturber of the public peace, it might take all the property in Ire-

land from the hands of those in whose families it has been for centuries, and restore it to the descendants of rebels:—but it is not right to call them rebels *now*; *so far, then*, is the right of very many of the present landlords shaken.—Parliament might make this transfer, if it were *expedient*; and until it has made it, the agitators will not be pacified by conciliation; for this is the real end of their agitation. Parliament has already used this power (a right it cannot be) against the property of the church—the most sacred of all property; and the leader of the Whigs, and the probable future prime minister of England has declared, that he will not be satisfied until the robbery is complete. Protestants of Ireland, if a robber were to attack you, you would if possible defend yourselves; and if he were to give previous notice of his intentions, you would consider carefully what strength you possessed within yourselves and take measures of resistance. Lord John Russell and his friends are so far *open* enemies, that they have given you this notice.

Sir James Graham expressed himself in the strongest language as opposed to such a step as “the abolition of the Protestant establishment;” but be it observed, that it is the *difficulty* rather than the *injustice* of the measure that deters him—the “shock to the rights of property”—“the impossibility of carrying it without violence.” Let the Protestant landlords of Ireland ponder well the former of these reasons; for ere this versatile statesman chances, by and by, to forget its weight, they would do well to look to their rent-rolls; and as for the other, a *cunning tactician* might find elements in the country to set off against this threatened “violence,” and to prevent it. The English Dissenters are an influential body; and there is no fear of violence from them on such a question. The Reverend Baptist Noel is an English Churchman; and he and his party will be so far from preventing the attack upon the Irish Church, that they are the first to urge her enemies against her. Perhaps a new calculation of the strength and combination of parties may, during the recess, alter the judgment of the Home Secretary: as short a time has produced as great a change in his opinions. Protestants of Ireland, these Englishmen are calculating the chances by which they may be enabled to seize possession of *your* property, and calmly weighing its value against the difficulties of obtaining it.

We wish to be understood, and therefore we speak plainly; and we warn the Irish Protestants, by all that is dear to them, that the *crisis* is come—that at this moment, their Bibles, their Churches, their liberties, their property, their lives are in the scale. We do not write random or inconsiderate words: our assertion comes from the strong conviction of our own minds; and you may weigh and draw your own conclusion from our reasons.

1. Your enemies are unscrupulous. We do not accuse any man or body of men of being resolved upon your destruction; but we shall remind you of a fact. Two systems of attack are carried on simultaneously against you! The Repeal agitation is the first, which is open and before the world; and it is conducted after this manner;—violent speeches delivered in the language of well-feigned indignation, containing innumerable calumnies against you and your fathers, issued weekly by a press equally abusive and unjust, *are read and believed in every part of Europe*. Thus, while you are peaceful and patient, the

hostility of the world is turned against you. Large meetings are held, and processions made, conducted with the most consummate skill, under the controul of leaders who carefully restrain the people from violence:—they know that *you* will not attack them. Thus the world is made to believe that all Ireland is engaged as one man in their designs. In these meetings the people are directed to be peaceful; but those who have a thirst for blood, have other opportunities of tasting it. For, secondly, simultaneously, if not in connection, with this powerful movement, the assassin's knife is directed against you in all quarters, and under every variety of circumstance. We make no comment upon this fact; we point to no individual or body of men as guilty of this combination of dishonesty and wickedness; but we are justified in drawing the conclusion—that your enemies are unscrupulous.

2. Your enemies are strong. They have defied, they have baffled, and they have defeated one of the strongest governments that was ever formed in England. It is our belief that Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues would be righteous if they thought they could; but the Repeal Association has forced them to change their system of politics; we are therefore justified in saying, that your enemies are strong.

3. Their agitation has a definite object hostile to you; for it is conducted by the Romish priesthood, the declared enemies of your religion and your liberties.

4. They make no scruple in saying, that they will not be satisfied with any thing short of the destruction of your Church.

5. They aim at a restoration of the forfeited estates. On this subject, though they are far from silent, they do not venture to express themselves so openly as upon the latter: but there is a remarkable circumstance in connection with both, which it will be worth the while of the Irish landlords to remember. One of those two systems of attack which are going on together, assassination, was some years back directed against the clergy. This had its natural effect upon the public mind. Men do not shoot one another for nothing; and people began to say, that it would be better to remove the cause, than that such horrors should continue. The Irish Church was at first, by a few, and gradually by many, pronounced an evil, and the parliament entered upon its destruction. When the tactics of your assailants were so far successful, as that the English mind had become deeply impregnated with this opinion, the assassinations of the clergy ceased; for wanton murder is seldom committed even by the wicked. The object they had *then* in view was gained; for their course was already working its certain consequences. But though they had placed the Church in a position of danger out of which she was not likely to escape, they had something further to attack. The landlords in their turn became the aim of the murderer, and soon the public feeling arose, in like manner, against them.* Parliament has already taken their case in hands; but they need not hope that a "Landlord and Tenant's Bill," or any thing short of complete possession will satisfy the assailants any more than they were satisfied by such measures as "the Commutation," or "Church Temporalities' Acts." We say to the government, that if they expect to have peace in Ireland through means of concession, they must give up

* The late philippics against the Irish landlords, published in the *Times* newspaper—equally injurious and unjust—cannot easily be forgotten.

all; and we say to the Protestant Churchmen and landlords, that with such unscrupulous and powerful enemies, and such a yielding government, they must look for the force of resistance in themselves.

6. Your enemies are opposed to your liberties. It is considered an insult to say, that Romanism, where it has power, will crush the liberty of Protestants. We do not wish to insult any one; but we are sick of hearing men rounding their sentences into unmeaning compliments, lest they should be supposed to speak the truth. It is quite true that a very few months ago, the Romish priesthood of Sardinia stole his daughter, a poor young girl, from the Protestant Ambassador of a Protestant state. Shame upon the craven Dutch hearts that suffered it! Shame upon the governments of Europe that did not rise in one body to crush the convent where, ever since, she has been concealed from her friends! It is true that such an attack as this was made upon the liberties of one of the powerful of men by the Popish priests of Sardinia. And are they not of the same stock, do they not profess the same doctrines, are they not bound to obey the same head, as the Popish priests of Ireland, who are the *avowed* leaders of *one* of the two systems of attack of which we have spoken? One word from the good and Christian Bishop of Rome would restore this unhappy child to her family, and one word from the same good Christian Bishop would compel every priest in Ireland to commit a similar outrage upon your liberties. We protest that we have as little confidence in their professions of good will toward us, as we have in Sir James Graham's reasons for not *yet* sacrificing the Church. Another British statesman might, a few years hence, declare himself unwilling to rescue one of *your* daughters from a similar degradation, lest "violence" should arise from such an interference with the immunities of Rome.

If these reasons are not sufficient to make every Irish Protestant feel that a most momentous crisis has arrived, it would be difficult to imagine stronger than these. An enemy which does not scruple to slander and to murder, whose slanders have injured you in the eyes of the world as much as their constant assassinations have weakened and dismayed you—so strong, as to have defeated the Conservative government, and now avowedly determined to wrest from you the blessings of your Church and the lands of your fathers, your Bibles, and your liberties;—such an enemy demands on your part something more than mere "passive obedience" to the wishes of a government which had not the power to controul it. The Protestants of Ireland peacefully awaited the progress of the struggle between the Conciliation Hall and the British government. The latter called upon them to be patient, and promised to save them. They obeyed the call; but now, when they have seen the government defeated, it is no longer their duty to trust to *its* protection. They must decide whether they will submit, without a struggle, to a **POPISH ASCENDANCY**, and all its consequences, to themselves, or employ the strength and resources which God has given them, in resisting so great an evil.

YOU CANNOT TRUST HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS. We do not mean that they are insincere, or would purposely injure you; but from the moment that Sir Robert Peel declared that the Repeal Association could not be put down, he proclaimed his incompetence to save you from your enemies. Up to that time we ourselves confided in him; now he cannot expect that we should. We still think that his inten-

tions *were* good ; but we can scarcely doubt that they now are evil. We believe, that lately, political expediency and the support of truth were brought into opposition in his mind, and that he has resolved upon sacrificing the truth to what he considers the interests of the state. Others may think differently ; but circumstances strongly favour this opinion.

His leading object is to have peace in Ireland ; and truly we would wish him success in so good a purpose, if it could be effected without impiety and injustice. Now mark the course he pursued to effect this object. He tried at first to break down the Repeal combination by a firm vindication of the law, and by introducing measures of general improvement, intending by the former to limit the power of the agitators, and supposing that the latter would turn the public mind into a new direction, and break up the party of O'Connell. We watched this course with interest, and expected its success. The events which led to the prosecution, and its progress up to the unexpected decision of the House of Lords, seemed to favour the policy of the government. But whether they were themselves the authors of this decision, having already, from unexplained causes, determined upon altering their plans, or were by this defeat forced into an alteration of them, it is certain that they did, immediately after, adopt a line of action directly opposite to that which they had previously pursued. Much casuistry has been employed to convince the public that they did not do so ; but if the acts passed last session did not themselves sufficiently disprove such an assertion, there are other circumstances which leave the matter beyond all doubt. The sudden resignation of Mr. Gladstone *before he had time to consider the new measures*, proves that he at least had not previously intended them, and was startled by their tendency. Sir James Graham had, *before this time*, declared that "concession had reached its limits;" *after it*, he acknowledged that he had spoken hastily and had changed his mind. But in the words of the Premier, the fact and the cause are contained together. He asserted as a *reason* for proposing the Maynooth grant, that without it the Repeal Association could not be put down. This certainly implied, that if his previous policy had succeeded, he would not have had recourse to this.

While it was his policy to break up the association by national improvements, and the power of the law, you confided in him implicitly, although in doing so you deprived yourselves of the opportunity of concentrating your strength to oppose the power which, in case of his failure, threatened to destroy you. Under this altered policy, there are two things you are to consider, whether the avowed defeat of the government, in their first plan of resistance, ought not to destroy your confidence in them *as defenders of your liberties and property* ; and whether the course of legislation which they have adopted is not of such a character as to make it your duty, as free citizens, to oppose it by every constitutional means in your power. These two results are not necessarily connected. You may, for instance, approve of their policy, but distrust their strength ; it will then be your duty to combine as much as possible for self-defence, and to await the result in silence. Or you may, while you distrust their strength, have also a strong repugnance to their measures, as those which, through a long

series of years, not merely your own judgment, but also their declarations, have taught you to regard as hostile to your religion and your liberties; and then you will have a double duty to perform, to prepare yourselves like brave men for the conflict, if, by the permission of God, it should await you, and to place yourselves politically in a position, if not of hostility to the government, at least of watchfulness to oppose any new aggression upon your rights. In reference to the former of these duties, we shall make some further observations in the concluding article of this number; and we take the liberty of recommending here such a course of proceeding, in regard to the latter, as seems to us best suited for the present exigency.

It would appear, that as Sir Robert Peel has been led to oppose himself to your interests, instead of fulfilling his promise in supporting them, by the strong combination of the repeal party, an equally firm and united association on your side would have the effect of compelling him to give you at least an equal consideration in his future plans; we therefore recommend the Protestants of the North to make good use of the interval before the next meeting of Parliament, in showing the government and the world the strength and resolution of their body. The most obvious effect of this will be, to make it impossible for the government to attain their object of pacifying Ireland, by their present plans; and though the fear of such a result may at first sight deter some, on second consideration they cannot fail to see its advantages: for the peace of Ireland will be of no value to them, if attended by their ruin; and besides it will not prevent this peace, it will rather facilitate it, by forcing the government to adopt a course which they ought to have taken up long ago, and which will, by this proceeding, be made easier for them to adopt now; to reduce the disturbances and feuds in this country, by such laws as will put an end altogether to the trade of agitation. Thus, too, when they have received from the legislature increased powers, they will be able to put a stop to assassinations. For this purpose the people ought to be organized, and meetings, as large as possible, should be assembled in every county in the north. *Strong* resolutions should be passed at them, expressing in simple and plain terms the feelings and intentions of the Protestants.

Hitherto we have written what can scarcely fail to accord with the sentiments of all the Protestants of Ireland, in their present embarrassing position: the suggestions that follow are the results of our own judgment and reflection, and we lay them before the reader, not with the presumption to suppose that they are more judicious than those which will occur to others, but merely claiming for them such a degree of weight as ought to be given to the deliberations of any thoughtful man. The present position of the Irish Protestants requires not resolution only, but also *caution*. They must act with the forethought of the wise, no less than with the determination of the brave. They ought to speak their sentiments and declare their intentions plainly and strongly, but in such a way as, while it will demand the attention of the government, will secure the respect of the entire British public. Men who have clear grounds of complaint in their own wrongs, should be careful not to weaken the impression that may be made by them, by intermingling them with language of hostility to others. Whatever steps the Protestants may conceive it advisable to take, we think that this principle ought not to be lost sight of.

Keeping it in view, we shall suggest a course of proceeding, which, if steadily entered upon by all classes—the aristocracy throwing off their apathy, as they must needs do soon, and the middle and lower classes receiving their co-operation with the greater confidence, because, having been hitherto withheld from motives of caution, it will now be given with a sincere and earnest purpose—we shall suggest such a course as, if thus entered upon, will not fail to give great political weight to the Protestants of Ireland.

We advise that the lieutenant or high sheriff of the several northern counties summon aggregate meetings to attend in the principal towns, for the purpose of presenting a petition to the Queen. Commencing with such a course, they will enter upon their work with the whole weight of the law and constitution to support them. The petition which we recommend should consist of two articles only, and those purely defensive in their character. A vote of censure against the Government would show strong and honest feeling, but would procure no strength. A declaration against Popery would be useless, as your sentiments upon that subject are already well known, and besides, being an aggressive movement, it would not accord with the principle laid down above. We would advise that the petition beseech her Majesty, in humble but dignified terms, to interpose her authority as the temporal head of the church, to prevent any further aggression upon its rights. Such a petition would be understood, and even those who in general matters dissent from the Church would make no difficulty in signing it, for they cannot be *hostile* to the Church, and besides, standing as it does, like a shield between Rome and them, their safety depends in a great measure upon its strength.

The second article should be a prayer to restore to her loyal Protestant subjects in Ireland the privileges which, from the time of the Reformation up to the last few years, they had constantly enjoyed, of having their children educated on Scriptural and orthodox principles. We do not think that this petition ought to be accompanied with any objection to the National Board of Education, which could not add to its weight, and would certainly render it liable to some answer giving a general commendation of the working of this Board. Common men will understand you when you say that you ask for Scriptural education for your own children, and to refuse such a request will be much more difficult than to refuse to modify the National Board. By confining themselves to such petitions as are here recommended, the Protestants will place themselves in the position of free men complaining of plain grievances and asking for nothing further than their own rights. And if these petitions obtain no more than a *favourable consideration*, this will be a definite advantage gained. We said that we claim for our suggestion nothing more than fair consideration, but we believe that if it were fully acted upon considerable good would result from such a course. The two articles would be better if drawn up in the form of distinct petitions, and every effort should be made to obtain to them the signatures of all the adult Protestants of both sexes, all or as many of the Bishops and nobility as approve of them placing their signatures at the head.

A very short address might also be agreed upon and published in all the newspapers of Great Britain, to our English brethren, claiming their sympathy and support in our present danger.

Whatever steps the Protestants take in this matter, they ought to be unanimous, and every care should be taken to avoid the introduction of unnecessary or numerous questions. United action, plain words (without unkindness), and a single purpose, not proposing much, but steadfastly adhering to such a course as not only will commend itself to their own judgment and wishes, but will not causelessly raise the objections of others, cannot fail to be attended with success. We leave the subject now, not wishing to render it obscure by any further observations.

M. DE LAMARTINE.

HARMONY FIRST.

(From the French.)

Thou at whose prompting soars the lark upborne
 To hail the day-spring with a natal song ;
 That taught'st the nightingale, sad soul ! to mourn
 Plaining with piteous sweetness all night long ;
 That bidd'st the forest to the winds reply ;
 The brook with murmuring melody to glide ;
 The cataract to roar ; the breeze to sigh ;
 The deep on rocks to groan with shattered tide :
 Me too Lord ! with a voice Thou hast endowed ;
 An echo of thy wonders in my soul ;
 Purer than mortal speech ; than winds more loud ;
 Than woods by storm o'erswept, or ocean's roll.

Genius, or Grace, 'tis thine Lord and of Thee !
 A fainter throb of Israel's harp of old,
 This breathless utterance that responds in me
 Wide earth's acclaim, in which thy power is told.

But when my lips, Eternal ! breathe thy name,
 Then through my breast a holier music thrills,
 Rich, tremulous, as when the glorious theme
 Ceaseless from thousand tongues a temple fills.

A glorious temple ; wherein shrine to shrine
 Returns the mingling tide of prayer and praise ;
 Shall the stones tell it out—Thou art divine,
 And human hearts no attestation raise ?

My God ! my nature's gift I slander not,
 Nor seek in grace of speech, or minstrel art,
 A holier homage than the kindling thought—
 The wordless adoration of the heart.

What sounds the spirits extacy shall tell ?
 What burning words the souls delirium speak ?
 With hidden music bid my heart to swell ;
 I feel ! Thou knowest ! what more can worship seek ?

Blest boon of the God that inspires,
 How trembles my hand on thy string
 Tell, my harp !—tell my spirit's desires,—
 And my longings all heavenward bring.
 Love and awe break in groans from my heart.
 What a power hath He deigned to impart !
 And to me ! till He shawdowed me o'er,
 I was viler than dust in the way ;
 And my soul, unattuned to thy lay,
 Was but silence and yearning before.
 Oh well may I blush at the thought !
 Untouched by so glorious a gift,
 For which angels might kneel, I forgot
 To his throne thy first accents to lift.
 But profaning to lowlier theme,
 Like some cold unbeliever I seem,
 Who, unawed by the spirit that breathes
 From the chalice displayed on the shrine,
 Dares to mock at the mystical wine,
 And o'er-hang it with bacchanal wreaths.

But I swear by the glow of shame
 That crimsons my down-cast brow ;
 By the song that, whence it came,
 Re-mounts the Empyrean now ;
 By the name whose potent spell,
 Hath power o'er the gates of Hell ;
 By God's soul searching eye ;
 By the passionate thought that brings
 These tears on thy quivering strings ;
 By this fire ; by this extacy ;—

All other themes forgot, thy future song
 To God's eternal glory shall belong,
 Sole worthy—holy—grand and good alone.
 Henceforth be life one sacred fervour blest,
 My soul an anthem, and a lyre my breast,
 And every breath a voice of praise addressed
 To Heaven's high throne.

My soul begin the acclaim !
 At morn, mid evening shade,
 Spring forth like gushing flame !
 Like circling sound pervade ;
 On the wings of the cloud rejoice ;
 Be heard in the storm's loud voice ;

Mid thunder ; the crash of waves ;
 The breath by mortal ear unheard,
 The breath of trusting prayer preferred
 Creation, echoing, saves.

Fear not, tho' join ten thousand stars,
 Accordant in their songs of praise ;
 Nor deem the choir celestial mars
 The faintest breath thy love can raise :
 For, long as circling spheres unite
 To tell the wondering heavens his might,
 His ear shall catch the whispered word,
 And sleepless ministers on high,
 Repeat in endless symphony,
 The feeblest voice that calls him Lord !

In the silent hour arise,
 When night her shadow flings,
 When the moon is in the skies,
 And the censer blackening swings ;
 On the skirts of ocean sound
 Rise mid dreary wastes profound
 Where truth her God may see.
 Sing ! though death should stand before me ;
 Love ! thy promise, lightens o'er me ;
 Clouds and wastes are nought to thee.

My life is but one thought intense ;
 The world hath died within my heart ;
 High o'er the wreck of earth and sense,
 Lone, Lord ! and palpable thou art.
 My soul, howe'er life's path appears,
 Brightened with joy or steeped in tears,
 Faithful as waters in their play,
 Thine image in its depths shall keep ;
 Thus the last night clouds o'er us sweep,
 Bright with the new-born day.

How sweet to see the infant thought,
 Unmoulded yet by human tongue,
 Gush from the soul with worship fraught,
 Like perfume from the censer flung :
 Swelling now like angels lays,
 Peals the trembling breath of praise ;
 And now, on pinion strong,
 To the Elysian gate it springs,
 The very rustling of its wings,
 An acceptable song.

But comes, My lyre, a moment yet,
 When mute this outworn voice shall be ;
 When thou wilt every throb forget,
 My burning touch once gave to thee.

For years will dim the mirrors sheen,
 Wherein thy wondrous works were seen,
 Holy of Holies !—and the spell
 Of time, who teaches but to kill,
 The glowing lip shall change and chill,
 And pall the hand that wakes thy swell.

But when my heart responsive soars,
 No more in rapturous songs above—
 The pulse, that in its depth adores,
 Surviving time, shall live and love.
 From mountain summit stark and vast,
 Thus age the shadowing cliffs may cast,
 Till echo from her home be driven ;—
 Yet, deep within its rugged side,
 Shall live one little fount undried—
 Feeble, but fed from Heaven.

When memory in this heart shall die,
 As shrinks within its urn the wave ;
 When hushed is the melodious sigh,
 Thy strings to early transport gave ;
 Blush not to raise a feeble strain,
 But, while thy chords one sound retain,
 To Heaven, My harp, that sound prolong ;
 Faithful to him whose power, whose truth,
 Received the homage of my youth,
 Sing ! for His name,—God's name,—is song.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

(From the German.)

“ If in that breast, so good, so pure,
 Compassion ever loved to dwell ;
 Pity the sorrows I endure,
 The cause I must not—dare not—tell.”

In a small house in the street of St. Honore dwelt Magdeline de Scuderi ; a lady celebrated equally for the charming verses which she has written, and the favour in which she was held at the court of Louis the Fourteenth and of Maintenon. As late as midnight, it might be in the autumn of 1680, a loud and repeated knocking was heard at the door of this house, so that the whole street rang with the sound. Baptiste, who, in Mademoiselle's small establishment, served at once the office of cook, servant, and porter, had, with his mistress's permis-

sion, gone across the country to the wedding of his sister, and it so happened that Martiniere, the lady's waiting-woman, was the only one keeping watch at home. Martiniere heard the continued knocking—she remembered that Baptiste was abroad, and that she was alone with her mistress in the house; all the outrages of burglary, robbery, and murder that had ever been perpetrated in Paris came crowding into her mind; she felt assured that some gang, aware of the unprotected state of the house, were now seeking admission to carry out some villany against her mistress; and so she remained in her chamber, trembling and shaking, and bestowing upon Baptiste and his sister's wedding—any thing but a blessing.

Meanwhile, the thundering at the door continued, and Martiniere thought she could distinguish a voice at intervals, crying—

“Oh, let me in!—for the love of Christ, oh, let me in!”

At last, her terror increasing, Martiniere snatched up a candle, and ran out upon the landing, and here she distinctly heard a voice below—

“Oh, for the love of Christ, let me in!”

“That is, truly, not the speech of a robber,” thought Martiniere. “Who knows but it may be some one fleeing from a pursuer, and seeking a refuge with my mistress, who is so well disposed to every work of charity? But, we must be cautious.”

She opened the window, and giving to her voice as much of the manly as it would assume, she demanded who it was that, at so unseasonable an hour, came thundering at one's door, and disturbing every body out of their sleep.

By the light of the moon, which just now issued from behind the dark clouds, she perceived a tall figure, closely wrapped in a mantle, and wearing his hat drawn deeply over his eyes. She called in louder tones, that he below might hear,

“Ho! Baptiste!—Claude!—Pierre!—arise directly, and learn what vagabond is this who strives to beat in our house about our ears!”

But she was directly answered, in a soft and almost deprecating voice by him outside—

“Ah, Martiniere, dear woman, I know it is you—disguise your voice as you will. I know that Baptiste is away in the country, and you all alone with your mistress; but from me you have nothing to fear. I implore you to let me in; I have something to say to your mistress—which must be said this night.”

“What!” returned Martiniere; “do you suppose you can speak with my mistress at this hour of the night? Know you not that she is long ago a-bed?—and not for worlds would I disturb her out of her first sweet sleep, so needful to a lady in her years.”

“I know,” answered he who stood without, “that your lady has just laid aside the manuscript of the romance at which she has been labouring, and which she will call “Clelia,” and is now engaged with some verses which she intends to read to-morrow before the Marchioness de Maintenon. Once more I implore of you, Mistress Martiniere, have charity, and let me in. Know that you may thus save an unfortunate from destruction! know that on this moment depends the honour, freedom, nay, the very life itself of a human being! Think that your mistress's anger will eternally rest upon you, if she hears

that it was you who cruelly turned a wretch from her door, who came to implore her assistance."

"But why bespeak my mistress's compassion at this extraordinary hour?" said Martiniere, from above. "Can you not return to-morrow, at a more fitting time?"

He from below replied—

"Will destiny, when, like the destructive lightning it strikes its wretched victim, will it turn upon a time or a season? If the present moment only can bring relief, may we put it off till to-morrow? Open me the door—fear nothing from one, who, helpless, forsaken by all mankind, oppressed by a cruel fate, seeks the aid of your mistress to help him to escape the perils by which he is surrounded!"

As he uttered these words, Martiniere observed that he sobbed and groaned with anguish; his voice, moreover, was that of a youth, gentle and persuasive. She felt deeply moved, and without pausing for for any further reflection, she fetched the key and unlocked the door.

"Hardly, however, was the door open, when the muffled figure rushed past her into the hall, and wildly exclaimed—

"Bring me to Ma'amselle!"

Greatly terrified, Martiniere held up the candle, and let its light fall upon the death-pale, terror-stricken countenance of a youth; but how was her terror increased when, as he opened his cloak, the bright hilt of a dagger peeped forth from among the folds of his doublet. He darted a flashing glance upon Martiniere, and cried more wildly than before—

"Conduct me to Ma'amselle, I tell you!"

Martiniere now saw her lady involved in the most imminent danger; all the love she bore her kind mistress, whom she honoured besides as a tender and pious mother, was kindled more strongly in her breast, and roused her to a degree of courage of which, till now, she had not believed herself capable; she hastily shut her chamber door, which she had left open, and planting herself before it, she said in a determined voice—

"Truly, your frantic behaviour in the house deports but ill with your woful speeches outside, which, I now perceive, awaked my compassion at the wrong time. With my mistress you cannot, and shall not, speak to-night. If your designs are honest, and need not shun the light, come to-morrow, and speak to her of your matters; but now, turn your back at once, and leave the house."

The man fetched a hollow groan, fixed a frightful gaze on Martiniere, and grasped the handle of his stiletto. She silently commended her soul to the Lord, but stood her ground, and looking courageously at the stranger, pressed herself still closer against the door, through which he must pass to reach Ma'amselle's apartment.

"Bring me to Ma'amselle, I tell you once more," he cried.

"Do what you will," replied Martiniere, "from this spot I will not move. Finish, then, the vile deed you have in hand, and find a disgraceful end upon the gallows, like all the rest of your accomplices."

"Ha! Martiniere, you are right," he returned—"I do look like an armed assassin: but my accomplices!—ah! they are not suspected—they are not suspected!"

So saying, and casting a distracted look upon the terrified woman, he put his hand to the stiletto.

"Oh, Jesus!" she exclaimed, in horrified anticipation, expecting the death-blow—when, just at the moment, the sounds of horses' feet were heard in the street without, accompanied by the clashing of arms.

"*Marechaussée! marechaussée!*" shrieked Martiniere—"Help!—help!"

"Horrible woman, thou art resolved to destroy me!" the youth exclaimed. "Now, all is lost—all is lost! But take this casket," he continued—"take this, and deliver it to *Ma'amselle* to-night, or to-morrow if thou wilt."

He uttered these words in a low voice, snatching away, at the same time, the candle from Martiniere, and forcing into her hands the casket of which he spoke.

"By all thy hopes of salvation," he said, in an earnest and solemn voice, "see that thou give this casket to *Ma'amselle*."

He fled from the house, and Martiniere dropped, half fainting, on the floor. With difficulty she raised herself, and groping her way in the dark into her own room, she threw herself, quite exhausted, and more dead than alive, into an arm chair. Hardly was she seated when she heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, where she had forgotten it, and immediately after, light, uncertain steps approached her chamber. What was the condition of the poor Martiniere!—almost dead with terror—every limb paralyzed, she sat, awaiting the visit of the midnight murderer. How great, then, was her relief when the door opened, and the glare of the night lamp shewed her the features of the respectable Baptiste—but pale as a sheet, and evidently quite disturbed.

"Oh, Mistress Martiniere," he cried, "what, in the name of all the saints, has been going on here? Oh, the anxiety, the terrors, I have undergone! I was so overpowered with evil forebodings, that I was obliged to hurry away from the wedding yesterday evening; and now, as I enter the street, I say to myself, '*Mistress Martiniere* is a light sleeper; if I knock gently at the door, she will easily hear me, and will come down and let me in.' But just at that moment up comes a strong patrol of horse and foot, armed to the teeth, who will not let me pass, but bid me halt. Fortunately for me, however, *De Gray* is with them, who knows me well, and he cries out, as he holds his lantern close under my nose—'*Ha, Baptiste, is it thou? what brings thee out so late, when all honest folks ought to be a-bed? Thou must even stay at home, like a gentleman, Baptiste, and take care of the house. There has been some foul work going on hereabouts to-night, and we hope to be able to make a capture.*' You cannot think, Mistress Martiniere, how these words of *De Gray* fell upon my heart; and now, as I come upon the threshold, a muffled figure rushes past me out of the house, a naked dagger is in his hand; he runs me round and round, and then flies off like the wind! the door is lying open, the key sticking in the lock! Oh, Mistress Martiniere, Mistress Martiniere, say, what is the meaning of all this?"

Martiniere, now relieved from her terrors, related all that had past; both then descended to the hall, and found the candlestick on the floor, where the stranger had flung it as he hurried away.

"It is but too clear, Mistress Martiniere," said Baptiste, "our good Ma'amselle would have been robbed—most probably, murdered. The fellow knew, as you observe, that nobody was in the house but you; he even knew that Ma'amselle was still at her desk. He was evidently one of those desperate rogues who force their way into people's houses, and are up to every kind of villany. As for the little casket, Mistress Martiniere, it were our wisest plan to fling it into the Seine, wherever it runs deepest. Who can tell but some vile fiend has laid a scheme against our good Ma'amselle's life, so that when she opens the casket she may fall down dead, as the old Marquis de Tournay did when he opened the letter which was handed to him by the stranger!"

After long deliberation, these faithful servants at last decided on telling everything to Mademoiselle next morning, and even on giving her the mysterious casket, which, however, they agreed must be opened with the very greatest circumspection. Both, as they pondered all the circumstances of the stranger's conduct, thought that some very singular mystery was at work, the solution of which they dared not take into their own hands, but must leave to the better judgment of their mistress.

Baptiste's anxieties had but too just grounds. Paris at this time was the theatre of the vilest cruelties, for the perpetration of which the most diabolical inventions of hell just at this period provided the greatest facilities.

Glaser, a German apothecary, and the best chymist of his time, occupied himself, as most people of his science were in the habit of doing at that day, with experiments in alchymy, and sought to discover the philosopher's stone. An Italian named Exili joined himself to Glaser; but with him, however, the study of alchymy was only used as a pretext. The mixing, boiling, and sublimating of the various metals, in which Glaser hoped to find his fortune, were all that Exili wanted to learn; and he at last succeeded in preparing that insidious poison, which, possessing neither smell nor taste, would kill, either on the spot or by slow degrees, without leaving behind it any trace whatever in the human frame; and which eluded the utmost skill of the physician, who not suspecting poison, could ascribe the death only to natural causes. Cunningly, however, as he went to work, Exili fell under the suspicion of dealing in poison, and was thrown into the Bastille. In the same chamber with him, Captain Godin de Sainte Croix was shortly after imprisoned—a man who had been living for a long time in a connection with the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, which had brought scandal upon herself and her whole family; and at last, as her husband seemed utterly insensible to his wife's delinquencies, her father, Dreux d'Aubray, civil lieutenant of Paris, obtained a warrant against the Captain, and thus compelled the guilty pair to separate.

Passionate, without character, pretending to sanctity, inclined from his youth upwards to every species of vice, jealous, revengeful even to madness, nothing could have proved more welcome to the Captain than Exili's diabolical secret, which gave him the power of destroying his enemies at will; he became an apt and eager scholar, was soon able to vie with his master himself, and when dismissed from the Bastille, was fully able to carry on the work alone.

Brinvilliers was a degraded woman ; Sainte Croix rendered her a monster. One after another he persuaded her to poison ; first her own father, at whose house she was staying, and whom she was nursing with the most execrable hypocrisy ; then her two brothers ; and lastly her sister ; the father through revenge, the others in order to obtain the inheritance. This story became a horrible precedent, and poison murders grew to a kind of resistless passion. Without further object than the mere enjoyment to be found therein—even as the chymist tries some curious experiment for his own pleasure—these veiled assassins poisoned persons whose life or death were equally unimportant to them. Thus, the sudden deaths of several poor people in the Hotel Dieu made it afterwards suspected that the loaves which De Brinvilliers, as a model of charity and benevolence, used to distribute weekly among the poor, were all poisoned. Certain it is that she placed poisoned pigeon pies before guests whom she invited to her table, and that the Chevalier du Gûet, and many others, fell victims at these horrible banquets.

Sainte Croix and his assistants, La Chaussée and De Brinvilliers, succeeded for a long time in wrapping their cruel deeds in an impenetrable veil ; but as the Eternal Power of heaven has decreed that, sooner or later, the offender shall receive his punishment even here on earth, accident revealed what had so long remained concealed. The poison which St. Croix prepared was of so deadly a nature, that the very inhaling of a single grain caused instant death. Sainte Croix, therefore, always wore a mask of fine glass over his face during his operations ; this mask falling off one day, while he was preparing a powder, he dropt dead instantaneously from inhaling the fine dust of the poison. Having died without an heir, the magistrate hurried in to put his effects under seal, and thus was found in a large chest the whole diabolical arsenal of murder which had stood at the command of the reprobate Sainte Croix. The letters of De Brinvilliers being also found, no further doubt of her crimes remained ; she fled to a cloister at Liege, whither De Gray, an officer of the *marechaussée*, was sent in pursuit of her. Disguised as a priest, he presented himself in the cloister where she had taken refuge. He succeeded in luring the abandoned woman into an intrigue, and prevailed on her to give him a private meeting in a retired garden outside the city. Hardly had she arrived when she was surrounded by the bailiffs of De Gray ; her clerical admirer transformed himself into the agent of the *marechaussée*, and compelled her to enter the carriage which awaited her outside the garden ; and thus, surrounded by the bailiffs, she was carried straight to Paris. La Chaussée had already been beheaded ; Brinvilliers suffered the same death, and her body was afterwards burned, and the ashes scattered in the air.

The Parisians breathed freely, now that the earth was rid of the monster who had thus been able to point the weapon equally against friend and foe. But it was soon discovered that his deadly science had outlived Sainte Croix. Like an unseen, trickish spectre, death glided in, even to the closest circles, where kindred, love, and friendship seemed only to have existed, and, with a quick and certain aim, struck down the unfortunate victim. He, who to-day was seen in the full vigour of health, to-morrow staggered about, diseased and feeble,

and not all the power of the physician could save him from the grasp of death. Riches—a lucrative place—a beautiful, and, perhaps, too youthful wife—any of these were sufficient to point the arrow of the destroyer. Cruel distrust cut asunder the holiest ties: the husband trembled before the wife—the father before the son—the sister before the brother: the food remained untouched upon the board—the wine at the banquet—which friend offered to friend; and where formerly the jest and the song had gone round, nothing was now seen but wild and savage looks in quest of the disguised assassin. Fathers of families were seen hurrying to distant quarters to purchase their provisions, and preparing them with their own hands in some mean victualling house—fearful of treachery at home; and, even thus, the most studied precautions oftentimes proved vain.

The king, in order to quell the confusion that was every day increasing, appointed a special court of justice for dealing with this particular crime. This was the so-called “*Chambre Ardente*,” which held its sittings not far from the Bastile, and of which La Regny was the president. For a long time La Regny’s exertions, all unremitting as they were, proved fruitless; it was reserved to the crafty De Gray to find out the lurking place of the delinquents.

In the suburb St. Germain, lived an old woman, La Voisin by name, who dealt in fortune-telling and conjuring; and who, with the aid of her associates, Le Sage and Le Vigoureux, succeeded in terrifying and astounding many who were apparently in no wise credulous or superstitious. But she did more than this.

La Voisin was a pupil of Exili, and, like him, knew how to prepare that refined and trackless poison, by which she assisted profligate sons to an earlier inheritance, and abandoned wives to other and younger husbands. De Gray penetrated into her secrets; she confessed every thing; and the *Chambre Ardente* condemned her to be burned alive. With her was found a list of all those who had ever at any time employed her; and thus not only did execution follow upon execution, but many persons of the highest respectability came under strong suspicion. Among the rest it was believed, that Cardinal Bonzy, archbishop of Narbonne, had through her procured the speedy deaths of all those to whom he was required to pay their pensions. In like manner the Duchess de Bouillons, and the Countess de Soissons—their names being found upon the list—were accused of being in league with this hateful woman. Nay, even François Henri de Montmorenci, Duke de Luxembourg, Peer and Marshal of France, was not spared: he too was pursued by the terrible *Chambre Ardente*. He gave himself up, was imprisoned in the Bastile, where the hatred of La Regny and Louvois condemned him to be thrust into a dungeon, but six feet long, and months passed over before it was perfectly proved that his offence had merited no resentment. Once he had employed Le Sage to fix his horoscope.

Certain it is, that the blind zeal of La Regny led to much cruelty and stretch of power; the tribunal assumed completely the character of an inquisition, the slightest suspicion was enough to condemn to close imprisonment, and it was afterwards left to chance to prove the innocence of those who were condemned to death. La Regny was, moreover, of an ugly appearance, and spiteful in disposition, and thus drew upon

himself the hatred of all with whom he acted, whether he appeared in the character of their avenger or defender. The Dutchess of Bouillon being asked by him, upon her trial, whether she had ever seen the devil: made him answer: "Methinks I am this moment looking at him!"

Whilst the blood of the guilty and the suspected was thus flowing in torrents upon the place of execution, and poison murders seemed at last to be growing rarer and rarer, an evil of another kind arose, which spread a fresh consternation amongst the inhabitants of Paris. A gang of rogues seemed to have conspired to get into their possession all the jewels in Paris. The costly trinket, hardly purchased, vanished in some unaccountable way, let the owner be as careful as he might. Still more vexatious was it, however, that every one who ventured to carry jewels about him in the evening, was robbed either in the open streets or in the dark passages of the houses, and many were even murdered. Those who were so fortunate as to escape with their lives, deposed, that a blow upon the head had knocked them down like a thunderbolt—and that, on their recovery from its stunning effects, they found themselves plundered, and lying in quite a different place from that where they had been when they received the blow. The murdered, as they lay almost every morning on the streets or in the houses, had all the one fatal wound—a dagger thrust to the heart—pronounced by the physician, to have been so quick and sure, that the wounded must have died instantaneously, without power or time to cry out.

Where, at the voluptuous court of Louis the Fourteenth, was the man to be found, who was not engaged in some secret amour,—who did not steal late at night to his mistress, oftentimes carrying her some costly present? As if the thieves were in league with the devil, they knew exactly when such a thing was to happen, and often before the doomed one reached the house of his beloved—often upon her very threshold—or before her chamber door he fell; and was found there afterwards by the expecting fair one—a bleeding corpse.

In vain did Argenson, the minister of police, arrest every one whose character bore the slightest stain; in vain did La Regny storm and foam; all in vain were the watch, the patrol, redoubled; the track of the delinquents remained undiscovered. The precaution of going armed to the teeth, and of having a torch carried before one, alone afforded some slight chance of security—and even thus, instances were not wanting, where the servant was frightened away with stones, and the master assassinated and robbed, at one and the same moment.

It was remarkable, that notwithstanding all enquiries and search in every place where the traffic of jewels could possibly be carried on, not one of the plundered treasures ever came to light, nor did any thing appear which could give rise to the slightest suspicions.

De Gray foamed with rage, to think that even his cunning was not a watch for the rogues. The quarter of the town where he kept watch, was always spared, while in the other, where no one dreamed of harm, the assassin spied out his rich prey.

De Gray had recourse to an artifice. He created several other "De Grays," all so alike in gait, attitude, speech, form, and features, that the very bailiffs themselves were puzzled to know which was the true one. He, himself, mean time, at the risk of his life, lurked in the

darkest corners, or followed one or another at a distance, who, by his direction, carried a costly jewel. All these however, passed unattacked; so that, of this measure also, the gang had been informed. De Gray was in despair!

One morning he presents himself before La Regny, pale, disturbed, beside himself.—

"What is the matter?" demands the president. "Is there any trace? what news do you bring?"

"Ha—monsieur!" stammers the enraged De Gray, "ha, monsieur—last night—the Marquis de la Fare was attacked in my very presence near the Louvre!"

"Heaven and earth!" shouts La Regny in triumph; "at last we have them!"

"Oh but wait," interrupted De Gray with a bitter smile, "and hear all that happened. At the Louvre, then, I am standing, watching, with all the rage of hell in my bosom, for the devils who are mocking at me. Then comes up with uncertain steps, and looking behind him at every turn, a figure, which I can see by the moon-light is none other than the Marquis de la Fare, and passes me close by without seeing me. I had expected to see him there for I knew what quarter he was sneaking to. Hardly has he passed me ten—twelve paces—when up springs a figure as out of the earth and knocks the marquis down. I, forgetful of every thing at the moment but that the assassin was actually fallen into my hands, give a shout, and am just about to pounce upon him from my hiding place, when my feet get entangled in my mantle and I fall. I see the man hurrying away as on the wings of the wind, I am up, I run after him—blowing on my horn as I run—I hear the whistle of the bailiffs in reply—all are in motion—horses trampling—arms clashing—are heard on all sides. This way! this way! De Gray! De Gray! I roar—till all the streets echo with my voice. Still I have the figure before me in the clear moon-light, as he doubles, this way and that way—to baffle me; we come into the street Nicaise, his strength seems about to give way, I double my exertions—by fifteen paces at the utmost he has the advantage."

"You come up with him—you seize him—the bailiffs arrive"—cries La Regny with flashing eyes, and in his eagerness clutching the arm of De Gray, as if he were the flying assassin.

"Fifteen paces before me," resumes De Gray with a hollow voice, and fetching his breath with difficulty, "Fifteen paces before me, the man springs aside into the shade, and vanishes through the wall."

"Vanishes?—through the wall?—you are mad," cries La Regny, wringing his hands, and staggering backwards with vexation.

"You may call me mad as long as you like," proceeded De Gray, rubbing his forehead like one who is plagued with angry reflections; "you may call me a raving fanatical ghostseer if you will; but for all that it just fell out as I tell you. I am standing, staring at the wall, as the bailiffs come up, out of breath; the Marquis de la Fare among them, holding his naked dagger in his hand. We kindle our torches—grope along the wall up and down; no trace of door, or window, or opening: it is one strong stone wall, against which a house is built, belonging to the most excellent man in Paris. To-day, again, I have made the minutest inspection. It is the devil himself who is making a sport of us."

De Gray's story made a noise in Paris. People's heads were filled with enchantments, conjuring, and leagues with the devil; and, as in our immortal nature the propensity to the miraculous and the supernatural ever tends to exceed all reason, the popular belief soon amounted to nothing less than what De Grey had put forth only in his vexation, namely, that the devil himself specially defended those reprobates who sold him their souls for that purpose. We may easily believe that De Gray's story lost nothing by the telling; the whole affair got into print, and was sold at every corner, with a woodcut at the top, giving a hideous representation of the devil sinking into the earth before the terrified De Gray. In short the people were frightened out of their wits, the bailiffs themselves lost their courage, and might be seen creeping about the streets at night, with amulets round their necks, which had been steeped in holy water.

Argenson saw the labours of the *Chambre Ardente* going to wreck, and petitioned the king to appoint a new court of justice for this new offence, which, with still more unlimited power, should pursue and punish the offenders. But the king, feeling that he had given too much power to the *Chambre Ardente* already, and shuddering at the recollection of the countless executions which the blood-thirsty *La Regny* had instigated, rejected this new proposition altogether.

Another means was tried, to stir up the king in the matter.

In the apartments of *Maintenon*, where Louis was accustomed to spend his afternoons, and where indeed he often laboured with his ministers to a late hour of the night, a poem was presented to him in the name of the "imperilled lovers," in which they complained that:—

"Did gallantry demand of them to present their beloved with a costly jewel?—their lives must well nigh be the forfeit. Honour were it, and happiness, to shed their blood in knightly quarrel for their mistresses, but it was another thing to be exposed to the attack of the midnight assassin, against whom one could never be prepared. Louis, the bright polar star of all love and gallantry, must arise in his glory to dispel the shades of night, and thus unveil the dark mysteries which it conceals! Louis, that god-like hero who overcame every foe, must unsheath his conquering sword, and as *Hercules* with the *Lernean serpent*—as *Theseus* with the *Minotaur*—he must lay that frightful monster low, who tore away all the delights of love, and changed its joys to lasting sorrow—desolating woe," &c., &c.

Serious as was its matter, the piece was not wanting in witty and spirited passages. Especially where it described the lover stealing along through bye-ways to his charmer—his constant terror nipping every affair of gallantry in the bud, and quenching each spark of love before it could rise into a flame. And the whole concluding with a high-flown panegyric upon Louis, it could hardly fail to please the king. Turning quickly to *Maintenon*, when he had finished it, and without taking his eyes from the paper, he read again the poem in a loud voice; and then asked her, with an agreeable smile, what she thought of the wishes of the "imperilled lovers." *Maintenon*, always serious in her manner and affecting a certain air of sanctity, replied, "that private and forbidden ways were unworthy of any special protection, though indeed those terrible miscreants might well be accounted worthy of special measures for their extirpation." The king, dissatisfied with this inde-

finite reply, re-folded the paper, and was about to return into the next room where his secretary was writing, when his eye happened to fall upon De Scuderi, who was present, and had just taken her seat in a low arm-chair beside the Marchioness. He stepped towards her, that sweet smile which had just vanished, again encircling his lips and cheeks, and once more unfolding the poem, he addressed her in a low voice :—

“ The Marchioness does not choose to know any thing about the galantries of our enamoured swains, and only parries me with idle speeches upon forbidden ways. But, Mademoiselle, tell me what is your opinion of this poetical supplication ?”

De Scuderi rose from her arm chair, a fleeting blush crossed the pale cheeks of the venerable lady for a moment, like the gold of the setting sun, while with a lowly curtsy, and eyes bent upon the floor, she replied :—

*“ Un amant qui craint les voleurs
n'est point digne d'amour.”*

The king, quite taken by surprise at the chivalric tenor of these few words, which humbled to the ground the entire poem with its ell-long tirade, cried out,—his eyes sparkling with animation :—

“ Now by Saint Dennis, Ma'amselle, but you are right !—No blind measures, striking the innocent as well as the guilty, shall protect the cowards ; let Argenson and La Regny say what they please !”

All the horrors of the times were painted in lively colours on Martiniere's cheeks, next morning, as she related to her mistress the events of the preceding night, and, anxious and trembling, presented her with the mysterious casket. She, as well as Baptiste—who, white as a sheet, stood in a corner, and, in his agitation, clapped his hands together almost unable to speak—implored Ma'amselle, in the most moving terms, and for the love of all the saints, only to open the casket with the very greatest care and caution. She, poising and weighing the locked up mystery in her hand, replied to them with a smile :—

“ You both see ghosts !!—That I am not rich—that with me no treasures worthy of a murder, are to be found—is as well known to those vile assassins, who as you say are acquainted with the inside of every body's house, as it is known to you and me. Think you they would aim at my life ? Of what advantage could my death prove to them ? I, in my seventy third year, who have never prosecuted a creature in my life except those villains and disturbers in the romances of thy own creation,—who write mediocre verses that can excite the envy of nobody,—and will have nothing to leave behind me, except some dozens of well bound books with gilt edges, and the short lived recollection of the old maid who sometimes went to court ! Truly Martiniere thou mayest describe the appearance of this stranger as terrific as thou wilt, I will never persuade myself he meant me any harm. And so !—”

Martiniere staggered three paces backwards. Baptiste uttering a solemn “ oh——” dropped half on his knees, when Mademoiselle, pressing her finger upon a little spring, the lid of the casket flew up with a—bounce !

But what was the lady's astonishment, when a pair of golden bracelets richly set with jewels, and a necklace to correspond, flashed upon her eyes. She took the trinkets in her hand, and while she extolled the admirable workmanship of the necklace, Martiniere eyed the elegant bracelets, and exclaimed again and again that even the vain Montespau herself could not boast such jewels.

"But," cried de Scuderi, "what can be the meaning of all this?"

As she spoke, her eyes fell upon a small folded note which lay in the bottom of the casket, and which she rightly judged would give her the solution of the riddle. Hardly, however, had she read its contents, when it fell from her trembling hands. She cast an appealing look to heaven, and fell back, half fainting, in her arm chair. Shocked beyond measure, Martiniere and Baptiste flew to her assistance.

"Oh!" exclaimed she, her voice half choked with her sobs, "oh, the mortification! oh, the deep disgrace! Must this befall me in my old age! Have I then trifled with sin and crime like a vain and thoughtless girl! And, oh God! are those words—half uttered in jest—liable to such vile misconstruction? Am I, who from my youth up, have borne a character for piety and virtue, am I now charged with being in a league with devils?"

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed so bitterly, that Martiniere and Baptiste, utterly confounded, knew not what consolation they should offer to their good mistress in this her great distress.

Martiniere at length lifted up the fatal note: its contents were as follows:—

*"Un amant qui craint les voleurs
n'est point digne d'amour."*

"Your ready wit, most honoured lady, has saved us from a great persecution, in consequence of our exercising the rights of the strong against the weak and cowardly, and appropriating to ourselves those treasures which would, otherwise, be so unworthily misapplied. As a token of our gratitude, we request your gracious acceptance of these jewels, the most costly we have for a long time been able to lay our hands on: though, in your case, excellent lady, far more beautiful ornaments than even these, would be adorned by being worn by you. We entreat that you will not withdraw your favour and gracious remembrance from

THE INVISIBLE ONES.

"Is it possible," exclaimed de Scuderi, when she had in some degree recovered herself, "is it possible that insolence and vice can be carried to such excess as this?"

The sun shone brightly into the apartment through the crimson damask window curtains; and it thus happened that the brilliants, as they lay upon the table, emitted a flashing crimson glare. De Scuderi put up her hands and turned away her face with abhorrence, crying to Martiniere to put away those horrid things, to which the blood of the murdered was yet clinging, out of her sight. Martiniere having instantly obeyed, and hurried the necklace and bracelets into the casket, suggested that the wisest course would be, to hand over the jewels at once to the minister of police, and make him acquainted with

all the circumstances of the alarming appearance of the young man, and of the handing in of the casket.

De Scuderi rose and paced the chamber for some moments in silence, as if meditating what she ought to do. She then desired Baptiste to fetch a sedan chair, and told Martiniere to dress her, as she was resolved to go at once to the Marchioness de Maintenon.

It was just the hour, as Scuderi was aware, when she should find the Marchioness alone. She brought the casket of jewels along with her. Great, indeed, was the Marchioness's surprise, when Mademoiselle, usually all dignity, and, in spite of her great age, all loveliness and sweetness, now entered her chamber pale and disturbed, and trembling in every limb.

"In the name of all the saints, what is the matter with you?" she cried, as the poor terrified lady, quite agitated, and hardly able to stand, endeavoured to reach the chair which the Marchioness offered her. Recovering her speech at last, she related the deep and eternal mortification she had brought upon herself by that thoughtless jest with which she had replied to the "imperilled lover's" petition. The Marchioness, after hearing her story from beginning to end, was of opinion that de Scuderi took this strange adventure too deeply to heart, and that the impertinence of a vile rabble ought never to affect a good and noble mind. She then expressed a wish to see the ornaments.

De Scuderi presented her the casket, open; and the Marchioness, when she beheld the costly brilliants, could not restrain a loud exclamation of surprise. She took them to the window, caused the light to play upon them, examined the elegant gold work with a critical eye, and admired the wonderful art wherewith each little link of the intricate chain was fastened; then, turning quickly to de Scuderi, she exclaimed,—

"Depend upon it, ma'amselle, these bracelets—this chain—can have been made by no one else than René Cardillac!"

Réné Cardillac was, at that time, the cleverest goldsmith in Paris; one of the most ingenious, and, at the same time, singular men of his day. Rather small in stature, but broad-shouldered, and of strong muscular build, René Cardillac retained, at the age of fifty, all the vigour and activity of youth. This strength of his, which might even be termed prodigious, was denoted further by his thick, curly, reddish hair, and hard and shiny features. Were not Cardillac known in all Paris as the most honourable and upright of men, disinterested to a degree, frank, guileless, and ever open-handed to all who required his help—that very singular look of his, out of his keen, small, sunken eye, might well have brought him under suspicion of hidden knavery and wickedness.

As we have said, however, Cardillac was at the top of his profession, not only in Paris, but, perhaps, of his time in general. Intimately acquainted with the nature of precious stones, he knew how to handle and to set them in such a style, that the jewel which at first might have been deemed even unsightly, came out of Cardillac's workshop a perfect gem of magnificence and splendour. He undertook every commission with a kind of burning eagerness—fixing a price so low, as in no wise to accord with the nature of the work required—then worked at it with the most unwearied diligence. Night and day the hammer was

heard in his workshop; and often, just as his task was finished, something in the form dissatisfied him, he doubted of the taste of the setting of a stone, or the clasping of a link; enough—the whole work was thrown into the crucible afresh, and all begun over again. Thus every work of his became a pure and matchless masterpiece, which set the customers in amazement. But on the other hand, once finished, it was hardly possible to get the work out of his hands. Under a thousand pretences he put the customers off from week to week, and month to month. It was in vain that they offered him double the money for the jewels; not a single Louis more than the stipulated price would he accept. When at last compelled by the urgency of the customer to submit and give him up the trinkets, he could not restrain the tokens of vexation, nay, rage, which boiled within him. Were he obliged to deliver up some valuable and peculiarly expensive article, worth, perhaps, thousands, because of the costliness of the stones, or the super-exquisite workmanship of the gold, he was ready to run wild with madness, and cursed himself, his work, and every body about him: but if in the midst of his paroxysm one came running after him, and called out—

“Réné Cardillac! can you make me a beautiful necklace for my bride?—a pair of bracelets for my sweetheart?”—or the like; then he stood suddenly still, blinked on him with his keen, small eyes, and, rubbing his hands, asked eagerly—

“What have you there?”

The other now draws forth a little box, and answers him—

“Here are jewels, nothing remarkable, I confess—quite common trash; but in your hands——”

Cardillac does not allow him to finish; he snatches the little case out of his hand, takes out the jewels, which are really not worth much, holds them against the light, and cries out in an ecstasy—

“Ho, ho! common trash?—no such thing! Fine stones—glorious stones! Let me but take them in hand!—and if you don’t care about a handful of Louis, I will bring you in a couple more stones here that will sparkle you in the eyes like the dear sun itself.”

The other answers:—

“I leave every thing to yourself, Master Réné, and will pay you what you will.”

Without stopping to consider whether it be a rich burgher or a nobleman of the court, Cardillac then throws himself tumultuously upon the other’s neck, hugs and kisses him, and says he is now quite happy again, and in eight days he will produce a masterpiece. But when the other returns upon the appointed day, and will joyfully pay down the money, and take away his ornaments, Cardillac is peevish, rude, insolent.

“But Master Cardillac, bethink you, to-morrow is my wedding-day.”

“Why plague you me with your wedding-day. Come to me again in a fortnight and ask for them.”

“Nay, the work is done, and here is the money; I must have it now.”

“I tell you it wants a great deal of alteration, and out of this it shall not go to day.”

“And I tell you, that if you don’t quietly give me up my property,—for which, however, I am willing to give you double what you

demand—you shall presently see me walking back to you again with some of Argenson's convenient satellites at my heels."

"Now may Satan torment you with a hundred hot pincers, and hang a three hundred ton weight upon the necklace, that it may throttle your bride!"

Thus Cardillac replies; and with that he rams the jewels into the breast-pocket of the bridegroom, clutches him by the arm, flings him out of the chamber door, so that he tumbles down the whole flight of stairs, and then runs to the window, laughing like the devil, as he sees the poor man, his handkerchief before his bloody nose, limping away out of the house.

Another equally unaccountable peculiarity of Cardillac's was, that very often, after he had accepted a job with the greatest enthusiasm, he would suddenly, and with every token of excited feeling, with the most shuddering earnestness, nay with tears and sobs, implore the customer, for the love of the Virgin, and of all the saints, to release him from the commission he had undertaken. Many of the Royal Family, and other high personages, had in vain offered him large sums, wishing to procure ever so small a work of Cardillac's. He had fallen at the king's feet, to implore the favour of not being required to work for him. Just in the same way he refused every commission of La Maintenon, even turning away with abhorrence, when she required of him to make her a small classic ring, which she wished to have presented to Racine.

"I lay you any wager," said Maintenon therefore to de Scuderi, "that if I send for Cardillac, even to learn of him for whom he made these ornaments, he will refuse to come, lest I might be about to offer him some commission—since he refuses to work for me altogether. He appears lately, however, to have thrown off a little of his strange obstinacy, and, as I hear, works away more busily than ever, and gives up the work upon the spot, though still with deep vexation and averted face."

De Scuderi, whose chief anxiety was to get the ornaments into the hands of the right owners as soon as possible, suggested, that this master-oddity might be honestly told that he was not required for a job, but merely to give his judgment upon some jewels; and this proposal meeting the Marchioness's approbation, Cardillac was sent for accordingly, who, as if he had been already on his way thither, shortly afterwards entered the apartment.

He appeared startled on perceiving Ma'mselle de Scuderi, and, as one who is taken by surprize, forgets sometimes those polite usages of *convéance* which the moment requires, he bowed first, and with the deepest respect, to that venerable lady, and only then turned to the Marchioness. The latter, pointing hastily to the jewels which lay sparkling upon the green table-cover, asked him whether that were not his work.

Cardillac hardly vouchsafed a look at them; but fixing his eye steadily upon the Marchioness, he thrust the necklace and bracelets hurriedly into the casket, and shoved it away from him with the greatest vehemence. He then replied, whilst an unpleasant sneer surmounted his countenance—

"Indeed, my Lady Marchioness, they must be but ill acquainted

with René Cardillac's work, who could for a moment suppose any other goldsmith in the world capable of setting jewels in such a fashion as that. Of a certainty they are my work."

"Then tell us," proceeded the Marchioness, "for whom did you make these trinkets?"

"For myself alone," returned Cardillac, sturdily. "Aye, you may look," he added, as both the ladies stared at him full of surprise; the one as if she hardly believed him—the other all anxiety and terror at the strange turn the affair seemed now about to take; "you may think that a very strange thing, my Lady Marchioness; but it is even so. For the mere pleasure of the delightful occupation, I selected my very choicest stones, and bestowed upon those ornaments more care and labour than I ever did on any thing else in all my life. A short time ago they disappeared out of my workshop, in some most unaccountable manner."

"Now heaven be praised!" exclaimed de Scuderi, her eyes sparkling with delight; and springing from her arm chair with all the quickness and agility of a maiden of fifteen, she approached Cardillac, placed her two hands upon his shoulders, and continued—

"Take your property, Master Cardillac," she said; take what those vile miscreants have robbed you of!" and then she went on to relate the various circumstances of the midnight visit, and how the jewels had fallen into her hands; Cardillac meantime listening to her story with grave attention, and his eyes cast upon the ground; only now and then interrupting her narrative by an indistinct—

"H'm!—so!—oh!—hoho!"

And now and then he clasped his hand behind his back, or gently stroked his cheeks and chin. When de Scuderi had ended, he seemed to struggle with some peculiar thoughts, which had come upon him during her recital, and, as if he knew not what to resolve upon, he rubbed his forehead; he sighed: he drew his hand across his eyes, and seemed even struggling to suppress a rising tear. At last, however, snatching the casket which de Scuderi was offering him, he dropped slowly upon one knee, and speaking with solemn earnestness, he said—

"For you, excellent, noble Mademoiselle, fate seems to have ordained these jewels! I can even remember now, that whilst I was making the ornaments, my thoughts were continually of you. I seemed to myself to be working for you. Disdain, not then to accept this offering—the most valuable I have ever owned; disdain not to accept from me, and wear these jewels."

"Heyday! Master René," returned de Scuderi, with a merry smile. How think you that it would become my years, once more to deck myself out with glittering finery? And how came it into your head, moreover, to bestow upon me such a munificent present. Go, go, Master René, were I indeed as handsome as the Marchioness de Fontaigne, and rich, you might find it hard to get the jewels out of my hands; but what have these withered arms to do with vain show, or this veiled neck with sparkling ornaments?"

Cardillac had meantime arisen from his knees, and still endeavouring to press the casket into her hands, he exclaimed, with a wild and distracted air—

"Do me the charity, Ma'amselle, and take them! You do not

know the deep respect I bear you in my heart ; for your virtues, your high deserts ! I beseech you, accept this trifling gift, only as an attempt to shew you my inmost sentiments."

As de Scuderi still continued to hesitate, Maintenon took the casket from Master René.

"Now by the heavens, Ma'amselle," she cried, "how you do go on talking for ever of your great age ! What have you and I to do with age and its infirmities ? Be not like a silly, shame-faced thing, that would willingly take the sweet fruit which is offered her, could she but get it without hands and fingers. Refuse not to accept, as a gift, from our valiant Master René, what a thousand others could not win from him, for all their gold, their entreaties, and their prayers."

Maintenon had, in the meantime, forced the little casket upon de Scuderi, and now once more Cardillac threw himself upon his knees, kissed the gown, the hands, of the old lady ; groaned, sighed, wept, sobbed, sprang up, and, overturning the tables and chairs like a madman, making the china and glasses to jingle upon the side-board, he rushed in frantic haste out of the room.

De Scuderi was quite thunderstruck. "What, in the name of all the saints," she cried, "can have come over the man ?"

The Marchioness, however, giving way to a merrier mood than was her wont, set up a hearty laugh and, replied—

"The case is clear, Ma'amselle ; Master René has fallen desperately in love with you, and begins, after the approved custom in all cases of true gallantry, to storm your heart with noble presents."

Maintenon carried on the joke, and implored de Scuderi not to be too cruel to her despairing lover ; and the two ladies, giving the reins to their native humour, sent the stream along in a thousand merry conceits—Maintenon offering to weave the bridal crown, and to instruct de Scuderi in the duties of a good house-wife, which, as she said, "a little inexperienced chit like Ma'amselle, could not possibly know much about."

However, when de Scuderi stood up to take her leave of the Marchioness, all her merriment forsook her, as her eye fell once more upon the casket ; and she said in a tone of deep seriousness—

"But indeed, my Lady Marchioness, I shall never be able to wear these ornaments ! Let things turn now as they may, they have come to me out of the hands of those diabolical wretches, who, with the hardihood of the devil, and perhaps even in hellish league with him, continue their robberies and murders. I shudder as I reflect upon the blood which seems to cling to the sparkling jewels ; and I must confess to you, that even Cardillac's conduct had for me something terrible and mysterious. I cannot divest myself of a dark presentiment, that behind all this lies some cruel and horrid secret ; and when I bring the whole affair again before my eyes, with all its circumstances, I almost feel as if I could forbode whereof the secret consists, and especially that this honest, valiant Master René, this model of good and moral burghers, has got to do with wickedness and devilishness of some sort or another. One thing at least is certain—never will I dare to use the trinkets."

The Marchioness said she thought this would be carrying her scruples too far ; but when de Scuderi asked her upon her conscience

what she would do in her (de Scuderi's) circumstances, she answered in a solemn and decided tone—"Far sooner throw them into the Seine than ever wear them."

De Scuderi turned the scene with Master René into very agreeable verses, which she read before the king on the following evening, in Maintenon's chamber. Conquering her own private feelings of uneasiness in the matter, she pictured, at Master René's cost, the charming idea of the goldsmith's bride of seventy-three, and of primeval and untainted nobility. The king shook his sides with laughter, and the poem was therefore held as the wittiest she had ever written.

Several months passed, when one day as chance would have it, de Scuderi was crossing the Pont Neuf, in the glass coach of the Duchess de Montansier. The invention of the elegant glass coach was as yet so new, that whenever a carriage of that description appeared upon the streets, it was followed by crowds of the wondering populace; and therefore as soon as Mademoiselle came upon the Pont Neuf, the coach was surrounded in a moment by the gaping throng, who, in their eagerness to gaze on it, almost pushed themselves under the horses' hoofs. De Scuderi became aware presently, that some dispute, accompanied by scolding and cursing had arisen among the mob; and on looking to see what was the matter, she perceived a man striving to force his way forwards, and who, by dint of striking about with his fists, and thrusting with his elbows, ultimately succeeded in working through the densest part of the throng. As he approached nearer, she was struck by the piercing glare of his eye, and the death-pale, woe-stricken expression of his youthful countenance. He kept his eye steadily upon her, while thus manfully fighting his way with fists, and elbows, and when at last he gained the carriage door, he flung it open, and throwing into her lap a sealed note, he turned about and retired as he had come, boxing his way back again through the crowd. But as the man presented himself at the coach-door, Martiniere, who was with her mistress, had uttered a piercing shriek, and fallen back insensible, in the carriage. In vain de Scuderi tore at the string, and urged the coachman to stop; as if the devil had been at his heels, he whipped and lashed at his horses, who, all in a foam, kicking, prancing, at last rattled away over the bridge in a thundering trot, and left the host of admirers far behind. De Scuderi poured out the whole contents of her smelling bottle upon the fainting woman, who, at last, opening her eyes and looking round her, clutched a fast hold of her mistress, and with anxiety and terror painted on her pale cheek, she articulated slowly—

"Where is he, Ma'amselle? where is that terrible fellow, and what did he want with you? That was the man—oh yes, that was he—who brought you the casket of jewels on that awful night."

De Scuderi quieted the poor trembling creature; assured her that no harm had happened; and all she wanted now was to be allowed to read the note which he had brought her. She opened it and read as follows:

"An angry destiny, but which you could have averted, plunges me down a precipice! I implore you, as the son would implore the mother whom in the full glow of youthful love he cannot forsake, to send that necklace, and those bracelets—which you received through me—under any pretext you can find, to Master René Cardillac; if you can find

no better, say you require them to be altered. Your welfare, your very life depends on this; if you do it not before the day after to-morrow, I will force my way into your presence, and kill myself before your eyes.

"Well," said De Scuderi, when she had finished reading the note; "one thing is clear at all events, whether this strange being is connected with the gang, or not, he has no evil designs against me; had he only been allowed speech with me that night, heaven knows what dark conspiracy he might have revealed to me, of which I now weary myself in vain with conjectures. But, let things be as they may, I will do what this note requires of me, and, if I can only once get rid of this unblest finery, which hangs about my soul like a talisman of the devil, I trust that Cardillac, true to his old habits, will not so easily persuade himself to let it out of his hands again."

The very next day, therefore, Scuderi resolved to betake herself to the old goldsmith's with the jewels, but, as if all the *bél esprit* of Paris had conspired to prevent her, she was on this morning besieged with verses, plays, and anecdotes; one author after another waiting on her so indefatigably, that high noon was passed before she was released, and then, she must herself wait upon the Duchess de Montansier, and thus her visit to master René Cardillac was, of necessity, postponed until the following day.

De Scuderi felt herself strangely uneasy; she had the youth continually before her eyes, and fancied she had some vague recollection of having seen that face, those features before. Her lightest slumbers were disturbed by anxious dreams—she thought she had carelessly and cruelly delayed in stretching out a hand to save the youth, who, as he sank in the abyss, strained his eye in vain towards her; it even seemed as if it had rested with her to save him from some fatal event, some incurable mischief! She arose as soon as it was day, and, as soon as she was dressed, she set out on her way, carrying the casket along with her, to Master René Cardillac.

As she came into the street Nicaise, where the goldsmith lived, she found crowds of people pouring thitherwards from every quarter, and, as she came in sight of the house, she perceived that it was itself the object of attraction; the throng were assembled before the hall-door, they shouted, they tore at the bell, they thundered at the knocker, and would have broken in the door, had not the *mare-chaussée*, who were guarding the house, with difficulty kept them back. In the wild and confused din, angry voices were heard crying—

"Tear him to pieces! tear the accused murderer limb from limb!"

At last De Gray makes his appearance, attended by a numerous force; these form a way through the crowd, the door flies open, and a man, loaded with chains, is brought out, and dragged away amidst the yells and execrations of the enraged people. Just as De Scuderi sees this, a wild and agonizing cry pierces her ear—

"On, coachman! drive on!" she cries, almost frantic with terror and misgivings.

The coachman, giving a sudden and adroit pull to his horses, scatters the crowd to the right and left, and draws up close before Cardillac's door. There De Scuderi sees De Gray—a maiden at his feet, beautiful as the day, her hair hanging all wildly about her shoulders, and she

herself only half dressed; agony and despair are pictured on her countenance, whilst she clings around the knees of De Gray, and shrieks again and again—

"He is innocent! oh, he is indeed innocent!"

In vain are De Gray's endeavours, in vain the endeavours of his people, to shake her off, or raise her from the ground; at last a rude unmanly churl grips the poor creature with his great fists, and drags her forcibly from De Gray: he stumbles, lets go his hold of the maiden, and she falls down the stone steps, and lies speechless, powerless upon the street. De Scuderi could contain herself no longer—

"In the name of Christ, what has happened here?" she cries, as she opens the door of her carriage, and steps out upon the pavement. The people make way respectfully for the worthy lady, and she, perceiving that two compassionate women have raised the maiden, placed her upon the steps, and are now bathing her face with cold water, approaches where De Gray is standing, and urgently repeats her question.

"The most horrible thing has happened," replies De Gray; "René Cardallac has been murdered last night by his journeyman, Olivier Brusson; they have just this moment carried off the murderer to prison."

"And the maiden?" asks De Scuderi.

"The maiden is Madeline, Cardillac's only child; this Olivier was the girl's sweetheart; and there she cries and roars over and over again that he is innocent, quite innocent; it proves she knows all about the deed, and I shall have to bring her also to the Conciergerie."

As he spoke, he turned such a spiteful and malicious look upon the maiden, that De Scuderi felt herself shrinking with horror before it. Madeline just now began to breathe softly, but, still unable to move or speak, she lay with closed eyes in the arms of the women, and they were deliberating whether to bring her into the house, or let her remain where she was until she should perfectly recover.

A rumbling noise just now issued from the house, it was the bearers carrying out the dead body of Cardillac. This decided De Scuderi at once, and she called out to De Gray—

"I will take home the maiden to my house, De Gray; you may take care for the rest!"

A low murmur of applause ran through the crowd as they heard these words, and the women lifting Madeline in their arms, a hundred hands were put forward to assist, and, as if she were wafted through the air, the maiden was conveyed to the carriage of De Scuderi, while blessings on the worthy lady who had thus snatched away the innocent from a dungeon, were poured from every lip.

Serons, the most celebrated physician in Paris, succeeded at last in restoring Madeline to herself, after she had lain for hours in staring insensibility. De Scuderi finished what the physician had begun, by pouring in the balm of hope upon the wounded soul of the maiden, until at last a torrent of tears bursting from her eyes, she obtained relief. She was then able, though in a voice rendered imperfect by her sobs, to relate how all those things had happened.

About midnight, she said, she was awakened by a low knocking at her chamber door, and the voice of Olivier calling to her to arise

instantly, for that her father was dying. Horrified, she sprang up, and opened the door; Olivier, all pale and ghastly, the sweat pouring from his brow, then led the way to the workshop with tottering steps. There lay her father—his eyes fixed—the death-rattle in his throat; she shrieked, and flew to his side, and then first perceived that his shirt was bloody; Olivier drew her gently away, and busied himself washing a wound in her father's left side with a balsam, and then he bound it up. During the operation, her father had come to himself, the rattling in his throat ceased, and fixing, first on Olivier, and then on her, a look full of expression, he took a hand of each, joined them together, and pressed them with all his remaining energy; she and Olivier dropped on their knees beside his couch, he raised himself to an upright posture for a moment, uttered a sharp cry, and then instantly fell back again, and, with one long sigh, the spirit departed. They both wept and sobbed aloud, and Olivier then told her how, in a walk which they had been obliged that night to take, his master had been assassinated in his presence. He, Olivier, not believing the wound to have been so fatal, had with the greatest difficulty raised the heavy man upon his shoulders, and thus had carried him home. When the morning came, the people of the house having been disturbed in the night by the bustle and their lamentations, came up to them, and found them both kneeling disconsolately beside her father's corpse. An alarm was then given, the *marechaussée* rushed in, and Olivier was hurried to prison as the murderer of his master. Madeline drew the most touching picture of the virtues, goodness, and truth of her beloved Olivier, told how he had always behaved towards his master with all the duty and reverence of a son, how the other had as fully returned his feelings, and, in spite of his poverty, had chosen him to be his son-in-law, because of his equal ingenuity, honesty, and noble disposition. All this Madeline related out of an overflowing heart, and ended by declaring that had she even seen Olivier in her own presence thrust the dagger into her father's heart, she would sooner have believed herself under some Satanic delusion, than that her Olivier could be capable of so horrible a crime.

De Scuderi, touched to the soul by Madeline's affliction, and quite disposed to believe poor Olivier innocent, caused inquiries to be made, and found all that Madeline had said concerning the household connection of the master and his journeyman, confirmed. The people of the house, the neighbours, all with one voice pronounced Olivier to be the model of a well-behaved, religious, faithful, and industrious youth; no one had a word to say against him, though, when the matter of the murder came to be spoken of, all shrugged their shoulders, and acknowledged that—

“That, indeed, was an awkward business.”

When brought before the *Chambre Ardente*, Olivier denied, as De Scuderi learned, clearly and firmly, all participation in the crime of which he was accused. He maintained that his master had been attacked and stabbed in his presence in the street, that he was still alive as he carried him to his house, but, that very shortly after reaching home, he died. All this exactly tallied with what Madeline had narrated.

Again and again, De Scuderi had every little circumstance repeated to her; she inquired whether any quarrel might ever have arisen between the master and the journeyman, whether Olivier might, perhaps, be not wholly free from those sudden bursts of passion which at times hurry even the kindest-hearted men into deeds of violence, and deprive them of all power of discretion. But, with the more animation, Madeline spoke of the calm household love in which the three had been bound together, and still the more did every shade of suspicion against Olivier fade away in the breast of De Scuderi; for, even were everything proved against him, and he, in spite of all that spoke so loudly in his favour, found guilty of Cardillac's murder, still she could not find within the whole range of probability any motive he could have for this atrocious deed, which must prove the destruction of all his fortunes. He is poor, but clever—he succeeds in gaining the affections of the most famous master in Paris—he loves the daughter, and the father sanctions the love—fortune, independence, are thus opened to him for life; and, were it even possible, after all, that Olivier, irritated—God knows how—had given way to his anger, and slain his master and benefactor, what devilish hypocrisy would thus be added to his crime in his acting as he had afterwards done? With the firmest conviction of Olivier's innocence, De Scuderi then resolved to save the unfortunate youth, let it cost her what it might.

Her wisest course, before imploring the favour of the king, appeared to be to apply in the first instance to President la Regny—relate to him all those circumstances which must speak for Olivier's innocence, and so, perhaps, awaken in the President's mind, an impression in his favour, which might through him, even extend itself to the judges themselves.

La Regny received de Scuderi with all that great respect to which the worthy lady, highly esteemed even by the king himself, could lay perfect claim. He listened calmly to all she brought forward concerning the youth's position in his master's family, and the excellent character which he sustained; but as she pleaded with him, and reminded him with tears in her eyes that the judge ought not to hold himself always as the enemy of the accused, but should give good heed to every thing that spoke in his favour, a sneering and almost satanic grin was all whereby he shewed her she did not speak into an entirely deaf ear. At last, as Mademoiselle, quite exhausted, paused in her story and wiped away her tears, he replied,

"It does honour to your excellent heart, Ma'amselle, that you are ready to receive as gospel, all that a love-sick weeping damsel puts before you, and are incapable of comprehending how any one could be guilty of atrocious crime; but it is another thing with the judge, who is accustomed to tear off the mask from bold hypocrisy. It were not required of my office, that I should unravel the intricacies of a criminal trial to every one who chooses to ask me. I do my duty, Ma'amselle, and little care for the judgment of the world! The guilty shall tremble before the *Chambre Ardente*, which knows no punishment save blood and fire! But, as I have no ambition to appear—in your eyes, worthy Ma'amselle, as a monster of barbarity and cruelty, I shall if you will allow me, lay clearly before your eyes the guilt of this young miscreant,

whom heaven's vengeance has at last overtaken. Your own good sense will teach you, then, to despise the kind feelings you have entertained for him, how much soever they may now do you honour.

"Thus, then! In the morning René Cardillac is found murdered by a dagger. Nobody is with him but his journeyman, Olivier Brusson, and his daughter. In Oliver's chamber is found, among other things, a dagger newly stained with blood, and which fits exactly into the wound of the deceased! Says Olivier, 'Cardillac was slain last night before my eyes! Did they want to rob him?' 'That I do not know!' 'Thou wert with him, and was it not possible for thee to hinder the assassin?—to hold him fast?—to cry for help?' 'The master was fifteen or twenty paces before me; I followed!' 'But why in all the world, at such a distance?' 'My master would have it so!' 'What had master Cardillac to do so late abroad, on this particular night?' 'That I do not know!' 'Was it not his general custom never to leave his house after nine o'clock?' Here Olivier falters, is perplexed, sighs, sheds tears, and swears by all that is holy, that Cardillac really went out that night, and met his death abroad! But now mark me well, Ma'amselle. It has been proved beyond a doubt, that Cardillac never left his house that night: so Olivier's assertion that he went out along with him, is an impudent falsehood. The hall door is secured by a heavy lock, the fastening and unfastening of which cannot be accomplished without tremendous noise. The door, moreover, creaks and grates in such a manner upon its hinges (as has been proved by those who have examined it) that it cannot be opened or shut without being heard to the very top of the house. In the under story, and consequently close to the hall door, lives old master Claude Patru with his attendant. Master Claude is a man of nearly eighty years of age, but still active and vigilant. These two persons heard Cardillac, according to his usual practice, come down the stairs that night punctually as the clock struck nine, lock and bar the door with a great noise, and then go up stairs again. They afterwards heard him reading the evening service aloud, and then, as they could distinguish by the clapping of the door, he went into his sleeping chamber. Master Claude, as is customary with old people, suffers from want of sleep at nights, and this night, also, he could not close an eye. His attendant, therefore, went down into the kitchen at half past nine, lighted a candle, and sat down at a table in her master's room, where she read aloud for him out of an old chronicle, while the old man gave himself up to his thoughts, sometimes sitting down in his easy chair, sometimes standing up again, and trying to induce sleep by walking slowly up and down the room. All was quite still until towards midnight and then they heard a sharp tread over head, a hard fall, as if some heavy weight had fallen on the floor, and after that, a continued groaning. Both of them experienced a sensation of uneasiness and fear; and even foreboded what had happened. Morning came, and brought to light this deed of darkness."

"But," cried De Scuderi, interrupting La Regny with impatience, "what motive—what possible reason can you assign for Brusson's committing this foul crime—knowing all the circumstances I have just laid before you?"

"Hm!—Cardillac was not poor;" replied La Regny; "he was in possession of very valuable stones."

"But must not all his property descend to his daughter?" urged De Scuderi, again! "you forget that Olivier was to have been his son-in-law."

"He was probably to have divided with others," said La Regny, "or perhaps he was altogether the agent of others."

"Divided with others! the agent of others? I understand you not, La Regny!" cried De Scuderi.

"You must know, then, Ma'amselle," resumed La Regny; "that Olivier's execution would not be so long delayed, were it not that this present affair seems connected closely with the mystery which has for so long a time hung over Paris. He evidently belongs to that insolent horde, who, setting at defiance all watchfulness, all exertions, all inquiries on the part of justice, have succeeded so long in carrying on their villainies secure and undisturbed. Through him we expect all will be cleared up. Cardillac's wound exactly resembles that of all who have been murdered, whether in the houses or in the streets. But the most decisive fact of all, is this: since Brusson's arrest, all assassination has ceased! You may walk out now as safely by night as in the day. Proof enough, that Olivier was perhaps at the very head of the gang. As yet he will confess nothing; but means will be found, to make him speak, whether he will or no!"

"And Madeline," asked De Scuderi; "what becomes of her—the tender, innocent dove?"

"Oh, as for Madeline," continued La Regny with his venomous grin, "who will prove to me that she is not in the conspiracy, herself! What has happened her father gives her little concern, Ma'amselle; all her tears are for this vagabond gallant of her's."

"What do you say!" shrieked De Scuderi; "her father?—this maiden!—ah, impossible!"

"Oh," observed La Regny, grinning still more horribly; "only remember Brinvilliers! You will pardon me, Ma'amselle, if I should find myself obliged, one of these days, to come and tear away this protégée of your's, and send her, also, to the Conciergerie."

De Scuderi recoiled before this dreadful suspicion: she felt as if no truth, no virtue, could stand before this man,—as if he could spy into the inmost recesses of the soul, and find nought there but guilt and crime. She arose. "Be human!" That was all she could say, as, trembling and gasping for breath, she turned to leave the room. She was already in the act of descending the staircase, when a strange wish took possession of her—she knew not whence it arose—and she turned abruptly to La Regny.

"Would it be permitted me," she asked, "to see this unfortunate Olivier Brusson?"

La Regny eyed her attentively for some moments in silence, and then, that hateful grin resuming its place upon his ugly countenance, he replied:—

"You are, I see, desirous, my worthy lady, of proving for yourself the guilt or innocence of this youth, and trusting rather to the feelings of your own heart than to what we have seen with our eyes, you will

decide it by that standard. Well, well, mademoiselle, if those dark abodes of wickedness seem not too disgusting to you—if you are not deterred by the presence of vice in its every stage, then in two hours the gates of the Conciergerie shall be opened to you, and this Brusson, in whose fate you take such interest, shall be brought before you.”

De Scuderi indeed could not persuade herself that the young man was guilty; everything, it is true, spoke against him; no judge in the world would have acted otherwise than La Regny had done under such decisive evidence; and yet that picture of domestic happiness which Madeline had drawn in such lively colours before her eyes, outshone every suspicion, and she preferred rather to admit some inexplicable mystery, than to believe that against which her whole soul revolted. She resolved to hear once more, and from Brusson's own lips, all the accidents of that eventful night, and thus, perhaps, be able to penetrate a mystery which only remained such to the judges, because they did not deem it worth their while to unravel it.

Arrived in the Conciergerie, De Scuderi was conducted to a large light room; she had not been there long, when she heard the rattling of chains—Olivier Brusson was brought in.—But, the moment he appeared at the door, De Scuderi fainted away! when she revived, he was gone. She demanded instantly to be conducted to her carriage, she would go—yes, this moment she would go—far, far away from those chambers of iniquity and crime! Alas! the first glance had told her that in Olivier Brusson she beheld her mysterious midnight visitor—Olivier Brusson it was who had given her the letter on the Pont Neuf, who had conveyed to her house the casket of jewels! Every doubt was now, indeed, removed, and La Regny's odious conjectures too frightfully confirmed: Olivier Brusson belongs to the gang of cruel assassins—has, but too surely, been the murderer of his own master! And Madeline?—Never, before, so bitterly deceived by her feelings, and sick to death at the power of the devil upon earth, whose presence there she had scarcely, till now, ever believed, De Scuderi despaired of finding truth any more in the world. She gave admittance to the horrible suspicion that Madeline also was in the conspiracy, and a trafficker in human blood; and, as it ever happens with the human soul, does any picture present itself before it, it will busy itself to seek out colours wherewith to make it more bright and vivid; thus, De Scuderi, in pondering over each little circumstance of Madeline's behaviour, found much to strengthen that suspicion, thus, many things which she had till now looked upon as proofs of her innocence and purity, she now condemned as decided marks of vice and studied hypocrisy. That thrilling anguish, those burning tears, might even be extorted by the dread—not of seeing her lover bleed—no, but of falling herself under the hand of the executioner!

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.—No. 5.

"If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
Now treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice."

The sentiment contained in our motto is not new to any of our readers; but old things are better than new; they are for the most part more truthful, they are always more natural, and have a more general application. God put Adam into the garden of Eden "to dress it and to keep it; and, before the temptation, the mind of Adam, on his "daily course," was "set to hallow all" he found therein. This was a very old application of our motto. We can even bring ourselves to understand how Adam's thoughts, while each new glory in this fair garden opened to his view, were fed by these objects, which made his heart grow larger, as into it they poured their beauties infinite in rich variety:—how, as in the new-born majesty of the Creator's image, he trod over his kingdom paradise, which was still fresh from the divine breath, and not yet corrupted by the evil eye and foul touch of Satan, all that he saw and felt imparted to his mind a growing character of loveliness. We can fancy the delight that arose incessantly in his soul, as "tilling and keeping" this heritage of heaven, he saw the buds spring, and the leaves expand, and the flowers burst in all their glory: his delight was pure then: no painful recollection saddened it as it rose, no sorrow beat it back into his breast, no fear restrained it; unchecked by circumstances, unlimited by seasons, delight was in all his thoughts. As his heart learned more of God's works, it learned more to rejoice in them: and this joy was turned always in one direction only; it was the leaven of sweet praise, hallowing in all the eternal spirit. The hills and the trees, the fields and the rivers, the animals innumerable, who ceaselessly sported, unharmed and harming none in this beautiful domain, all were hallowed to the glad mind of Adam, and he sacrificed them all in pure thanksgivings to his God.

This motto then is as old as Adam. And on this day are there not many of his children, who, though they toil through a world so full of imperfections that its cares increase in the same proportion with its joys, yet find that, in their humble course of life, God has provided for their sacrifices "new treasures still of countless price." Surely there are. And may not we wish to these, that each coming day may enlarge and enrich their store of peaceful happiness? Some live among the great; and, to them, the wealth and honours of the world are made richer as providing fuel for incense; while their domestic conversation partakes chiefly of the cheering influences of such love as gilds his tongue in whose heart it is imbedded. Its strong stem implanted in his soul produces within him a harvest of plenteous fruit, and imparts so sweet a savour to his words, as to win every spirit that feels its influence to rise with it heavenward. Some live among the poor; and even their daily toil is "hallowed." At times hard want oppresses them, but they remember Ilim who "wanted where to lay his head," and even in this they find a "treasure." Sometimes the proud scorn of

those who have better things in their heart than pride, and from whom they would claim a portion of that better, has driven back their sympathies, to rebuke the open heart that yielded them, for being less niggard of kind thoughts than those to whom they had been offered. This is a sad lot to which the poor are subject; for it contracts men's thoughts, and teaches them to think narrowly and coldly of themselves. But it does not narrow their minds of whom we write; it "hallows" them, until they raise a richer sacrifice of praise to one who never scorns their sympathies. And at their humble hearth, and in their brother's honest grasp, and in their child's embrace, and lisping prayer, they "find new treasures still of countless price."

We are glad we chose this motto, for it has given a direction to our "thoughts" which we hope will afford to the reader a pleasure equal to that we have ourselves experienced in pursuing them. And yet since Adam's time it was not given to man that his pleasure should be unmixed with pain. We grieve to think that in our land the noisy strife of politics should have arisen to make this "daily course" less peaceful. We know that a strong political feeling is scarcely consistent with the state of mind represented by the poet. We wish that this strife could cease. But where it is necessary to plunge, in the defence of truth, into these tempestuous waters, let us counsel caution to the minds of those who enter them, lest in defending truth, they lose for themselves its most valuable benefits. *If we must be politicians let us regard it as an evil, and be careful not to lose the temper of the Christian.*

Gleanings from the German.

SHEEP THE FIRST.

Jean Paul Richter.

[Johann Paul Friedrich Richter, commonly called "Jean Paul," was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Wunsiedel, in Franconia, on the 21st of March, 1763. He was at first intended for the Church, and studied theology at Leipsic, but, in a short time, abandoned it, in order to devote himself entirely to literature; he died at Baireuth, where he had passed the latter part of his life in retirement, on the 14th Nov. 1825, having previously suffered much from an ophthalmic disease. Jean Paul was possessed not only of a most brilliant and extraordinary genius, but also of a most admirable heart; in him were united at the same time, and to a degree seldom witnessed in one individual, the most wild and glowing imagination—the most sparkling wit—the most happy and genial humour, combined with the deepest philosophy, and most extensive learning, and all these qualities were moulded and directed by the purest and kindest of dispositions, and illuminated with the light of the most inexhaustible human love. To kindle, and keep alive, a lively faith in God, virtue, and immortality, forms the

object of all his writings. In the wildest and most extravagant sallies of his wit and humour, not a thought intrudes that could offend the purest mind. In his works he describes human life in all its aspects of light and shade—the serious, the comic, the sublime and the grotesque, the pathetic and the ludicrous, are all mingled together. Nor is his style less varied than his genius. Whimsical, extravagant, and irregular in the highest degree, it is full of all sorts of newly-coined words, combinations and abbreviations of expressions, phrases, and even whole sentences, which frequently render it difficult to understand his meaning, and present no ordinary obstacles to the foreigner who attempts to read his works; but, this external barrier once pierced through, there is no author whose writings contain a greater fund of wisdom, combined with amusement, than those of Jean Paul.]

I.—The Atheist.

The denier of a living God, since he can be immediately busied only with his own internal being, so soon as the Highest, whereon it rests, has become invisible for him, must necessarily stand imprisoned in the midst of a cold, grey, deaf, blind, dumb, iron Necessity, and truly for him nothing more lives and moves than his own fleeting I.*

Thus stands the wanderer on the ice-seas and ice-mountains of Switzerland—all around is stillness—nowhere a moving being—all is fixed and rigid, far beyond where the eye can reach to; at most, but a little cloud rises at times, and seems to move in the immeasurable, Immoveable—

Yea! when one hath lost his belief in God, and has, besides, fallen altogether into misfortune and sin, his loneliness is then like that—almost too painful even to conceive—of an incendiary, chained for execution in his log-hut, which is built about and encased with heaps of wood, ever higher and wider, and who, now all alone in the cabin beside his chain, awaits his death from the approaching fire.

II.—Sorrows.

Sorrows are like tempest-clouds—in the distance they look black, but, when above us, scarcely grey. As sad dreams indicate coming joy, so will it be with the so-often torturing dream of life when it hath passed.

All our strong feelings rule, like spirits, until a certain hour; and, if a man were always to say to himself, “this passion, this sorrow, this pain, this rapture, will, in three days, have surely vanished from thy soul,” he would ever be more at rest, and calmer.

III.—Children.

Ye stand the nearest to God, ye little ones! The smallest planet is the nearest to the sun.

IV.—Reason and Feeling.

The feelings are like the stars which guide us only while the heavens are clear; but reason is a magnet-needle, which ever guideth the ship, though the stars be hidden, and their light no longer shineth.

* Consciousness.

V.—Death in Childhood.

The Ephemerae all die while the sun is setting, and not one has ever sported in the beams of his rising. More fortunate are ye, little human Ephemerae! ye gambolled only in the uprising sun of life, and flew over a world full of flowers, then sank to rest, ere yet was dried the morning dew.

VI.—Genius.

Gift of Genius! thou art like unto the dew which falleth from heaven while shimmereth the evening star. Unseen, mysteriously, it strengtheneth the flower, and cooleth its honey, all throughout the entire star-lit night; but, when the morning breaketh, and, with a brighter lustre than the flower, gleameth the diamond dew-drop, then the Holy Sun taketh it away.

Gift of Genius, thou art like unto the dew!

Hidden in the silent breast, pure and cool, thou refreshest it long, but, let thy hues and thy lustre sparkle abroad into the world, then thou fleest soon, and leavest a parched heart behind.

VII.

Which is the greater? The wise man who raiseth himself above the storms of his time, and looketh calmly on, without joining in the strife; or the wise man, who, from the height of his repose, boldly casteth himself into the battle din?

Grand it is when the eagle soareth through the rack of the tempest aloft into the brighter heavens beyond it; grander still, when hovering in the blue above the storm-clouds, he cleaveth his way through them down to the eyrie-crag, where his unfledged young dwell and tremble.

VIII.—Utter Slavery.

It is not a stirring, noisy, talking, nor yet a storming or a feeling people, that sheweth the oppressed and down-trodden nation; but one that listlessly and silently standeth by amid storm and misery, and scarce regardeth passing events. Thus in winter stand the dead trees, without rustling and without waving, amid the raging of the storm, unyielding and unmoved, because their leaf-stripped, skeleton-branches let the winds pass through.

IX.—The Future.

Still and peaceful as a child in its cradle-cot swimmeth about, rocked by the billows, or a great flood, so liveth the Future, a peaceful germ in the stormy present. At last the time cometh, and lifteth the floating Moses-child upon firm land, and the child groweth up and becometh perhaps a saviour and a law-giver.

X.—Youth and Age.

Merrily jumpeth the child about on its crutch—peevishly crawlth along the old man on his. Children both—wherein differ they?—the one hopeth, the other remembereth.

XI.—*Sharp-sighted Unbelievers.*

"Though we have armed our eyes with the telescope to search the heavens, yet are they dark and void, and the Immeasurable is a solitude."—

Oh, ye perverted ! ye say rightly—ye have indeed the telescope, but ye hold it with the wrong end pointed heavenwards.

XII.

We, erring mortals, are like men who walk amidst clouds of dust, each believing that around himself the least dust, or none at all, is flying, and that around those at some distance off it is thick and suffocating ; while these latter, in their turn, even so think of the former.

XIII.—*Life.*

Were there nought but the Present for the heart to dwell upon, then mightest thou, perhaps, with reason say, "around and in me all is void," but doth not the long Past lie behind thee, and grow every day, and doth not the Future stand before thee,—doth not a Spring and an Autumn enclose thy winter ?

Thus, even the emptiest life is like the great deserts of India, around which wooded borders are ever green.*

XIV.—*Retrospection.*

"Ah ! these were my happy years," oftentimes saith man, as he looketh back over them in a single glance. But of the single days, the whole hours, which he lived through, and whereof those years are composed, he cannot point out the happiest. Thus, a Life, or a great portion of one, is like an almanack with a gilded edge ; the whole surface shineth with gold, while the edge of the opened page gleameth but little.

XV.—*The Man without Poetry.*

The man who enjoys life with his mere understanding uninfluenced by poetry, will ever lead but a poor and barren existence; however splendidly fortune may endow it from without ; it is like an autumn full of fruits, but which lacks the magic of singing birds, or rather, it resembles the great North American forests, in which reigns a dead and melancholy silence, unenlivened by a single sound of song. But dwelleth there a poetic spirit within thee, which forms new creations from what exists around thee,—not for others on paper, but for thyself in thine own heart—then hast thou in the world an eternal spring-time, for thou hearest beneath every tree-top and every cloud, singing and harmony, and, when rough blasts assail thy life, and strip it of its leaves, even then there abides within thee a silent rapture, of which thou knowest not whence it cometh, but it ariseth—even like its fellow in the leafless, warmless, early-springs of the outer world—from the singing in the heavens.

* So Humboldt remarks.

The Catholic Claims. A Letter to the Lord Bishop of Cashel. By Baptist W. Noel, M.A. London: 1845.

BEFORE we proceed to review the interior of this book, we have one observation to offer on its title page. The author gives his name as Baptist W. Noel, M.A. The Rev. Baptist Noel is well known to the religious public. Is this he? It is usual for clergymen, when they write books, and put their names to them, to prefix their title. One would suppose there was an additional reason for so doing, when they write on a subject connected with the Church. Was it because this pamphlet is directed *against* the Church, that Mr. Baptist Noel's modesty led him to conceal the fact of his being one of her own ministers? Or has he taken a more honest part, and resigned his office ere he took up his pen to write evil and poisonous words against her whom he had sworn to reverence and support?

But, perhaps, this is another Baptist Noel. We would gladly hope so; for we thought better of him than we can of the writer of this letter. We shall, however, spare our observations until we have brought the matter that gives rise to them before our readers.

A few words will suffice to explain the purport of this pamphlet. There has been, as all are aware, a gathering of enemies against the Irish Church. In the first rank of them, we find the agitators of Conciliation Hall (conciliation meaning destruction to the peaceful and religious, and success to the treasonable and profane); and the assassins hired, we know not by whom, but inspirited to their work of horrors by the inflammatory speeches of the demagogues, and the no less inflammatory sermons of the priesthood. These who stand in the front rank of the Church's enemies have, of late, been joined and supported by an ally, from whom, under all the circumstances, a very different course might have been expected—by many of the principal leaders of the British parliament. Against this formidable array, the Irish Church had but little strength to oppose. Its only hope was in the peaceful and deserving character of its members, in the faithfulness of its ministers, and in the advocacy of its *friends*. It supposed it had a faithful friend in the Conservative government; but doubtful speeches, and not doubtful acts of this ministry, coupled with the desertion of that portion of the Conservative press which is known as the supporter of government, had struck a new terror into the breast of the Irish Protestant. Then, indeed, we had reason to expect, that if any friends remained to us, they would cling more closely, and hasten to our rescue in this dilemma. We might have expected from the English Dissenters that which their Irish brethren will not refuse to us, the favour of a close and steadfast support in the cause of truth: but here again we saw an enemy join the ranks that were led on by the demagogues and assassins. Still we did not despair: we said that every English Churchman would arise in our defence: but here, also, our hopes have failed, since this influential clergyman of England has cast a fire-brand among us, in the form of a pamphlet, in which he plainly recommends our annihilation, in language apt to catch the multitude, who cannot detect the endless sophistries and false statements with which he seeks to support his argument.

He has divided his book under three heads—two premises and a conclusion. This is satisfactory to the reviewer ; for, as every one of these is fallacious, and can be easily proved so, it will much facilitate our work to consider them in order. This is his syllogism :—Peace cannot be obtained in Ireland without religious equality ; it would be contrary to principle to procure this equality by an endowment of Popery ; therefore it must be yielded by depriving the Protestants of their endowments. Here we have the entire *argument* of his book brought into the short space of one syllogism—the entire argument, but not the entire matter. We shall, however, dispose of the argument first, and deal with the matter afterwards.

His first proposition is fallacious :—

1st. It assumes the desirableness of peace under every circumstance, that there is no sacrifice which ought not to be made to obtain it ; and yet, it is a well known principle of Christianity, expounded by the Divine founder of our religion, that the teaching of *truth* in this world is not consistent with the prevalence of *peace*. When Christ said that “He came not to send peace on earth but a sword,” he did not, it is true, mean that the doctrines he taught contained any thing of their own nature tending to war—it was in every respect the contrary ; but that the exposition of them would rouse the opposition of the principles of evil. There is enough in this pamphlet, more than ~~we~~ we should have written, to prove that that other religion, to an equality with which he proposes that ours should be reduced, is in its substance, and to the very root, evil. Does Mr. Baptist Noel seriously suppose, that because Popery, which he has represented as irrevocably bad, demands of the government to deprive Protestantism of its armour, in order that the truth may be laid naked for its attacks, it becomes an English clergyman to call upon the English people, for the sake of peace, to deprive the Protestants of Ireland of the means of grace which they possess ? We shall presently quote his opinion of Popery ; and we request the reader to keep this question in his view when he is reading it.

2nd. It is not at all probable that peace will be obtained by such a concession. The present attacks of the agitators are not directed against the Church. The forfeited lands would be a much more likely boon to satisfy their cravings.

His second proposition, though it is true in the abstract, is not less fallacious when applied to his argument. Equally with Mr. Noel we object to the endowment of Popery as contrary to principle, and, we may add, that it is therefore inexpedient ; and yet, even if the state were so lost to principle, and so blinded to what is most expedient for the public good, as to endow Popery, we cannot say that an English clergyman, who, it may be supposed, regards God, not the state, as the true Leader of his Church, should think it necessary to resign the means of usefulness which the Church of God possesses, rather than that the state should be guilty of wrong. We should rather say, “Let God be true and every man a liar.” Let the people of God with one united effort, give what strength they can to his truth, and it will give the lie to man’s attempts to overthrow it.

Were Mr. Noel’s premises unexceptionable, his conclusion would find an argument against it in the strong arm of the Protestants of

Ireland, and in the bold assertion of their rights. He has failed to prove to the Protestant fathers of Ireland that their children ought to be deprived of the gospel blessings which they themselves possessed, or that they should yield them without a struggle to preserve them for their little ones. It is very well for this Englishman,—who, to judge from his pamphlet, knows just as much about the real character of the parties in Ireland as about the parties in the moon,—to say that the noise of the Irish agitators, which sounds unpleasant in the ears of this comfortable parson, and disturbs his peace of mind, must be silenced by throwing to them, as a sop, the rightful possessions of the peaceful Protestants; but perhaps he will yet learn, that though they are peaceful, and patient, and enduring, they have inherited from their fathers hard hands, and stout hearts, and unflinching resolution, which may, if forced into action, ere long raise about his ears a louder and more unpleasant noise from Ireland than has yet distressed him.

Having thus disposed of the argument, we will now proceed to the matter of this pamphlet. He commences with a tolerably true description of the Repeal agitation:—

“So far,” he says, “are we from securing, by our patronage of Roman Catholic doctrine complete and permanent repose, that the Repeal storm has not been hushed for a single month; as the letters of Dr. Higgins and Dr. M’Hale, the language of the Repeal Association, the Tara meeting, and the formidable demonstrations at Dublin and Cork, sufficiently evince. And if the Repealers at present confine themselves to large gatherings and bold speeches, it is only the more effectually to act upon the suggestion of the following significant lines,—

“‘Bide your time, &c. &c.’”—page 1.

This is followed by an acknowledgment of the impracticability of Repeal; but an assertion, that the determination of the Repeal party is such, that a bloody civil war must follow the refusal of their claims:—

“When six millions and a half of people, inspired by religious enthusiasm, and many of them goaded by want, are taught by violent newspapers, by the sight of impassioned myriads, by enthusiastic hurrahs, by speeches almost seditious, by still fiercer addresses from the altars, and by anti-Protestant ballads circulating among them, that complete independence is the sole political good, essential to their welfare, which their own courage must achieve, every one must see that the empire may be convulsed, from its centre to its circumference, by the passions which these doctrines may enkindle,”—page 2.

Nothing can be more true than this, and a plain man would suppose, that the political conclusion was very easy—to put down by law the teaching of “doctrines” tending to “convulse” the empire; or, if the present laws are insufficient, to enact such as would punish, as it deserves, conduct so criminally injurious. We cannot forget, that whatever may be Sir Robert Peel’s intention now, he not long ago declared, that he would try to put it down by the existing laws, and that if he failed, he would ask—and he had no doubt would receive—from parliament sufficient powers. He did fail in the first: it surely was not the absence of a zeal for legislation that has prevented him from attempting the second. But to return to our author—He proceeds to paint the horrors that must arise from the struggle, and concludes by saying:—

That "no one can reflect upon the loss of life which such fratricidal struggles would occasion, without feeling that there is no sacrifice consistent with religion and morality which Great Britain should refuse to make, in order to avert such a catastrophe,"—ib.

True; but it is *not* consistent with religion to sacrifice the establishment, nor with morality, for *Great Britain* to take their rightful property from the *Irish Protestants*. It is one of the commandments in the *Moral law* that says, "*Thou shalt not steal*." He says the "people are inspired by religious enthusiasm, and many of them goaded by want." Is it to supply their wants that he intends to employ the property of the Church? Is there no other fund that could be employed in charity than this? or are the English to pick *our* pockets that *they* may have the credit of feeding the hungry? Or is it to gratify the religious enthusiasm of the Romanist, that Mr. Baptist Noel would sacrifice the Church? Truly this would be a worthy motive coming from such a quarter!

He next proceeds to *justify* this conduct of the agitators. But first he seeks to disarm objectors:—

"Red-hot, sulphur-breathed ascendancy men, like those mentioned by Burke, who would have become Papists in order to oppress Protestants, if, being Protestants, it was not in their power to oppress Papists, may indeed contemplate the subjugation of the Catholic party by the bayonet, as the just punishment of helots who dare to threaten the prerogatives of their masters; but you, my lord, have no such feelings,"—page 3.

A more objectionable passage than this could not by possibility have been written. It affixes at once upon the Protestants of Ireland, who claim protection from parliament against the designs of the agitators, the stigma of being "red-hot, sulphur-breathed ascendancy men." Now we respectfully reply to Mr. Noel, that he could not have given a more false representation of their character—they are and they have proved themselves to be patient and peaceful men, who ask for nothing more than protection and a preservation of their rights and property. But he may say he did not mean *them*. Who, then, did he mean, contrasting them, as he does, with the Repeal party? Though, no doubt, he wrote in ignorance, and did not intentionally falsify the Protestant party; ignorance on such a subject in one who writes, and knows that thousands will be guided by his pen, is something worse than wilful misrepresentation. But it is because the Irish Protestants are not what he represents them, it is because they have been too patient and too silent that Mr. Noel has the power to speak of them as he does. He has learned their character from the speeches of the Conciliation Hall; and he adds the weight of his name to support the slanderous accusations which weekly emanate from that place. Let the Protestants of Ireland remember this, and give the English an opportunity of henceforth knowing them from their own lips and actions.

The writer having thus denounced those who would oppose them, proceeds to justify the Repealers by the very arguments that are so plentifully used by themselves—arguments which have been constantly answered, but which did not the less serve the agitators in inflaming the minds of the people against the "Saxon;" neither will they the less serve Mr. Noel in stirring up the minds of many of his "Saxon"

readers against the Irish Church. He quotes largely from the penal laws. It is true, that after having expended more than four pages in these quotations, and in an impassioned dissertation upon their iniquity, he gives half a line to the assertion, that "the penal statutes are happily abolished;" but by the time the reader has reached this simple refutation of all he has been reading, he has been so much worked upon by the horrors that had gone before, as to be incapable of taking notice of this apology. Did the writer suppose that reasonable men would be convinced by this kind of argument? or was he ignorant that the multitude are more apt to be caught by declamation than by reason?

These penal laws *did* exist; and if Mr. Noel pleases, we will "leave them to the unmitigated and eternal abhorrence of all good men;" that is, if they are fools enough to trouble their heads about them. But we will not join him in "hanging our heads before Europe, and, foregoing all boasts of our power, assume with deep humiliation the language of penitents." We have plenty of sins of our own to repent of without putting on dust and ashes for the sins of our fathers long since repented of and removed. As well might the present legislators of England hang their heads in penitence, because their fathers during the same period consigned to the gallows some scores of ignorant farmers, who dared to sin against the commonwealth, by exporting the good wool of merry England to enrich the foreign merchants, and procure for themselves an honest price. These penal laws, and hundreds such equally tyrannical, were made by a barbarous government to controul a barbarous people; but in the progress of civilization they were repealed. Men are not now hanged for sheep-stealing or wool-exporting, nor are they banished for being priests. The fomenters of an insurrection in England might gain adherents by painting the iniquities of some of the old laws against their fathers' liberties; for we suppose the English populace are as credulous as their neighbours, and would be as little able to distinguish the past from the present. But the English authorities would soon find means to stop such dangerous prating; and if an English clergyman were to take up *that* theme, he might expect to be laughed at, or roughly handled for his pains, in proportion as his pamphlet turned out to be harmless or injurious. The agitators have an object in what they say upon these subjects, and when they speak to reasonable men, they are ready to acknowledge its untruth. Is it possible that Mr. Baptist Noel is following their example of deceit? Impossible! we believe rather that he is among the duped.

We cannot follow our pamphleteer through all his absurdities and misrepresentations. There are, however, some which we may not in justice to our subject pass over. Contrast, for example, the following two passages:—

"Since the Irish agitation must cease, and it ought not to be put down by force, the Catholics must be conciliated. This is, indeed, by some persons of heated imagination declared to be impossible. According to them both priests and people are bent on Popish ascendancy, by the doctrines of their church, by the exhortations of their clergy, and by their own settled hatred of England and Protestantism. Nothing, as these gentlemen think, will satisfy them, but '*Ireland for the Irish*;' (*this is the declaration of the agitators themselves; we are surprised that Mr. Noel, who is so ready to believe them in other things, should doubt them so much in this,*) the ultimate meaning of which is a separate kingdom, a papal monarch, a papal

parliament, a papal establishment, and a papal people, from among whom every Protestant landlord, minister, and peasant, shall have vanished by expatriation, or by massacre.

"Now, my Lord, I profoundly disbelieve it all. Men cannot divest themselves of human nature, and, though Catholicism may be exclusive and cruel, and Catholic priests might wish to re-enact the Inquisition, the Catholic people are still like ourselves. (*This sentence seems to us to carry in itself the refutation of the arguments for which it is used; for Catholicism (he means, of course, Romanism) is made up of the priests and the people; and, if Romanism be in such a condition as to admit of such exclusiveness and cruelties, the people will not resist the priests in their attempts to re-enact the Inquisition.*) They know well that such designs would be unjust to us, and therefore (*wherefore?*) fatal to themselves, and the spirit of papal Europe would condemn them.—Papal France (*Papal France!*) instead of exterminating the Protestants (*indeed*) has given them equal privileges with the Catholics; Belgium, more intensely Catholic, has imitated the liberal example; and the same tendencies are discernible in the Catholic populations both of Italy and Spain. While, therefore, the Irish Catholics ask for nothing but legal equality with Protestants, the government is bound to believe them sincere in assigning these limits to their desire, till they see proofs of the contrary, and not refuse concession to their fair (*fair?*) demands, because some persons, who fancy that they have more penetration than their neighbours, impute to them concealed designs of violence and plunder. I believe these designs not to exist, because they are disavowed by upright and honourable men; because they would be no less foolish than wicked, and because there is no evidence for them; but, should they ever come into existence, this country, with clear justice on its side, would, with the blessing of God, speedily extinguish them."—p. 13, 14.

It did not suit the purpose of the writer to find the "evidence for them" in this part of his book, for here he is arguing to establish his first premise, and, to effect that end, it was necessary to give Romanism credit for good intentions; but, in his second premise, he follows the example of the Premier, and wheels right round upon his former proteges. Here he provides abundant evidence that what those "persons of heated imaginations" declared, was pretty much his own opinion after all. We can only account for this change by supposing that his imagination grew warmer as he proceeded in his argument. Let us, therefore, having finished with his "no evidence," turn now to his "evidence."

"Can we consent to this arrangement? Never. If platforms and pulpits, if books, tracts, and ballads can prevent it, (*what a combination! what a holy alliance!*) 'if it can be prevented by an universal Protestant agitation,' (*is this for the purpose of putting down the Conciliation Hall agitation?*) 'the 1,200,000 petitioners against the Maynooth grant will render it impracticable. We will fill the country from one end to the other with the knowledge of Roman Catholic doctrines and practices, we will recal the history of priestcraft,' (*just now it suited his purpose better to recall the penal laws; we wish priestcraft were as extinct as they.*) 'unveil the characters of popes—describe the machinations of Catholic Jesuits—demonstrate that Catholic doctrines and practices are opposed to truth, to charity, to knowledge, to civil and religious liberty, to commerce and manufactures, to all national prosperity. (*Hallo! Mr. Baptist Noel, your imagination is growing heated now! what have you to say now for "Belgium, more intensely Catholic?"*) 'We will proclaim the denunciation of the Word of God against the Catholic system, and will revive the spirit by which Luther thundered against its abominations, and Bradford and Hooper, amidst the flames, testified against them."—p. 18.

"We have, therefore, two or three years before us, in which earnest Protestants may prepare the nation to refuse its sanction to Roman Catholic doctrine.

Perhaps the most important method to effect this, would be to circulate short and popular tracts upon each of the chief points of doctrine and practice in which the Church of Rome has departed from the Word of God. These tracts may illustrate the principles of that Church by the whole series of its persecutions, (as a set off against the penal laws!) 'from its torture of the Innocent Vaudois,' (as a proof that *Papal France, when France was Papal, did not exterminate the Protestants,*) 'to its recent imprisonment of Dr. Kalley at Madeira. They may examine the pretensions of its Council of Trent—they may unfold the practice of its Inquisitions in Italy and Spain—they may describe the system and practices of its chosen champions, the Jesuits—they may show how it has restricted the reading of the bible, opposed freedom of thought, discountenanced science, and trampled upon civil and religious liberty; they may trace its worship of saints and images through the world—accumulate proofs of its general want of spirituality, even when compassing sea and land to make its proselytes—they may illustrate how it has led many of the most vigorous minds of Europe into infidelity—they may narrate what it has done of late years, not to convert the heathen, but to counteract the charitable labours of the ministers of Christ among them, as in Abyssinia, New Zealand, and Tahiti; and, above all, they may publish and expound the prediction of its character and doom in the Word of God.'—p. 31, 32.

Pray, Mr. Noel, what is all this about? There is something "*red hot*" here, something "*sulphur-breathed*." Which are we to believe? Baptist Noel the conciliator, or Baptist Noel the exterminator? We have not time to make further inquiries. It is enough that there was nothing but declamation in the first passage, in these latter passages also there is plenty of declamation, with a few facts interspersed. We will put aside the declamation from all and let the facts remain, and our conclusion is with the author in the second question, and we will not endow Romanism if we can help it: it is against him in the former question, and we will not conciliate it either, lest all these dreadful things should come upon us, which we think much more likely to arise from a conciliation that would sacrifice the means of resistance we have in our own establishment, than from an endowment of Popery, while our strongholds are left intact.

He has provided us with a little figurative argument upon this subject, which we take the liberty of quoting on our own side of the question. He very sapiently observes upon the present policy of the government:—

"As now light seems to have broken in upon the crown, who still recognising the excellence of Protestantism, are resolved to maintain the Irish establishment; but mean to have a Catholic establishment too. Having set up their dispensing flour, they will now multiply their dispensaries of saw-dust."—Page 23.

Before we make the application of this elegant and classical figure, allow us to observe that whatever the government may have done towards pulling down the dispensary of flour, neither they, nor their predecessors, had any share in setting it up. We have no wish that they should multiply these saw-dust dispensaries, we think it a very foolish procedure: but if they do choose to provide this kind of food for those who desire to partake of it, we trust they will not take the advice of Mr. Baptist Noel, in withdrawing our food from us who have an old fashioned liking for the food of the gospel provided by the establishment.

We cannot lay down this pamphlet without noticing one further misstatement of a very gross nature contained in it.

"Still the church of the minority, established by law, is maintained, under an armed compulsion by the toil of Catholics."—Page 10.

That assertion is altogether untrue. It is untrue that the church is maintained "by the toil of Catholics" (Romanists). This is either a figure of speech of Mr. Baptist Noel's, one of those declamatory assertions thrown out to help one part of his argument, and to be withdrawn when, in another part, he can do better without it; or as we must conclude from its re-assertion towards the end of the book, in a somewhat more objectionable form, the consequence of the ignorance, or something worse than the ignorance, of the writer. The clergy are not paid by any man's toil. In truth they never were. When their income was derived from tithes it was an injustice to none, for they had a possessory right over this property as an inheritance descending to them from times immemorial, long previous to the date from which any landlord or tenant could trace his tenure of the soil. Properties were purchased, and leases were made with this reservation. And if the people at any time desired to retain the tithes in their own pockets, this was nothing more or less than "coveting their neighbour goods," or if they did retain it, it was "stealing them." Two reasons were given for altering the tenure of church property. We shall not venture to pronounce upon them further than that they are not destitute of weight. 1st.—It was said that that species of tenure acted as a direct check upon improvement, and tended to prevent the cultivation of land. 2nd.—It was felt that the lower class of farmers were not capable of distinguishing between the yielding up of a property which never was their own, and which therefore it could under no circumstance be unjust to give, and the payment of a compulsory tax for purposes alien to their principles. In the former state of things, therefore, Mr. Baptist Noel's charge would be unjust and untrue, though it would have contained sufficient plausibility to be dangerous.

But when under *present* circumstances, we find him asserting that "the church is still maintained by the toil of Catholics," we must conclude either that he is totally ignorant of the subject upon which he has taken upon him to write, or that he purposely misrepresented the fact, knowing how many will read his book who will not have the power to contradict him. The church is now maintained by a *rent-charge* upon the land, a distinct possession, which neither prevents improvement nor burthens any one. The landlord, be he Protestant or Romanist, will not be so dishonest as to desire to lay hold on property which never, in any form, belonged to him, nor will he feel that his conscience is polluted by being made the instrument of handing his rightful possession to a quiet clergyman, especially when he remembers that he is paid twenty-five per cent for the trouble. We shall leave it to the reader to find suitable language to characterise the repetition of this false charge by Mr. Noel.

We would gladly hope that we have been slandering the *Rev.* Baptist Noel, and that not he, but some other Baptist Noel, was the writer of this book; but if the general opinion upon the subject be correct, how shall we account for the following conduct in a clergyman of the church. After having exhausted alike his argument and declamation, he proceeds towards the conclusion of his pamphlet to cite authorities. We should have supposed him to be more deeply read in

the writings of the friends than of the enemies of the church, and a few at least of the former would have supplied him with authorities; but what will the reader say when he hears that in every instance he quotes from its avowed enemies—Mr. O'Connell—Lord Brougham in one of his philippics of *former days*—Mr. McCulloch in a statistical statement, *published years ago, and which is totally inapplicable to the present state of things*—Mr. Macaulay in his late violent declamation against the church—Lord Howick in his partisan support of this mistaken statesman—Lord Campbell—Lord Camoys, a *Roman Catholic Peer*, from a speech made in Freemason's Hall—M. De Beaumont, a *French Catholic*—these are his witnesses. Well, had we time, we could quote a thousand others better testimony to weigh against them were it necessary, but we need not, our only reason for referring to this matter was that those who are inclined to be influenced by Mr. Baptist Noel may be made acquainted with the kind of counsellors from whom he takes his opinions.

And we now leave him, with a hope that we shall never have occasion to take him up again; and when he speaks of the injustice to be done to the Dissenters of Great Britain by the endowment of Popery, we would warn the churchmen of England to beware, lest, if they sacrifice the establishment in this country to gratify the wishes of the Romanists, the English Dissenters might not consider it a greater injustice done to them if the English establishment is not afterwards sacrificed to gratify their wishes. The overthrow of the church establishment in Ireland will provide a precedent that will not fail to be quoted destructively against the Established Church of England.

MARY MANSFIELD; OR, IRELAND TEN YEARS SINCE.

(Continued from page 420, Vol. I.)

CHAPTER XI.

ON the following morning, at the break of dawn, before the stars had lost their brightness, a small company of horsemen were in motion upon the road which ascends from the little village of Bredagh into the adjacent hill country. The thick vapour of morning, just visible resting upon the neighbouring hills, had not yet descended in the lower grounds which the horsemen traversed. It was chilly for the time of year. A crisp frost lay upon the grass, and the hoar spangles glanced in the star-light. The company consisted of half a dozen men all closely muffled in large cloaks, or great coats, and they rode along slowly and in silence, but now and again a clash heard from beneath their muffling seemed to indicate that they were armed, and that they had assumed their outer covering not merely to protect them from the rawness of the morning, but, also, perhaps, to conceal the glitter of their weapons from the eyes of some party whom they did not desire

to be too soon apprized of their purpose or propinquity. Having passed through the deep ravine between the Cloughran and the Brega hills, that forms one of the approaches into the boggy glen, to which we have given the name of Seskin, the leader of the party struck off from the high road, and turned his horse's head into the glen, the rest of the horsemen following him in single files, for the narrow bridle way upon which they had now entered did not allow two of them to move abreast. The rugged path, having wound round the base of a steep rock, and dipped into the hollow beyond, then ascended the summit of a swelling mound which arose like a lofty island above the surface of the bog. From this point the boggy country could in full daylight be discerned to stretch away for miles to the south west, until it was terminated by a deep and rapid stream which we shall call the Inchmore, or Innismore river; but as yet the light of day was too faint to allow of a distinct perception of objects to any considerable distance. Having nearly reached the summit of the rising ground, the leader, intimating to his followers his intention that they should halt there for some time, alighted from his horse, his example being followed by the rest of the party with one exception. One horseman, of a tall and commanding figure, closely muffled up like the others, still kept his saddle—it was Frederick Willoughby.

This young gentleman, from the moment a prospect of securing one of the incendiaries of Artrea had burst upon him, neither slumbered nor slept, neither took, nor thought of taking rest or refreshment; he had spent the entire night in making arrangements for the all important duty of the morning. The instant he had reached his home, a messenger was despatched on horseback, even at that untimely hour, to the residence of Captain Fosberry, and another to the commander of the military then stationed in the town of Artrea, and, in a tumult of hopes and fears for the success of his preparations, Willoughby had come forth this morning, not only willing to be a spectator of the result of his arrangements, but also eager to take an active part in the events which were in progress. His devoted attachment to the unfortunate family at Artrea, added to the natural indignation which he felt at the sight of such atrocious outrage and injury being offered to such innocent and unoffending victims, roused in his bosom an ardent and overwhelming thirst for vengeance against the inhuman perpetrators of such violence. To his naturally impetuous disposition, stimulated by these feelings, the movements of Captain Fosberry, upon whom, as a military officer of experience and reputation the command of the expedition had devolved, seemed unnecessarily slow. The accounts, too, given both by Alice Murphy and her husband, of the bodily strength and ferocity of Bryan More, kindled a strong desire in the daring and intrepid bosom of Willoughby of encountering the gigantic and dangerous Whitefoot singlehanded. Such were the feelings that animated Willoughby as he pressed forward to the side of the police officer, who, having thrown the reins of his horse to a police constable, one of three that, with an armed servant of Willoughby's, formed the remainder of the party, and having directed his men to keep behind the ridge of the mound and not to let themselves be seen, had himself gone forward to a spot where a heap of large stones lay loosely piled together. Near these he was standing occupied in an attentive inspection of the adjacent

country, as far as the imperfect light would yet permit, when Willoughby reached his side.

"Have you made it out," he inquired.

"Not yet," was Fosberry's reply; "repeat the guide's instructions if you please."

"I was told to stand on the highest ground midway between the Innismore road and Brega hill where I should find a great heap of stones. I was to set my back to the heap of stones, and my face towards the mountains over Lisnagar, then to look along the western edge of the slated house in the hollow, and in that line I was to find the cabin."

"The heap of stones is here," said Fosberry; "the slated house in the hollow is yonder, but the cabin is no where—that I can see at least. Your sight may be better than mine, Mr. Willoughby. I hope there is no mistake."

"There is none—there can be none," exclaimed Willoughby; "look yonder where the mist is rising upon the verge of the view, something appears like a tuft above the dark surface of the bog. The shadow of the hills is upon it—it must be the place."

"Ah," said Fosberry, "young sight, young sight. Well, I had my day once; and twenty years ago, on the Sierras of Galicia, there were not such eyes in all Hill's staff as Jack Fosberry's; but where on earth are you going. Stop, Mr. Willoughby. I request, I entreat of you to stop."

His requests and entreaties were thrown away upon the winds. Hastily turning in his saddle to announce his intention of riding on to rouse the people of the cabin, and without waiting to hear what Fosberry had to say in reply, Willoughby galloped down the bank and pushed off for a small road which was seen to wind through the glen in the direction of what they had just concluded to be the brogue-maker's cabin, leaving Fosberry in no very agreeable temper staring after him.

"Rouse the people of the cabin," repeated Fosberry; "rouse the devil! he will rouse the rascally Whitefoot before we are ready for him, before the military have had time to reach the passes of the hills, or Robertson and his men have secured the fords of the river. There's no getting any good of these mad youngsters. They play the deuce with every thing they have a hand in."

He resumed his examination of the ground, which the increase of day-light enabled him to do with greater ease, and he could now observe that one side of the glen reached to a line of steep hills, its eastern boundary, while the river to which we have given the name of Innismore encompassed it upon the west and south, here taking a south easterly course, the stream gradually approached the hills, and at last washed the base of the southernmost and disappeared behind it. The left bank of the river, which abutted on the glen, was low, the ground marshy, and the overflowings of the stream upon this side had produced the marsh or bog of Seskin, while the farther bank of the stream rose sheer from the water-edge rugged and precipitous. The high road between the villages of Inchmore and Bredagh formed the northern boundary.

Captain Fosberry examined the ground attentively, and the result of his examination led him to the conclusion that it would be very

difficult to invest it, with the limited number of men which he was able to bring together for the purpose, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of the whitefoot's escape. From the mound upon which the captain had taken his station, the country to the south and west was open to inspection, and no fugitive could attempt to pass in any of these directions without being exposed to observation and pursuit; and, as the country beyond the road and river was open, and the ground firm, and such as horsemen might act upon with effect, the capture of the chase, should he attempt to fly in either of these directions, was all but certain. But it was not so on the eastern side; here, where the rising sun threw long shadows from the hills, and the rugged passes were buried in the deepest darkness, it would have been no difficult matter for a person, who wished to avoid detection, to glide away, favoured by the shadows of the hills, without being perceived.

"The scoundrel will escape us after all," was the remark of Fosberry after he had concluded his survey; "unless we can contrive to pounce upon him before he takes the alarm."

Whittaker, one of Fosberry's followers, now approached him, conducting another person who had just joined their little party; he was one of the foot police, and announced himself as an express sent forward by sergeant Robertson; he was muffled and disguised like the others. The sergeant had invested the fords of the river from Inchmore to the gap of Knocktow, and was waiting for further orders. Such was the purport of his communication.

"Do you bring me any tidings of the military, or their whereabouts; Captain Jolinson ought to be at hand before this hour."

"Please your honour," replied the man, "as I was crossing the brow of Knocktow, I saw the sparkle of their bayonets far away to the right, and, as near as I could guess, upon the road behind the Cloughran hill; they must be at the foot of Cloughran by this time."

"Are you acquainted with this glen," inquired Captain Fosberry, "for none of my people know much about it."

"From the town of Inchmore to the pass of Cloughran, and from the brow of Brega to the bridge of Balloughter, I know every inch of the ground as well as I know my own right hand."

"If you know the ground so well, I suppose you know the people also?"

"Every mother's son of them, from the babby in the cradle, to the ould cripple on the crutch."

"Then do you know among them all a family whose name is Moore, or where they live?"

"Please your honour, no family of that same name lives in the bog of Seskin, or within three miles of it."

"You are mistaken there, friend, I fancy," said Fosberry, "well as you know them all; is there no fellow of the name of Bryan Moore among your acquaintance here? Think again—do you know the man?"

The strange policeman appeared to consider for a minute, then acknowledged that he did not know such a person.

"There is a fellow of the name of Bryan something or another, but I don't know if his name be Moore, that lives somewhere in these parts," said Whittaker; he is a huge big fellow, with red hair and whiskers,

a sulky down-looking chap; don't you remember him, Patrick Close, the fellow that had the wicked dog, you remember."

This was addressed to another of Fosberry's followers, who had come forward and joined the party.

"I have reason to remember him," replied Close, "his divil of a dog left a mark in my shoulder; but his name is not Moore, 'tis Cavanagh I think, or Carroll, or some such name—Bryan Carroll, I think."

"Then, among all your acquaintances in the glen, you don't know a man called Bryan Moore? well, perhaps, I may introduce you to him before long," said Fosberry to the strange policeman.

Fosberry tore a leaf from a small pocket-book which he carried, and having written a few lines upon it with a pencil, handed it to Whittaker.

"Take your horse," he said, "and push straight across for the Cloughran hill, make out the military, wherever they are, and deliver this to the officer in command; on your life, I charge you to make good use of your spurs, for there is not a moment to lose."

The strange policeman—the same who had brought the express from Robertson—here interposed—

"If corplar Whittaker takes his horse straight across from this to the butt of the Cloughran, he will be apt to find a stable on the way that will sarve him for the rest of his life. Please your honour, Captain, there's a bit between this and the Cloughran hill, as purty a bit of green sward to look at as ever a baste cut daisies on, and, for all that, purty as it looks, it would swally all the horses in the king's sarvice, and the men on top of them, into the bargain; the corplar doesn't know the ground half as handy as I do. Give me your bit of a note to carry, and I warrant I'll be there and back three times over on my own pair of feet, while the corplar would be poking his nose about, up and down, picking out hard bits for his nag."

Fosberry looked sharply at the speaker; he was an ill-featured man, but with an expression of much shrewdness and intelligence in his countenance.

"There may be truth in what you say, friend," observed the captain, "your name, pray?"

"Ned Woolaghan, please your honour."

"Well, Woolaghan, take that despatch, and, if ever you hastened in your life, hasten now; all depends on your speed and fidelity."

The policeman promised compliance, and having received the document from Whittaker, he sprang forward with alacrity down the slope. The Cloughran hill, towards which his mission tended, stood out holdly, at the distance of two miles from the party, in an easterly direction, but the course taken by the policeman was more southerly, and one that must bring him within a very short distance of the white house in the hollow, which has been already mentioned. Fosberry, surprised at this, called sharply after him—

"Why, man," he said, "that is a round about way you take, you surely are going astray—yonder stands the Cloughran."

The policeman turned about, a grin was observable on his countenance as he answered—

"See that now ; why then, captain, it's thrue for your honour, it is a round about way, but sure there's that bit that I tould your honour about—the soft bit, you know, and bad scran to it for a soft bit—when one is going on a contrairy road, one must take a sing ding quaver now and then, and edge over by stratagem. Never you fear, your honour, I know well where I am going." So saying, he hurried forward without waiting for a reply.

"The fellow may be right after all," thought Fosberry, "these bogs, confound them, are not to be depended on ; between their intricacies, and the mad sallies of that harum scarum Willoughby, breaking off at a tangent before we were prepared for it. I would give long odds that this rascally whitefoot will escape."

In the mean time the policeman was making rapid progress ; he came at length to a high stone fence, which ran down in continuation of the enclosures about the white house, and concealed him from the view of the party which he had quitted ; here he paused for an instant, looked back, and having assured himself that he was safe from their observation, deliberately turned his back upon the Cloughran hill, and, keeping well under cover of the wall, stole up towards the buildings, and presently reached them. The place was a farm-yard ; a slate-roofed dwelling-house, two stories in height, with a range of out-offices, formed two sides of a quadrangle, the third consisted of a large stack of turf, and a potatoe-pit, covered in with earth, extended along a part of the fourth side, while a huge dunghill occupied the space in the centre, a cabbage garden, with a dilapidated fence, through which a parcel of pigs had forced an entrance, abutted on the potatoe-pit. One glance at the place shewed that it had all the necessary qualifications to fit it for the residence of what, in Ireland, is designated a snug farmer—plenty of food, plenty of firing, and plenty of dirt. The hour was still very early, and the inmates of the house appeared to be buried in profound sleep ; the door was fast, and window shutters closed—the pigs busily engaged luxuriating among the Savoy and early Yorks, seemed to be the only part of the family that was up and stirring.

The policeman, having reached the door, stopped, and seemed at a loss how he would act, or whether he would knock or no ; while he hesitated, a huge mastiff, which he had not perceived, stole quietly behind, and, with a low growl, sprung furiously upon him. The attack was so sudden, and the policeman so entirely unprepared for it, that, though a large and athletic man, he was dashed to the earth on his face, with the savage dog on top of him. At the scream which he uttered, a man opened the door of one of the out-offices, put out his head, and stood, with shouts of laughter, enjoying the scene, but did not give himself the smallest trouble about coming to the assistance of the policeman, now engaged in a deadly struggle on the ground with his ferocious assailant. The collar of the great coat which Woolaghan had on, saved his neck from being lacerated, but it was drawn so tightly about his throat that he was nearly strangled. After a desperate struggle of some minutes, during which his life was in imminent danger, he contrived at length to get upon his knees, draw his bayonet, and make a lunge at the brute. The blow intended for his heart, missed its aim, and the point of the weapon merely glanced along the shoulder-blade of the animal. Feeling itself wounded, the dog let go

its grip, and retreated a few paces, giving the policeman time to rise, and recover his carbine, which had fallen from his hands in the first assault. He had scarcely got upon his legs when he had to encounter a new enemy. The man who had stood at the door of the out-house enjoying so highly the danger of the policeman, now rushed forward furiously with a pitchfork in his hand.

"How dar' you touch my dog?" he cried.

"How dar your dog touch me?" cried Woolaghan, gasping for breath, and parrying with his carbine the thrust which Bryan Carroll—for it was that person—made at him with the pitchfork.

"To blazes with you and all your sort; what business have you here at all." Uttering these words, Carroll made a charge at the policeman with the pitchfork, which, had it taken effect, would have ended that worthy's days; but swerving to one side he escaped the blow, with the violence of which Carroll was carried forward several paces before he could stop; when at length he recovered himself and turned round, the policeman had raised his carbine to his shoulder, and was covering him with deadly aim.

"Do that again, and by—I'll blow your brains out."

Carroll, fierce, blood-thirsty, and dauntless, stood eying him for a moment and collecting his strength for another charge. "Fire and be ——" he cried, and was in the act of rushing forward, when he was arrested by the voice of the policeman.

Woolaghan, terrified at first almost out of his senses at the sudden assault of the mastiff, and afterwards incensed at the mirth which his discomfiture occasioned to Bryan Carroll, had lost the command of his temper for an instant, but only for an instant; his usual coolness, of which he possessed a considerable share, returned, and just as the Whitefoot was gathering breath for a fresh onset, he was stopped by the inquiry—

"Where does the road lead to?"

Carroll started, the pitchfork dropped from his hand, he stood staring with amazement.

"I axe you again," said Woolaghan, "where does the road lead to?" This was the Whitefoot pass-word.

This time Carroll answered. "It leads to the right turn," he said.

"And which is the right turn?" inquired Woolaghan.

"The turn to the true cross," answered Carroll.

"Thru'e for you, avic," replied Woolaghan; "any other turn is the dirty turn; give us the fist, brother."

The late combatants shook hands warmly, but the dog, who did not appear to understand this change of purpose, and who had never ceased growling, seemed about to make another spring, when he was saluted by a severe kick in the ribs from Carroll, which sent him yelling away, Carroll at the same time cursing him for a fool, that didn't know a frind from an inimy.

"Your dog has a great spite at me entirely," said Woolaghan.

"'Tis your cap that *done* it all," answered Carroll. Ould Tiger hates the sight of a *polisman* or a *soger*; that's a trick I taught him when he was a pup, and now he has it to perfection. He'd follow a *polisman* or *soger*, that dog would, aye, ten miles of ground, watching his opportunity to make a spring at his throat, when he wasn't minding

himself; begor, he'd ate one of them if he could—he hasn't hurt you though, I hope?"

"Not in the laste," answered Woolaghan, "only for the start he gev me; but if he likes sogers for his breakfast, begorra he may have a fine meal of them now without going two miles of ground for it, let alone ten."

"How is that?" Carroll inquired.

"Look towards the head of Cloughran, and see if you can spy any thing."

"I see something like a small cloud moving along the top of the hill."

"That small cloud has thunder and lightning in it, that 'ill burst soon on the bog of Seskin or I'm mistaken," said the policeman.

"There's as good as a hundred sogers there."

Carroll started at this piece of intelligence, and turned pale, but his usual colour returned in an instant.

"What's taking them up there?" he asked.

"Coming to settle a little account on the head of a thrifle of business that was done at a place called Artrea, a few nights ago. They have a particular wish to see a boy they call Bryan More; I suppose you know who that manes?"

"Thunder an' ouns! do you tell me so?"

"I came three miles of ground on purpose to tell you so."

"I'm behoulden to you," answered Carroll, "and that's more nor ever I thought I'd be saying to a man in a poliss jacket."

"For the matter of that," answered Woolaghan, "there's many a frind in a poliss jacket. Glory be to Lord Muskrat for it; while he reigns over us we'll never want frinds in the force, and 'twould be a sore sight to some of them to see Bryan Carroll, the boy that is the pride of Munster, took pres'ner. But this is no time for talking; hurry, man, hurry; if you have no curosimy to see the inside of a gaol, make for the mountains."

"Blur an' ouns! hadn't I better cut across the bog, and put the Garrow betwixt me and them?"

"It's not to be thought of," replied the policeman. "The Brega road, the Bredagh road, the brows of the hills, and the banks of the river, from the gap of Knocktow to the bridge of Innismore, East, West, North, and South, is swarming with poliss and army. Make for Knocktow or the Cloughran hills before the army can reach them—that's your only chance; keep well under the shadow of the hills, for there will be eyes on the watch for you in places that you little suspect, and if you have the ill luck to fall in with any of them, and they ax your name, why, tell them 'tis Carroll, or tell them 'tis any thing you like, barrin Bryan More, for if you give in to own that name, your bread is baked without a griddle—that's all. Bate your retrain as easily as possible, and be off as fast as you can, for there's too much time lost already."

The Whitefoot stood erect, bent his fierce and shaggy brows, and shook his clenched fist.

"Retraitin'," he said, "is like poison to me; but there's a day comin'—there's a day comin', when we'll show the Sassenach soldiers our faces, not our backs. The Protestants will fall like flaggers

before us, and we'll send the spawn of the heretic to hell out of the land."

"Amen," piously answered the constable, and waving his hand he turned away, and retired in the direction whence he came, gliding closely along by the wall. The Whitefoot stood for a moment looking after him, then dashed into the heather, and, followed by his fierce dog, bent his footsteps towards the base of the Cloughran hill.

Observing the instructions which he had received from the policeman, to keep well under the shadow of the hills, Carroll struck out with long and powerful strides, and after a walk of about twenty minutes, gained the base of the Cloughran. Here, being apprehensive that if he attempted to ascend the naked brow of the hill he should be exposed to the observation of his pursuers, he preferred to make for a pass or ravine that wound among the mountains, and in the gorge of which many large, loose crags lay scattered; some of these, he thought, might serve him for the purpose of concealment, even should he find the pass guarded, but this he hoped was not the case. He had just reached the vicinity of these scattered crags when he became sensible of the sound of horses' feet coming up the pass, and presently afterwards the voices of men were heard. They advanced so rapidly, that he had barely time, after hearing the first sound of their approach, to withdraw to one side, taking Tiger with him, when the foremost horseman appeared in sight, followed by half a dozen others. A party of mounted police they proved to be. Just at one side of a large rock to which Carroll had first retired for concealment, he espied a small chasm among the rocks, low and dark and scarcely perceptible, and thinking that in the entrance of this he might be more effectually concealed than elsewhere, he bent his tall form and crept into it, dragging Tiger by the skin of the neck along with him. It seemed to be a long archway or natural tunnel completely roofed over with rocks, and at a long distance from him, farther in, he could discern a glimmering of light. The horsemen were just sweeping past without having observed Carroll, and he might have lain there quite unnoticed but for his unlucky dog. The fierce antipathy to the sight of the police, which he had too successfully taught the brute, got the better of all the menacing gestures and force which Carroll used to keep him quiet. The Whitefoot's right arm had not yet recovered from the effects of a blow which he had received in the collision with the police at Artrea, and he was the less able to hold in the powerful creature; with a sudden bound it got free from his grasp, dashed out of the cave, and with a low, angry growl, sprung at the throat of the hindmost horse. The affrighted animal plunged so suddenly and violently, as to throw its rider, and the dog instantly dropped its hold on the horse, and struck its tremendous fangs into the collar of the fallen policeman. Two or three of the man's comrades having come to his assistance, as he lay sprawling, rescued him with some difficulty from his fierce assailant, and having set upon the dog with their sabres, despatched him after many blows. Such was the merited fate of old Tiger.

In the meantime, the rage of Carroll, as he stood, a concealed spectator of the fate of the dog, was indescribable. His passions, fierce and ungovernable as those of the brute whose vicious temper had just caused its destruction, impelled him to hurl himself into the midst of

them, and deal vengeance right and left among them. He was only prevented by the disabled state of his right arm, and the hope that he might yet have a better opportunity, and he confined himself to expressing his rage in menacing gestures and furious maledictions. In his phrenzy, he neglected to keep himself out of view. One of the police observed him, and inviting his companions to "come and see who the fellow was that stood play-acting there," he ran towards the mouth of the cavern, followed by others. "Where is he?—Where is he?" was repeated from man to man as they came near to the place, but saw no appearance of Carroll.

"Where's the man you saw, Jack Barry."

"He's gone," said Jack.

"Was it a man at all," one of his companions inquired. "May be it was only a furze bush, Jack."

"Or a crow," said another; "or a sod of turf," said a third.

"You may say what you please boys," answered Barry; "but I know this, that I seen a man standing here, as plain as I see any of you now—and a huge able fellow he was too—he shook his fists over at us and we killing that devil of a dog. And, more by token, I seen him stoop down and taking a lump of a stone, and, I believe, he was going to shy it in a top of us, only he thought better of it and let it alone."

"And where is he now?"

"That's more nor myself can tell," Barry answered; "barrin' he has got into that hole yonder." He pointed, as he spoke, to the mouth of the cave which they had not perceived, some furze and a fallen rock having concealed it from their observation.

They gathered round the mouth of the pit and stooped and looked in, and strove with the straining of their sight to penetrate the depth of the darkness within, but in vain—no eye could pierce the subterranean gloom which pervaded the interior of the cavern; the murmuring sound of running waters was heard as from a distance. "Who is in there," they shouted—no answer was returned.

"Come out here instantly, or we'll drag you out"—still no answer.

"Boys we must follow the fellow," said the serjeant who commanded the party. "It is not without good reason, who ever he is, that he went to hide in such a place as that."

"And who the devil will follow him into that rat-hole?"

"Jack Barry that saw him ought to go first," said another, "he that is so good at the seeing can find him better than any of us."

"Go first yourself, Peter," answered Barry, "you that are neither good at seeing nor good at any thing else, if any thing should happen you 'twill be the less loss."

"Don't stay talking there all day like a pack of cowards," said the serjeant, "I'll go first myself, let Barry and two more follow me, and the others keep guard without and hold the horses."

So saying, the serjeant drew his sabre, and stooping, entered the cavern, followed by Barry and two others of his companions, while two of the party, each having the reins of a couple of horses beside his own, examined the exterior of the rock in all directions for any other outlet from the cave, but without success; and the remaining man stood on guard at the mouth of the pit.

In the mean time, the serjeant entered the rugged jaws of the abyss,

holding in one hand his sabre, with the point of which he cautiously picked his footsteps, and with the other hand against the side of the cave, he groped his way in the darkness, followed closely by his three companions. As well as they could form an opinion, where they had no light for discoveries, the passage lay nearly in a horizontal direction, with a slight inclination downwards; it was about five or six feet in width, and something less in height, so that they were obliged to stoop. After a little time they reached the bank of the subterranean streamlet, the gurgling of which they had heard at the mouth of the cavern. Along side of this they found dry footing for a little way, but when they continued to advance they came to a place where the bed of the stream occupied the entire base of the chasm or tunnel. This, however, did not daunt them, for having ascertained, by groping with their sabres, that the water was not of any great depth, they did not hesitate to step in and wade along the channel.

Mean while, the solitary policeman, who was left at the mouth of the cave, continued to pace up and down before it, anxiously awaiting the result, and stopping every instant to listen to any sounds from the interior. The voices of his companions gradually becoming less distinct as they receded farther from him, and blending with the drowsy murmur of the rivulet within, was all that he could distinguish for a considerable length of time. Suddenly a wild yell burst upon his ears, and then shots, oaths, a groan, and a splash, as of a man falling in the water, followed after each other in quick succession. A hurried trampling of feet succeeded, and presently the three hindmost of the party who had entered the cavern, came rushing to its mouth in dismay and disorder.

"Where's the serjeant? What has happened to the serjeant?" were the questions put by the man outside to his scared and panting comrades.

"Killed begor, I believe," was the reply; but presently his voice was heard from afar calling to them faintly for aid, and ashamed of their fears, they turned back to his assistance, and after some time returned bearing the serjeant, not dead, but severely wounded, and bleeding profusely from the head, and nearly insensible. The wound, upon examination, seemed to have been inflicted by some blunt instrument with a broad and rugged surface, perhaps a stone. To their eager inquiries, he could give no other account of the matter, but that in groping his way in the cave, his hand suddenly came in contact with that of another person, which was instantly withdrawn, and presently after he received the blow which stunned and felled him to the earth. The shots had been fired by the policemen upon hearing the fall of their leader, but with what effects none could say; the flashes of their pistols revealed no antagonist. But although not visible, he had made his presence there be felt beyond all doubt, by the cruel blow inflicted upon the head of the serjeant.

They bandaged up the wound as well as they could with a kerchief. While some were engaged in this way, Barry and others ran to call the men who had charge of the horses. In a minute after Barry came running back to them.

"What on earth," he exclaimed, "is the matter with old Fosberry? Look boys, look there—well that I mightn't—that's a queer thing, any how."

The men looked to see what had occasioned these exclamations of their companion, and beheld at some distance from them, and near the centre of the glen, several figures, among which that of Captain Fosberry was plainly discernible, all in motion, flitting to and fro, some on horseback, some on foot, riding and running; now gathering in a group, now separating in all directions; now stationary for an instant, then running about as before, and appearing to be very intent upon whatever they were doing; we must now explain the cause of this proceeding.

When Captain Fosberry had taken all the precautions, which circumstances enabled him to do, for ensuring the capture of the Whitefoot, he left a couple of his party on the mound, with strict charges to keep a good look out, and stop any suspicious looking person who might attempt to pass them, and having given them such other directions as he thought might be useful, he rode forward with the remainder of his followers after Mr. Willoughby, never doubting that all this time that gentleman had been engaged in examining the inhabitants of the cabin, and receiving from them satisfactory intelligence whereby to direct their movements for accomplishing the purpose which they had in hand. As the party rode up to the cabin Willoughby hurried forward to meet them. A glance at him, as he came up, was sufficient to make them sensible that there was something wrong. On every feature of his countenance were depicted surprise, confusion, and consternation.

"What on earth has happened," the Captain inquired. Willoughby in answer pointed to the hut. "They are gone," was all he could say.

"Gone!" cried Fosberry, "is it the people you spoke with last evening? Gone! whither?"

"Gone!" repeated Willoughby, "but how, why, or whither, heaven only knows."

Fosberry and his followers entered the cabin, it was deserted—a few articles of wretched furniture lay scattered about in disorder—the embers of a turf fire still smoked upon the hearth, but neither within, nor anywhere around, could they discover aught that then or lately was a living thing. All were gone. What traces of their flight did they leave behind?

Vexed at the disappointment of their hopes, but unwilling to give in while the slightest chance remained of discovering the fugitives, Willoughby and the captain, and their followers examined the environs of the hut, seeking up and down in all directions for foot-marks or tracks that might lead them to discover the hiding place of the brogue-maker, or the route they had taken, and they were thus engaged when the exclamation of the policeman Barry, drew the attention of the party at the cavern to observe their motions. Their numbers were soon augmented by the addition of the military party which shortly afterwards came up, and took part in the search.

They found numerous traces in many directions, both of man and beast, some foot-prints too of horses, and others that resembled horse's, but were of smaller dimensions, possibly those of the mule, the tracks of cart-wheels, too, with a narrow rim, they found on more sides than one; all these tracks and prints were frozen, but they had no means of distinguishing which were recently impressed, and which were of an

older date. Where there was so little to direct a choice, there were various opinions, some started off in pursuit of one set of tracks, some of another, but all was doubt, uncertainty, and confusion. In their search they came to the spot where Willoughby's horse had fallen into the bog-hole upon the previous evening; they looked about here, but could discover no sign of that animal, any more than of the more immediate objects of their inquiry. Frozen foot-prints of horses and of other cattle were visible here as elsewhere, but led to no result.

"And this is to be the end of our fine expedition that promised so fairly," exclaimed Willoughby with bitterness, "and Mansfield and his daughter must still be exposed to the villany of Bryan More; so long as that fiend in human form is at large, that sweet, ill-starred girl, and her devoted father, are in hourly danger."

Fosberry had not yet given up all hopes. The inhabitants of the glen had now quitted their beds, and were busy about their usual morning avocations; many of these he examined and interrogated about the brogue-maker's family, and more cautiously about Bryan More, but to little purpose. As to this latter personage, all agreed in declaring they knew nothing about such a man, had never even heard of him; about the little brogue-maker and his wife, they were more communicative; they were strangers, they said, who had come to settle in the glen about three months ago—natives of Connaught, they believed—no person had seen anything of them since the evening before, or knew where they were gone—if they were gone, they were no great loss, the man was a drunkard, and the woman had the devil's tongue in her head. It is likely they were gone back to hell or Connaught, whichever they came from. Such was the amount of the information that Fosberry's questions elicited.

The captain, thinking that perhaps the brogue-maker and his wife might have taken refuge in the cavern, about which his men gave him an account, proceeded thither, but a moment's examination of the place satisfied him that neither the mule or pig, which the fugitives appeared to have taken along with them, could ever have effected an entrance there. Nevertheless, the assault made upon his sergeant, determined Captain Fosberry to make a thorough examination of the cavern, and, if possible, detect the offender who had been guilty of inflicting the savage blow. Torches were accordingly prepared, and a numerous party descended into the chasm, and explored the passage. Here, after proceeding for a considerable distance, they came to a place where it branched off into three avenues or galleries, and each of these, upon pursuing them, were found to branch off into others; some they found led to extensive chambers, some came to an abrupt termination in the solid bowels of the mountain, and others led them back into passages they had already traversed. Decaying bones of animals and glittering spars were found in different directions, but not a trace of any living being. The mighty cavern, with its many halls and galleries, was silent and tenantless. They, who came to look for others, were themselves the only occupants of its vast recesses; and, wet, wearied, and dispirited, Fosberry and the commander of the military at length gave up the search, and drew off their parties.

In the mean time, while the others were engaged in the vicinity of the cavern, Willoughby, who still lingered alone about the bog, hap-

pening to light upon some tracks of cart-wheels and foot-prints, which, from the particles of broken ice about them, had the appearance of having been imprinted some time after the frost had commenced the night before, and so seemed more recent than the others which they had previously examined, galloped off singly in pursuit of these, and followed them until he found himself at last upon the high road leading towards Balloughter. By the time he reached this road, the morning sun had melted the frost upon the ground, and the tracks were no longer distinguishable from others. Still Willoughby continued to trot forward, in hopes of overtaking the cart whose tracks he had pursued so far, and which he felt strongly inclined to believe was occupied, or accompanied, by the brogue-maker and his stout wife. A brisk ride of two or three miles brought him within sight of a countryman walking forward at a quick pace along the road, but just as Willoughby came in sight, the countryman clambered over the ditch at the road side, and continued, at the same rapid pace as before, to walk through the field beyond. This was the first person Willoughby had seen since he rode out upon the road, and he hailed the man with the intention of making some inquiries about the cart, upon the tracks of which he had come so far. The countryman took no notice of the call, except to mend his pace, without once looking behind him; again and again Willoughby called after him, but with as little effect as before. At last, provoked at the stupidity, or disinclination to oblige, which this behaviour evinced, and half inclined to impute it to deafness, Willoughby turned his horse's head to the fence that separated him from the countryman, rode him at it, and cleared it at a bound. The fellow seeing, that, do what he could, he must now be brought to a parley, suddenly faced about, and displayed to Willoughby the powerful frame, harsh features, and scowling brows of the savage whitefoot, Bryan Carroll.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by herself, in conversations with her Physician, comprising her Opinions and Anecdotes of some of the most remarkable persons of her time. 3 vols: Colburn, London, 1845.

[Concluded from our last.]

We have now accompanied Lady Hester to the "highest point of all her greatness." But alas! her empire was destined to be but of short duration. Over the ruins of Palmyra her star stood at its zenith, thenceforward the record of her fortunes is but the history of its gradual decline, until it finally set in a dark night of solitude, wretchedness, almost of destitution. She had lost, as we have already stated, the greater part of her fortune by shipwreck before she landed in the country; the remainder, improvidently husbanded, dwindled quickly away, and with it speedily vanished her influence over the Arab tribes.

On her return from Palmyra, Lady Hester visited Damascus, where she received the utmost attention from the Pasha, to whom the Court of Constantinople had recommended her. She ultimately, however, in the year 1813, after many wanderings in the East, settled at first near Sidon, and soon afterwards in Jôon or Djoun, a village situated in an almost inaccessible solitude on one of the mountains of Lebanon, and inhabited by the Druses. Here she built a large palace in the eastern style, and formed an artificial garden in the Turkish fashion; richly diversified with covered alleys, of orange, fig, and lemon trees, serpentine walks, summer-houses, pavilions, arbours, and other embellishments. She surrounded her abode with a number of detached cottages, offices, and entire dwellings, which were intended for those "whom she expected would fly to her for refuge, during the revolutions which she believed were then impending not only over the country in which she resided, but the whole world;" and the entire building was enclosed by a lofty wall resembling the fortification of the middle ages. Here she lived, as long as her means allowed her, in oriental magnificence, maintaining a large retinue of servants and slaves, together with numerous horses, mules, and asses, which she considered necessary to her state, and to the important part which she was destined to play in the coming history of the world. For, from the time of her residence at Joôn, she began wholly to surrender herself to those hallucinations to which at first, perhaps, she had only affected to give credence, as a means of acquiring an influence over the credulous people around her. To this place, in 1830, the author of the volumes before us, who had accompanied Lady Hester as her private physician, when in 1810 she left England for the East, came to reside with her a second time in the same capacity, (bringing with him his wife and family,) and from this period the memoirs and conversation related in them are dated. Throughout the remainder of this sketch, we shall avail ourselves of the information which he gives us. The reason of her selecting for her residence a locality so remote and solitary as Jôon, instead of living in a city where the conveniences of life were readily accessible, was, in Dr. M——s opinion, "her love of absolute power, which could not be so thoroughly gratified in the midst of a numerous population, as in a lonely and insulated residence." During the period that she resided near Sayda, her servants, when tired of her service, could abscond by night and take refuge in the city; and her slaves rendered low-spirited by the monotony of their existence could at any time run away and secrete themselves in the houses of the Turks: but—

"By removing to Jôon, she cut off their retreat; for a poor slave could rarely muster courage enough to venture by night across lonely mountains, when jackalls and wolves were abroad; or, if he did, by the time he reached Sayda, or Beyrout, or Dair-el-kamar, the only three towns within reach, his resolves had cooled, the consequences of the step he had taken presented themselves forcibly to his mind, or there was time to soothe him by promises and presents; all which palliatives Lady Hester Stanhope knew well how to employ. The love of power made her imperious; but, when her authority was once acknowledged, the tender of unconditional submission was sure to secure her kindness and largesses. All this was royal enough, both in its tyranny and its munificence. Unobserved escape was well nigh impracticable by day, in consequence of the insulated situation of the house on the summit of a conical hill, whence comers and goers might be seen on every side; yet, notwithstanding this, on one occasion all her free women

decamped in a body, and on another her slaves attempted to scale the walls, and some actually effected their object, and ran away. In addition to these artificial barriers, she was known to have great influence with Abdallah Pasha, to whom she had rendered many services, pecuniary and personal; for to him, as well as to his harem, she was constantly sending presents; and he, as a Turk, fostered despotism rather than opposed it. The Emir Beshyr, or Prince of the Druzes, her nearest neighbour, she had so completely intimidated by the unparalleled boldness of her tongue and pen, that he felt no inclination to commit himself by any act which might be likely to draw either of them on him again. In what direction therefore was a poor unprotected slave or peasant to fly? Over others, who, like her doctor, her secretary, or her dragoman, were free to act as they liked, and towards whom she had more *manœuvres* to preserve, there hung a spell of a different kind, by which this modern Circe entangled people almost inextricably in her nets. A series of benefits conferred on them, an indescribable art in becoming the depositary of their secrets, an unerring perception of their failings, brought home in moments of confidence to their bosoms, soon left them no alternative but that of securing her protection by unqualified submission to her will."

Her temper, always imperious, had, since our author's last visit, become more violent, and she "treated her servants with severity when they were negligent of their duty. Her maids and female slaves she punished summarily if refractory; and in conversation with her she boasted that there was nobody could give such a slap in the face, when required, as she could." And, in truth, it required some powerful motive to prevent her servants and slaves, (easterns though they were,) from absconding, so utterly wearisome were the services which she exacted from them, as may be gathered from the description given by Dr. M. of her habits. For the last fifteen years of her life, Lady Hester Stanhope seldom quitted her bed till between two and five o'clock in the afternoon, nor returned to it before the same hours next morning. The day's business never could be said to have well begun until sunset. But it must not be supposed that the servants were suffered to remain idle during daylight. On the contrary they generally had their work assigned them over night, and the hours after sunset were employed by her Ladyship in issuing instructions as to what was to be done next day; in giving orders, scoldings, writing letters, and holding those interminable conversations which filled so large a portion of her time.—

"When these were over, she would prepare herself to go to bed, but always with an air of unwillingness, as if she regretted that there were no more commands to issue, and nothing more that she could talk about. When she was told that her room was ready, one of the two girls, *Zerzofdn* or *Fatoöfn*, who by turns waited on her, would then precede her with the lights to her chamber.

"As it had become a habit with her to find nothing well done, when she entered her bedroom, it was rare that the bed was made to her liking; and, generally, she ordered it to be made over again in her presence. Whilst this was doing, she would smoke her pipe, then call for the sugar-basin to eat two or three lumps of sugar, then for a clove to take away the mawkish taste of the sugar. The girls, in the mean time, would go on making the bed, and be saluted every now and then, for some mark of stupidity, with all sorts of appellations. The night-lamp was then lighted, a couple of yellow wax lights were placed ready for use in the recess of the window; and, all things being apparently done for the night, she would get into bed, and the maid, whose turn it was to sleep in the room, (for, latterly, she always had one) having placed herself, dressed as she was, on her mattress behind the curtain which ran across the room, the other servant was dismissed.

"But hardly had she shut the door and reached her own sleeping-room, flattering herself that her day's work was over, when the bell would ring, and she was told to get broth, or lemonade, or orgeat directly. This, when brought, was a new

trial for the maids. Lady Hester Stanhope took it on a tray placed on her lap as she sat up in bed, and it was necessary for one of the two servants to hold the candle in one hand and shade the light from her mistress's eyes with the other. The contents of the basin were slipped once or twice and sent away; or, if she ate a small bit of dried toast, it was considered badly made, and a fresh piece was ordered, perhaps not to be touched.

"This being removed, the maid would again go away, and throw herself on her bed; and, as she wanted no rocking, in ten minutes would be sound asleep. But, in the meantime, her mistress has felt a twitch in some part of her body, and ding ding goes the bell again."

"Now as servants, when fatigued, do sometimes sleep so sound as not to hear, and sometimes are purposely deaf, Lady Hester Stanhope had got in the quadrangle of her own apartments a couple of active fellows, a part of whose business it was to watch by turns during the night and to see that the maids answered the bell; they were, therefore, sure to be roughly shaken out of their sleep, and on going half-stupid into her ladyships room, would be told to prepare a fomentation of chamomile, or elder flowers, or mallows, or the like. The gardener was to be called, water was to be boiled, and the house again was all in motion. During these preparations, perhaps lady Hester would recollect some orders she had previously given about some honey, or some flower, or some letter, no matter however trifling, and whoever had been charged with the execution of it was to be called out of his bed, whatever the hour of the night might be, to be cross questioned about it.

"There was no rest for any body in her establishment, whether they were placed within her own quadrangle, or outside of it. Dar Joon was in a state of incessant agitation all night."

The following is the description given by the doctor of her appearance at this time:—

"Lady Hester Stanhope had adopted a particular mode of dress, to which she adhered without much variation, on all occasions, from the time she fixed her abode at Joon. It was a becoming one, and, at the same time concealed the thinness of her person, and the lines which now began slightly to mark her face. These, however, were so very faintly traced, that they could not be detected without a little scrutiny: and, by means of a dim light in her saloon, together with a particular management of her turban, she contrived to conceal the inroads that years were now making on what her bitterest enemies could not deny was always a fine and noble face. It was this kind of pardonable deceit that made me exclaim, on meeting her again, after a long separation of several years, that I saw no alteration in her appearance. Her turban, a coarse, woollen, cream-coloured Barbary shawl, was wound, loosely round, over the red *fez* or *tarboosh*, which covered her shaved head; a silk handkerchief, commonly worn by the Bedouin Arabs, known by the Arabic names of *keffiyah*, striped pale yellow and red, came between the *fez* and the turban, being tied under the chin, or let fall at its ends on each side of her face. A long sort of white merinoes cloak (*meshlah* or *abak* in Arabic,) covered her person from the neck to the ancles, looped in white silk brandenburghs over the chest; and, by its ample and majestic drapery and loose folds, gave to her figure the appearance of that fulness which it once really possessed. When her cloak happened accidentally to be thrown open in front, it disclosed beneath a crimson robe, (*joobey*) reaching also to her feet, and, if in winter, a pelisse under it, and under that a cream-coloured or flowered gown (*kombaz*,) folding over in front, and girded with a shawl or scarf round the waist. Beneath the whole she wore scarlet pantaloons of cloth, with yellow low boots, called *mest*, having pump soles, or, in other words, a yellow leather stocking, which slipped into yellow slippers or papouches. This completed her costume; and, although it was in fact that of a Turkish gentleman, the most fastidious prude could not have found anything in it unbecoming a woman, except its association as a matter of habit with the male sex. She never wore pearls, precious stones, trinkets, or ornaments, as some travellers have affirmed: indeed, she had none in her possession, and never had had any from the time of her shipwreck. Speaking of her own dress, she

would say 'I think I look something like those sketches of Guercino's, where you see scratches and touches of the pen round the heads and persons of his figures, so that you don't know whether it is hair or a turban, a sleeve or an arm, a mantle or a veil, which he has given them.' And, when she was seated on the sofa, in a dim corner of the room, the similitude was very just."

Owing to the expenses attendant on the almost royal state which she maintained for several years after she settled at Joön, to her improvidence in money matters, and also to the high rate of interest in Syria, and the means which she took to raise money, Lady Hester had become, previous to Dr. M's arrival, involved in debt to a very serious amount. She was consequently obliged to reduce her expenditure, and although she still continued to keep up an establishment of servants and retainers altogether beyond what her wants required, and which was entirely disproportioned to her means, her own immediate comforts and accommodations were curtailed to a degree below what is enjoyed by the most humble classes in England.

Take, for instance, the following "description of the dinner appointments of this lady, who once presided at Mr. Pitt's table in the splendour of wealth and fashion," as they appeared when Dr. M. first dined with her after his arrival.

"She sat on the sofa, and I, opposite to her, in a common rush-bottom chair, with an unpainted deal table, (about three feet by two and a half between us) covered with a scanty table-cloth, of the kind usually spread on a bed-room table at an inn. Two white plates, one over the other, French fashion, were placed before each of us, and in the centre of the table were three dishes of yellow earthenware, (common in the south of France) containing a pilaf, a yackney, or sort of Irish stew, and a boiled fowl swimming in its broth; there were two silver table-spoons for each of us, which she said were all she had, and two black bone-handled knives and forks. One spoon was for the broth, one for the *yackney*, and when the pilaf was to be served, we helped ourselves with the same spoons with which we had been eating; the arrangements were completed by a black bottle with Mount Lebanon wine in it, of exquisite flavour, and a common water-decanter. She said that in this style the young Duke of Richelieu had dined with her."

Nor were the accommodations of her bed-room superior—

"The room bore no resemblance to an English or a French chamber, and, independent of its rude furniture, it was, in another sense, hardly better than a common peasant's. . . . On the floor, which was of cement, the common flooring of Syria, lay, upon an Egyptian mat, a large oblong bit of drab felt, of the size of a bed-side carpet, called in Arabic *libad*, and a thick coarse chintz cushion, from which her black slave, Zazefoon, had just risen, and where she had slept by her mistress's bedside; the slave having this privilege over the maid, who always slept behind the curtain. This dirty red cotton curtain was suspended by a common cord across the room to keep off the wind when the door opened, most of the curtain ring tapes being torn off, so that the curtain alternately suspended here and dangling there, a testimony of the little time the maids found for mending. There were three windows in the room, one was nailed up by its shutter on the outside, and one closed up by a bit of felt on the inside, the third only was reserved for the admission of light and air, looking on the garden.

In two deep niches in the wall (for the walls of houses in Syria are often three feet thick,) were heaped on a shelf equi-distant from the top and bottom, a few books, some bundles tied up in handkerchiefs, writing paper, all in confusion, with sundry other things of daily use; such as a white plate loaded with several pairs of scissors, two or three pairs of spectacles, &c., and another white plate with pins, sealing-wax, wafers; with a common white ink-stand, and the old parchment cover of some merchant's day-book, with blotting paper inside, by way of a

blotting book, in which, spread on her lap as she sat up in bed, she generally wrote her letters. The ground was strewn with small bundles; gown-pieces of silk, or coloured cotton, which she destined as presents; bits of twine, and brown paper left from day to day, of packages which had been undone, &c.

On a wooden stool, which served as a table, by the bed-side, stood a variety of things to satisfy her immediate wants or fancies; such as a little strawberry preserve in a saucer, lemonade, chamomile tea, ipecacuanha lozenges, a bottle of cold water, &c. Of these she would take one or other in succession almost constantly. In a day or two they would be changed for other messes or remedies; and so thickly was the wooden stool covered, that it required the greatest dexterity to take up one thing without knocking down half a dozen more.

"Her bedstead was nothing but planks nailed together on low tressels. A mattress, seven feet long and about four and a half broad, was spread on these planks which were slightly inclined from head to foot. Instead of sheets she had Barbary blankets.

"The bed had no curtains, no mosquito net; an earthenware *ybrick*, or jug with a spout, stood in one of the windows, with a small copper basin, and this was her washing apparatus. The room had no table for the toilet, or any other purpose, and when she washed herself, the copper basin was held before her as she sat up in the bed. Such was the chamber of Lord Chatham's grand-daughter! Diogenes himself could not have found fault with its appointments."

Indeed, as Dr. M. elsewhere truly says—

"Of comforts, a tradesman's wife in London had ten times as many. Having no other servants but peasants, although trained by herself, she could scarcely be said to have been waited on; and a tolerable idea may be formed of their customary service, when an eye-witness can say that he has seen a maid lading water out of a cistern with the warming-pan, and a black slave putting the teapot on the table, holding it by the spout, and the spout only."

As we have already stated, the village of Joon was inhabited by Druses; with the chief of the district, Emir Beshyr, the prince of the Druses, Lady Hester was at open war.

"This man," says Dr. M. "was Lady Hester's determined enemy; she was living within his principality—within his reach, and yet she braved him! and the greatest proofs of personal courage that she had occasion to show perhaps during her life, were manifested in her bold and open defiance of his power. Many were the petty vexations with which he harassed her, in the hope of finally driving her away; for he considered her a very dangerous neighbour, seeing that she openly cultivated the friendship of the Sheykh Beshyr, his rival, and made no disguise of her bad opinion of him, the Emir."

All these, however, having proved of no avail in making Lady Hester shift her residence, the Emir caused hints to be thrown out to her of the peril which she would inevitably incur by persevering in her hostility to so powerful a prince.

"But Lady Hester was not a woman to be frightened; and when she found a fit opportunity, in the presence of some other persons, of getting one of the Emir's people before her, so as to be sure that what she said must reach his ears and could not well be softened down, she desired the emissary to go and tell his master that 'She knew very well there was not a more profound and bloody tyrant on the face of the earth; that she was aware no one was safe from his poisons and daggers—but that she held him in the most sovereign contempt, and set him at defiance. Tell him,' she added, 'that he is a dog and a monster, and that, if he means to try his strength with me, I am ready.' On another occasion, one of the Emir Beshyr's people came on some message to her, but, before he entered her room laid by his pistols and his sabre, which in turkey these myrmidons always wear on their persons. Lady Hester's maid whispered to her what the man was doing, when her ladyship, calling him in, bade him girt on his arms again. 'Don't think I am afraid of you or your master,' she said; 'you may tell him I don't care a fig for his poisons—I

know not what fear is. It is for him, and those who serve him, to tremble. And tell the Emir Khaly! (the Emir Beshyr's son) 'that if he enters my doors, I'll stab him—my people shall not shoot him, but I will stab him—I, with my own hand.' Lady Hester, after relating this to me, thus proceeded: 'The beast, as I spoke to him, was so terrified, doctor, that he trembled like an aspen leaf, and I could have knocked him down with a feather. The man told the Emir Beshyr my answer; for there was a tailor at work in the next room, who saw and heard him, and spoke of it afterwards. The Emir puffed such a puff of smoke out of his pipe when my message was delivered—and then got up and walked out. 'Why what did Hamady say to the Emir, when he was deliberating how he should get rid of me?'—'You had better have nothing to do with her. Fair or foul means, it is all alike to her. She has been so flattered in her lifetime, that no praise can turn her head. Money she thinks no more of than dirt; and as for fear, she does not know what it is. As for me, your Highness, I wash my hands of her.'

So much has been said and written about the peculiar religious opinions of Lady Hester, that a few extracts upon this point will not be out of place. What were her exact views upon religion, if indeed she had any, it is difficult to ascertain. She herself was accustomed to say, "What my religion is nobody knows." And we are inclined shrewdly to suspect, that so far as any defined or complete system is concerned, she was not in a much better predicament herself. The following, however, will give our readers an idea of her views upon this matter.

"What I mean by religion is, adoration of the Almighty. Religion, as people profess it, is nothing but a dress. One man puts on one coat, and another another. But the feeling that I have is quite a different thing, and I thank God that he has opened my eyes. . . . My religion is to try to do as well as I can in God's eyes. That is the only merit I have: I try to do the best I can. . . . I believe that all things are calculated, and that what is written is written; but I do not suppose that the devil is independent of God: he receives his orders. Not that God goes and gives them to him, any more than the big my lord goes and gives orders to his shoe-black. There is some secondary being that does that—some *indentant*. There are angels of different degrees, from the highest down to the devil. It must be an awful sight to see an angel! There is something so transcendent and beautiful in them, that a person must be half out of his senses to bear the sight. . . . But angels don't appear to every body. You know, Doctor, you can't suppose that if you were a little dirty apothecary, keeping a shop in a narrow street, a prime minister would waste his time in going to call on you; or that if a man is sitting over his glass all the evening, or playing whist, or lounging all the morning, an angel will come to him. But when there is a mortal of high rectitude and integrity, then such a being may be supposed to condescend to seek him out. God is my friend, that is enough."

She believed in the immediate approach of the second advent, and that on his coming she was destined to occupy a position second only to that of the Messiah.

"All sects," said her ladyship, "have predicted the coming of a Saviour or Messiah; this event, it is foretold, will be preceded by the overthrow of most of the kingdoms of Christendom; the work has already begun, and we may soon expect its completion. For is not the world in a state of revolution? Have not kings been driven from their thrones? Hundreds and thousands of distressed persons will come to me for assistance and refuge. I shall have to wade up to here (pointing to her girdle) in blood; but it is the will of God, and I shall not be afraid."

The origin of this wild belief Dr. M. attributes to the following event in her early life:—

"There is reason to think, from what her ladyship let fall at different times,

that Brothers, the fortune-teller, in England, and one Metta, a village doctor, on Mount Lebanon, had considerable influence upon her actions, and perhaps her destiny. When Brothers was taken up and thrown into prison (in Mr. Pitt's time) he told those who arrested him to do the will of heaven, but first to let him see Lady Hester Stanhope. This was repeated to her ladyship, and curiosity induced her to comply with the man's request. Brothers told her that 'she would one day go to Jerusalem, and lead back the chosen people; that, on her arrival in the Holy Land, mighty changes would take place in the world, and that she would pass seven years in the desert.' Trivial circumstances will foster a foolish belief in a mind disposed to encourage it. Mr. Frederick North, afterwards Lord Guildford, in the course of his travels, came to Brusa, where Lady Hester had gone for the benefit of the hot-baths. He, Mr. Fazakerly, and Mr. Gully Knight, would often banter her on her future greatness among the Jews. 'Well, Madam, you must go to Jerusalem. Hester, queen of the Jews! Hester, queen of the Jews,' was echoed from one to another; and probably at last the coincidence of a name, a prophecy, and the country towards which she found herself, were thought to be something extraordinary."

Metta, a Syrian, in Lady Hester's employment, took up the book of fate from that time, and from it expounded to her—

"That a European female would come and live on Mount Lebanon at a certain epoch; would build a house there, and would obtain power and influence greater than a Sultan's; that a boy, without a father, would join her, whose destiny would be fulfilled under her wing; that the coming of the Mahedi would follow, but be preceded by war, pestilence, famine, and other calamities; that the Mahedi would ride a horse horn saddled, and that a woman would come from a far country to partake in the mission. There were many other incidents besides which were told, but which I did not recollect."

This boy she set down to be the Duke of Reichstadt. In the following extract we have a full description of the horse alluded to in Metta's book of fate, and also of the one reserved for her own use when accompanying the Messiah into Jerusalem:—

"Almost all such travellers as came to see her, and who have in their published books spoken of her, mention the two favourite mares, which she kept in expectation of the coming of the Mahedi, and which she never suffered any person to mount. They were called Laila and Lulu. Laila was exceedingly hollow-backed, being born saddled, as Lady Hester used to say, and with a double backbone: she was chestnut, and Lulu a grey. They were both thoroughbred: they had each a groom, and were taken the greatest care of. The green plot of ground on the east side of the house-wall was set apart entirely for exercising them twice a day; and round this the grooms, with *longes*, were made to run them until they were well warmed. This spot was sacred; and, whilst they were at exercise, nobody, neither servant nor villager, was allowed to cross it, or stand still to look at them, under the penalty of being dismissed her service. Few were the travellers who were admitted to see these mares in their stable; and never was the permission granted, until it had been ascertained that their star would not be baneful to them. Horses, in Syria, for about seven months in the year, are tethered out of doors, where they are fed and littered down. It was under a shed, covered with thatch, shut in at the two sides by a treillage, with three parterres of flowers and shrubs behind them, that these two beautiful animals stood. Every morning, in the summer, the grooms washed their tails, legs, and manes in soap and water, and watered the ground beneath their feet, to keep them cool; but, during the winter months, they were stalled in their stables, and warm felts covered their delicate limbs. Apis, in his most glorious days, and surrounded by his priesthood, could not have been better attended to. Lady Hester Stanhope one day assured me that, when her pecuniary difficulties pressed hardest upon her, had it not been for the sake of those two creatures, she would have given up her house and everything to her creditors, sold her pension to pay them, and have quitted the country: but she resolved to wait for the consummation of events on their account. 'Ah,

doctor,' said she, 'I recollect, when I was at Rome, seeing, in a beautiful bas-relief, that very mare, with her hollow back made like a saddle. Two Englishmen were standing by, and were criticising the very same thing that caught my attention. 'How very beautiful,' said one, 'is that basso-relievo! but the ancients, somehow, never could set about a good thing without spoiling it. There is that hollow-backed horse—did you ever see such a thing?' I heard it all, but I made my own observations; and now, you see, I have got a mare of the very same breed."

Our limits, however, compel us to draw our extracts to a close, and to sum up shortly the remaining facts in her Ladyship's history. She continued to reside at Jôon, but her debts amounted to so large a sum, that the interest on them swallowed up nearly the whole of her income; her creditors meanwhile became pressing, and "assailed her with letters, messages, visits; and these she was obliged to silence by payments in part, and increase of interest." Ultimately, however, an application was made by one of them, in 1838, to the British government on the subject, the result of which was a communication from Lord Palmerston stating that her pension would be stopped unless the debt was settled forthwith. Nothing could equal the indignation of Lady Hester on the receipt of this letter. She immediately wrote to the Queen a short and certainly intemperate letter, proudly resigning her pension, and "with it the name of a British subject." By this step she was reduced to absolute beggary; she then formed the wild resolution of shutting herself up in her house, walling up her gate, and immuring herself until, as she said, justice should be done to her. She accordingly dismissed such of her attendants as she no longer required, insisted upon the doctor's returning immediately to Europe, and, in the month of July, 1838, proceeded to carry her intention into execution.

"The mason had been sent for from Sayda, and stones and materials had been collected for walling-up the gateway. Lady Hester drew out on paper the exact manner in which she wished it to be done. It was a screen which completely masked the gateway, and left a side-opening just large enough for a cow or an ass laden with water to enter. I superintended this work of self-inhumation, the like of which never entered woman's mind before.

"Her own conviction was that her constitution was invulnerable—she thought she should yet live to see her enemies confounded, the Sultan triumphant, her debts paid, and an ample income at her disposal. She dwelt with the same apparent confidence as ever on the approaching advent of the Mahedi, and still looked on her mare, Lâila, as destined to bear him, with herself on Lulu by his side. "I shall not die in my bed," she would say, "and I had rather not; my brothers did not, and I have always had a feeling that my end would be in blood:—that does not frighten me in the least."

Here she remained walled up until she died. The insurrection of the Druses continued to rage around her, but she expressed and seemed to feel no apprehension. During the following autumn, she wrote several times to the doctor, requesting of him to execute several trifling commissions for her. Her last letter is dated May 6, 1839, and in the following June she died, utterly neglected and forlorn—"everybody being in ignorance of her approaching end, except Lognangi, and the servants immediately about her." No Frank or European was near her at the time of her death; but on the news of it reaching Beyrout, Mr. Moore, the English Consul, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an American missionary, went to Jôon to bury her, which they did in her own garden.

Thus ended the life of this remarkable woman—a life marked with

many vicissitudes; commenced under the most brilliant auspices, and terminating in poverty, wretchedness, and neglect. It conveys to us, on the whole, a wise and wholesome moral, that the possession of splendid talents, and of every external advantage, is insufficient to confer happiness on the possessor, unless they are subjected to, and controlled by the influence of moral and religious principle.

Literary Notices.

Narrative of an Expedition across the Great South Western Prairies from Texas to Santa Fé, with an account of the Disasters which befel the Expedition from want of Food, the Attacks of Hostile Indians, and their Sufferings on a March of Two Thousand Miles as Prisoners of War, and in the Prisons and Lazarettos of Mexico, by George W. Kendall. 2 Vols., D. Bogue, London, 1845.

It is astonishing how many men there are who squint—mentally we mean, good reader, for, thanks to the activity of our friends, Surgeon —, and Dr. —, &c., obliquity of physical vision is rarely to be seen now-a-days. Men look at objects under the influence of so many disturbing and distorting forces that they see them utterly unlike reality, and wonder marvellously that straight-seeing folk should differ from them. Now, Mr. Kendall, in his account of the Santa Fé expedition, states that it consisted partly of traders with goods, and partly of a military company, under the command of a general (i.e. a Texan general) and staff, and that all the members were more or less under drill. Further, that the object of the traders on arriving at Santa Fé was to trade, whilst the general and military were to distribute polite proclamations, asking the New Mexicans to join Texas, and that if they agreed, General M'Leod was quietly to take possession of the country, if they did not agree, why he was quietly to go home again! A perfectly fair proposition Mr. Kendall thinks, and he is beyond measure astonished at finding himself and the others treated as prisoners of war! Now, considering the character of the Texans—who, according to our author, to be sure, are “all honourable men”—but considering, we say, their character as shewn in their acts, and their position as rebels, we should have thought it a moderate and fair proceeding had they “hanged them all up by their necks in a row,” but the governor did worse, for he starved those he did not shoot, and, committing them for the most part to the care of men of the same stamp, he marched them between two and three thousand miles to Mexico, where some were set at liberty, and others kept in prison.

The two volumes before us contain a minute and graphic history of their progress, well written, and abounding in incident. We believe it to be perfectly authentic and true, the only doubt arising in our minds is from that obliquity of vision to which we have alluded.

Could the man who deems the Texans honest patriots, and the Santa Fé expedition peaceful and justifiable, see anything correctly?—if so, then is the book a good one and an amusing, and we can safely recommend it to our readers.

The Mission; or Scenes in Africa. Written for Young People, by Captain Marryatt. In two Vols. small octavo, with Frontispiece, &c. London: Longman and Co.

Captain Marryatt is everywhere known as a writer of stories for old children, but only of late has he attempted to amuse young children. In both he has been wonderfully successful. Masterman Ready, and the Settlers in Canada, are, we trust, already known to our junior friends as they deserve to be; and the last, ‘the Mission,’ is equally amusing and instructive. The hero goes out to Africa to seek tidings of his cousin who was shipwrecked on the coast, but of whose escape reports have from time to time reached England, keeping up the distress

of her father, whose mind was racked with the thought that his daughter might be the mother of a race of heathens. At the Cape our hero joins company with a naturalist and a military gentleman—"a mighty hunter"—and after providing themselves with the needful stores, waggons, assistants, &c. &c., they journey into Namaqualand, and find, after some trouble, that the little girl in question had escaped from the vessel, with some others, but that they all perished in attempting to reach Cape Town. Thus, the hero's "mission" is fulfilled. The scenes are spiritedly described and interspersed with entertaining anecdotes, very attractive to young people, and the author does full justice to the extraordinary patience, self-denial, and perseverance of the African missionaries, whose labours are beyond praise.

Indeed, many of the details in these little volumes are taken from the admirable history of African Missions by Mr. Moffatt, which we strongly recommend our readers to buy or borrow, and read, if they have not already done so.

The Smugglers; a Tale, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 Vols. London, Smith and Elder. 1845.

Is it true that Mr. Babbage has invented a machine for writing novels? really it looks like it when we see Mr. James turning out novel after novel with such rapidity from the treasury of his brain; and the suspicion is rather confirmed by their strong family likeness. We would suggest that the same illustrious mechanician should next contrive a machine for reading—not Mr. James's works, we like them too well, but the quantity of trash put forth in that form now-a-days.

We like Mr. James—critics though we be, we confess the "soft impeachment"—we like his gentlemanly style, polished and quiet—his love of nature, and his fresh descriptions—the purity of his characters when good, and the cursory way in which the bad are sketched; but, above all, we like the tone of moral and religious feeling which runs through them, peeping out here and there, rather in actions than in speeches.

The *Smugglers* is a good novel, though hardly one of his best. There are some vigorous scenes, and a great deal of true and hearty feeling in some of the characters, and it ends in a very orthodox manner, but, upon the whole, we prefer Mr. James's French novels, there he is unrivalled.

Hawkstone; a Tale of, and for England, in the year 184—. 2 Vols. fcp. 8vo. Murray, London. 1845.

Unquestionably the best book of its kind that we have seen for a long time. It is rich in scenes of thrilling interest, drawn out with great vigour; its characters are painted with a master hand, and it exhibits, besides, an amount of theological and controversial knowledge very uncommon. It contains an admirable account of the position of the English Church between Romanism and dissent—of the deviations of the Oxford divines, and their erroneous views, particularly with regard to the doctrine of "development."

The intrigues of the Jesuits are strongly displayed, and their interference in the Chartist riots is broadly stated; whether the latter is susceptible of proof we cannot say; certainly, if not *vrai*, it is *vraisemblable*. They deserve so much censure, that if they get more than is due, no one pities them.

If our readers take our advice, they will all read this book; we wish we could tell them the name of the author, this, however, we are precluded from doing for a very sufficient reason.

The Practice of Angling, particularly as regards Ireland. By O'Gorman. 2 Vols. post 8vo. with a Portrait. Wm. Curry, Jun. and Co., Dublin, 1845.

We are happy to be able to give our meed of approbation to—in every sense of the word—an Irish book. It is written by an Irishman, printed and published by Irishmen, and treats of a sport peculiarly dear to the Irish people, and it need not be ashamed of its paternity; no lover of the sport should be without it. We would particularly recommend its chapters on the formation of the rod, and the best mode of using it; on wheels, loops, lines, and the method of preserving them without rotting; on flies—those most necessary engines of destruction—casting

lines and hooks, and on the proper depositories for flies, feathers, and colours. The strictures on these heads will be found invaluable to the young, aye, and to the old angler; many a fugacious fly we would have saved, many a rod we should now have intact and entire had we observed and followed them. The author's observations on the manner of fishing in Clare, Waterford, Mayo, Meath, but particularly the southern and western portion of our island, appear judicious and well-grounded. Not the least useful chapters in the book are the 46th, 53d, and 53d, in which Lord Elliot's absurd Fishery Act is severely, and, in our opinion, most justly handled. Had the act of Charles I. been continued, with one or two of its provisions slightly improved, it would have answered all the purposes of protection for the fish, and, at the same time, have given the angler a fair open for his sport; but, under the present enactment, the breed of salmon is deteriorated and lessened in number—the sport injured, and the rights of the patentee set at naught, and no earthly benefit conferred in return; so that in a short time this noble fish will become extinct, and, as the author naïvely observes, the only result “of this new fishery act of my Lord Elliot's will be to furnish Dan O'Connell with a new argument for the repeal of the Union.” Thus far as to the merits of these volumes, on the other hand, as just and impartial critics, we are obliged to remark that they are not over-troubled with the fetters of arrangement, and although the disciples of OLD ISAAC have ever claimed the privilege of being as discursive and digressive as they please, without incurring observation or censure, yet, in the case of our author, the instant that he abandons his *métier*, the truth of the old adage, “No autor, &c.” becomes apparent. But, whatever faults of execution the work may have, the material of it is excellent. It is by far the best practical treatise on Irish Angling that has ever come under our notice; the book itself, too, is admirably got up, and is embellished with a spirited likeness of the author, which, by the bye, we understand to be the production of a fair and near relative of an ex-Irish Chancellor.

German Anthology; a Series of Translations from the most popular of the German Poets. By James Clarence Mangan. 2 Vols. small 8vo. Wm. Curry, Jun. and Co. Dublin, 1845.

All these translations (with the exception of one) have already appeared in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*. To praise them would be a mere act of supererogation; they have already received the fullest meed of approbation from all who have from time to time perused them in the pages of our contemporary; and their appearance in their present collected form will be joyfully hailed by every thoughtful and deep-hearted admirer of poetry throughout the empire. We avail ourselves, however, of this opportunity to thank the author for the pleasure which his labours have afforded us, and to express our earnest hope that he may long continue, with the same ability, to discharge the office of interpreter between the German mind and ours.

The Apostolical Christians, or Catholic Church of Germany, &c. &c.
By Henry Smith, Esq. London, 1845.

This little work contains a collection of all the various documents connected with the religious movement at present going on in the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, and which received its first direct impulse from the public exhibition of the so-called Holy Coat at Treves. The immediate effects, and the ultimate results of this movement we shall probably take occasion to consider hereafter, at present it would require more space than we could devote to it. To those, however, who are anxious to obtain information as to the facts connected with it, we can recommend this book as containing a very full, and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, correct statement of them.

Reflections on a grant to a Roman Catholic Seminary; being a charge delivered at the visitation of the Dioceses of Dublin and Glandelough, June 26, 1845.
By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

This publication, which is little more than a repetition of his Grace's speech in the House of Lords, is valuable on two grounds; as possessing, in common with other

works of the most Reverend author, great clearness of reasoning and simplicity of diction, and as providing an exposition of his peculiar views on the subject of the Maynooth grant. Without attempting, in this short notice, to enter into the general question, we will merely remark upon two, somewhat startling, if not novel positions, put forward in this charge.

In his Grace's proposition, that whatever is expedient must be "*conducive to the public good*," we fully concur. But this, though a correct meaning of expedient, is not the meaning generally in use. He will not deny that words are the mere arbitrary signs of ideas, and the idea attached by every writer and speaker, except his Grace, to political expediency," is not "*what conduces to the public good*," but what statesmen may adopt to effect some temporary object, or remove some pressing difficulty, without reference to moral or religious right. He speaks of expediency as that which is most *profitable*, and directs this to moral rectitude by the quotation, "For what would it *profit* a man if he should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul." But in all this he leaves out of view the fact, that it is the *avowed* principle of the leading statesmen of these days, that religious truth is but secondary to what they conceive to be the nation's strength. He cannot apply to the state the warning given to individuals in his quotation, at the same time that he himself subjects the state to a moral rule, different from that which ought to govern individuals. We find in another part of his Grace's charge this very distinction drawn; for while he would not permit an individual, on any ground, to *give* money to support a false religion, he already conceives the state to be influenced by motives higher than religious, and that it may without blame *grant* money for such purposes. The assumption of this distinction, and not what is "*conducive to the public good*," is the expediency of which those speak, whom his Grace rather harshly characterises as, by reason of a "*dulness and indistinctness of thought*.....the result of a narrow, imperfect and ill-conducted education, incapacitated from distinguishing different questions that are in themselves quite distinct." We acknowledge ourselves to be among those.

Notwithstanding this, there is much in this pamphlet worth reading; and we are happy to have his Grace's authority for the statement contained in the following quotation:—

"With regard to the supposed vast revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, generally, similar misapprehension seems to prevail. Many persons in England probably are ignorant—many in Ireland seem to forget—that the whole of the church cess has been extinguished,—that one fourth of the revenues of the clergy (i. e. of what remained after the extinction of the agistment-tythe) has been transferred to the land owners, and that the remainder is subjected to a heavy tax for defraying the expense of repairs and church requisites: and accordingly that it has been found necessary to establish a society (the additional curates' fund society) supported wholly by voluntary contributions, for maintaining ministers in districts which would otherwise be destitute of spiritual ministrations, of which they have great need, in addition to which it is found necessary in many dioceses, (my own amongst others,) for the diocesan to provide curates in several places, wholly or partly at his own expense. And yet the revenues of the church thus impoverished are calculated on, as if they were in their original undiminished condition, and are pointed out as a never failing source from which to provide for fresh emergencies."—P. 52.

We specially recommend this passage to the careful consideration of Mr. Ward, and his coadjutor Lord Howick, when next they contemplate an attack on the Church of Ireland. And we would strongly advise our readers generally to peruse with attention the entire note from which it is extracted.

THE GATHERING OF THE NORTH.

AUGUST 20, 1845.

Ho! Protestants of Ulster; Ho! brethren of the North;
 Arise through all your mountain-land—from hill and glen pour forth;
 From every green sequester'd vale—from every heath-clad height
 Come in your might at Freedom's call, and rally for the RIGHT.
 Upraise once more that standard which, in stormy days of yore,
 Through many a blood-red field of fight your sires triumphant bore;
 Flash forth once more your Oriflamme, unfold it to the gale;
 And let your ancient WATCHWORD resound from vale to vale.

Long time in patient silence, tho' sick at heart, we saw
 The spawn of rampant Treason triumphant o'er all Law ;
 Long time we've borne in silence the vile perfidy of those,
 Who've basely used the power WE GAVE to aid our deadly foes ;
 We've borne with "great discouragements," with many "a heavy blow ;"
 Have seen our best and dearest 'neath the assassin's knife laid low ;
 Have borne the venom'd calumny, the bitter taunt, the lie
 That dared with disaffection's stain to brand our loyalty.

We've borne it all in silence—though our hearts had well nigh burst ;—
 For of all evils hard to bear ingratitude's the worst—
 But still we fondly trusted that the cloud would pass away,
 Yea! hoped that from the gloom might break perchance a brighter day ;
 But darker still, and gloomier, the clouds are gathering fast,
 And mutterings of a thunder-storm come booming on the blast ;—
 A storm with fell destruction fraught to all that we revere !—
 Ho ! wake ! arise ! the hour's at hand we may no more forbear.

While all our dearest, holiest rights, in peril stand of loss ;
 The Faith by blood of martyrs sealed—the doctrines of the Cross—
 God's pure unmutilated Word, for all who seek it, free—
 Our right to worship God, unlet by priestly tyranny—
 While night and morn black Treason stalks unmasked throughout the
 land ;
 While day by day our kindred fall beneath the murd'rer's hand ;
 With CHURCH and THRONE, yea ! LIFE at stake—shall we crouch
 tamely down—
 And yield, like branded serfs, the rights our sires so dearly won?—

No ! by our hopes of heaven—by all our joys of home and hearth—
 By every dear domestic tie that binds us to the earth—
 By the green land that gave us birth—and by our fathers' graves,
 The soil whereon they stood as men, we'll NEVER tread as slaves !
 Look to it, then, ye Statesmen ! be warned while yet ye may ;
 Bethink ye of the thousands assembled here to day—
 Learn wisdom from that thunder-sound which swells from hill to sea,
 'Tis Freedom's voice proclaiming—"THE NORTH SHALL STILL BE
 FREE!"

THE ORANGE MOVEMENT.

In the second article of this number of our Magazine, we have expressed in plain language our opinion of the crisis at which the Protestant interests of this country have arrived. In times like these, a very few days are often sufficient to throw a clearer light upon the scene to help the observation of the political observer. Our position, even in the short interval since our former article went to press, is not only lighter to the eye, it is also becoming brighter and more encouraging to the heart. We have, however, seen nothing to alter the opinions we have already stated, but much to strengthen them ; and

we would again strongly recommend to the Protestants of Ireland, to weigh the suggestions thrown out in the conclusion of our second article. Be *resolute*, be *united*, be *cautious*; and success and preservation are certain. Do not waste your energies in attacking the rights of others, or what others may conceive their rights; England is already prepared to hear you and support you in an indignant assertion of your own.

Our present business, however, is not with the political—not with such meetings and declarations as may be made a lever to move the parties of the state, but with the concentration of physical strength, such as you may employ in an hour of need to rescue your liberties and lives from the storm that assails them, if the State be unable or unwilling to protect you. Our observations shall be few, but they are upon a subject which requires but little explanation.

The revival of the Orange institutions, though it has something more than the good will of the majority of Irish Protestants, is not without opponents. This conclusion would arise at once from the condition of the Protestant party in Ireland, consisting of—(1) those who continued Orange all through the period of “dissolution;”—(2) those who, retaining their former principles, thought that the circumstances of the country required a more moderate state of feeling, and therefore seceded from Orangeism;—(3) those who were always opposed to such a combination. It is natural to expect, that as a man belongs to either of these three parties, he will view the revival of the institution with different degrees of approval or disapprobation. But such an institution can only be useful or otherwise according as the changing circumstances of the country may appear to make it necessary. Lord Heytesbury ought to have remembered this, ere he quoted the vote of a former House of Commons against the institution, under circumstances very different from the present. Much more appropriate would have been a quotation of the approval of a former king, at the time that the organization was required for reasons similar to those that make it necessary now.

The Orange institution is not to be considered as a political, but purely as a defensive body. So long as a *strong physical organization of our enemies* is permitted to continue in this country, it would be equally unsafe and imprudent to neglect the establishment of a strong combination among Protestants, and it would be an act, not merely of injustice, but of *cruelty*, in the British government, to employ the power of the state to prevent such an organization. The Repeal Association, and the (so called) temperance processions, might be turned in any moment to our destruction; their leaders have plainly declared that they watch their opportunity, until a war or some other accident, by weakening England, may enable them to attack us. The government must not ask us to remain *disorganised and unarmed*, until they have first disorganised and disarmed them; when the law is strong enough to *prevent assassinations*, they may then talk to us of patiently awaiting the protection of the law.

Sir Robert Peel has already commenced a system of attacks upon the Orange combination; we would warn him to pause ere he continues it. No plan of government directed against natural impulse can succeed; *self-defence* is too natural an impulse to be removed by the

dismissal of magistrates. Measures of greater severity, might, perhaps, in the hand of an unscrupulous tyrant, succeed, as it has heretofore done, in crushing the feeling, but, in doing so, he would not fail to drive a dagger into his own vitals. We warn Sir Robert Peel to beware; the Lisburn demonstration was the beginning only; let him, as a *cautious* statesman should, receive that meeting as a symptom of a wound that may be healed, but *must not be irritated*.

We do not, however, write for the purpose of attacking the government, we would rather support them, and we will gladly support them when they put it in our power by acting justly towards us, and making again the principles of truth their guide. Our purpose is rather to give our deliberate opinion on the subject of the re-organization of Orange Lodges, and to state our reasons for that opinion.

We think they ought to be re-organized, and we trust none of our Protestant friends will quarrel with us when we declare that we give this opinion with extreme sorrow and disappointment. The ungenerous and grasping spirit of the agitators, who will not be satisfied until they have all that is ours, and the unlimited wickedness that will not stop short of calumny and murder, to effect our destruction, have baffled all attempts at the peaceful government of this country. Our rulers are therefore, in despair, about to yield to their demands, and to sacrifice us; we hoped and waited for a different result, and, thinking that peace and good fellowship were at hand, we wished to do away with all associations which bore the badges of former feuds. We have been grievously disappointed, and we now say, that, in self-defence, the Orange institution must be re-organized; we give our reasons in detail.

1. It is necessary for the immediate personal safety of the Protestants. If we had open enemies to deal with, if they stood face to face with us in the field, we have no doubt that the Protestants, whose numbers have been under-rated as much as their courage has been forgotten by late parliaments, would be an overmatch for them. But it is otherwise, living as we are in the midst of a nation of murderers; for are not those who cheer on the assassin to his bloody work, who cherish him in their bosoms, conceal him from justice, participators in his crime? From the north to the south of Ireland, in almost every county, repeated murders are committed, while crowds have been at hand to screen the murderer. In such a state of things, where *secret* assassination is sheltered by open protection, when, though they know the excited spirit of the people, the demagogue and the priest do not hesitate to give it a direction against our lives from their platforms and pulpits, it becomes a matter of necessary self-defence that a close confederation should be made amongst all Protestants, by which they may know and be ready to second one another.

2. It is necessary to prevent the further aggressions of the Romanist party; the very existence of a strong combination of Protestants would embarrass, control, and deter the progress of the revolutionists;—by giving us better means of actively opposing them;—by casting a damp upon their ardour, (for there is more of bluster than courage in their temperament);—and by preventing the great body of the English from forming an alliance with them, as they might be inclined to do if they continued to regard their outcry as the voice of a nation demanding

justice for themselves, and were not made to see it in the true light, as the howl of a faction seeking our destruction.

3. It will give us the means of future military preparation should their threat of taking advantage of the first casual difficulty in England, to make a decisive attack upon us, be carried into effect. Theoretical men, who talk of the nineteenth century as if there was a virtue in the nineteenth century exclusive of wickedness, who would still speculate about its excellencies, even if "Molly Maguire" had a pistol at their ears, will, no doubt, answer to all these reasons by a "pshaw." But, without troubling ourselves to undeceive these worthy gentlemen, let us remind others who have sense enough to understand facts, that the majority of the movement party in Ireland are in all respects a French party. The Moors can tell what the "French" can do in the "nineteenth century," and we are not to wonder that constant assassinations should arise from the designs of those who are of the same spirit as they; nor, with Colonel Pellissier before our eyes, are we to think it under these circumstances an unimportant matter to be prepared, by a strong combination, to resist their attacks, when the time for them arrive.

4. The Orange institution contains better materials for such an organization than any other body that could be found.

We shall return to this subject; for the present it is scarcely necessary to add, that we do not doubt the Orangemen will act up to the ancient rules and principles of their body in regarding their Romanist brethren with good will, and treating them with kindness. They will thus disarm the animosity of the better disposed among them, while they are preparing themselves to resist the assaults of the evil. They will not forget that their union is not for aggression, but for defence; not that they may be strong to injure, but that they may be strong to prevent the injuries of others.

The Orange Institution has been variously contrasted with the Repeal confederacy. We shall conclude this article by pointing out a few of the points of contrast that strike ourselves.

1. The Orange Institution was first organized as a means of preservation from massacre. The Repeal Association was established for the purpose of dissolving the empire and making an attack upon our rights.

2. The Orange institution was instantly dissolved at the expressed wish of our Sovereign. The Repeal Association is continued in defiance of the Queen, the Parliament, and the laws.

3. The Repeal movement is directly aggressive upon us: the Orange institution is altogether a defensive body.

4. The Repealers have continued their agitation until they baffled the attempts of Government to carry out the law. The re-organization of the Orange body is made for the purpose of assisting the Government in this object.

We trust that under these circumstances the British ministry will not be so lost to every sense of justice, as to take from the Protestants their strongholds, which would not be employed to do injury to any one, while they allow the Romanists to retain their organization, which, not being required for defence, is directed against our liberties and lives.

POSTSCRIPT—IMPORTANT.

EVERY day new features in the position of parties in Ireland are developing themselves. We have time merely to notice one of very great importance which has arisen since our last article went to press,—so important that we consider it necessary to call the particular attention of the landlords of Ireland to it by a special notice. We have already, in our second article, observed upon the progress of the conspiracy against the Church, and the effect which the assassinations of the clergy had upon the English public at a former period. We showed that the Church, being, as the agitators suppose, irrecoverably injured, they are now directing their assaults in another direction—against the landlords. Against them the same course of assassination is being pursued, and with similar results. The *Times* newspaper, embodying the feelings of a large portion of the English people, has taken up the assassinations as symptoms of great misconduct in the Irish landlords, and it is now carrying on its attacks upon them in a way calculated to produce most disastrous effects, unless closely watched and counteracted. Its conductors have planted a “commissioner” in Cavan for the purpose of obtaining information. He has already published three letters. The first two were written with great fairness, in the third there is a mass of evidence produced, chiefly extracted from Lord Devon’s commission, but *only from witnesses adverse to the gentry*. In the *Times* of yesterday, the 27th of August, there is a violent philippic against the Irish landlords, founded upon this letter. The effect of such a course in a paper of so much influence, cannot fail to be most disastrous, unless measures are taken to counteract it. Some persons of sufficient information and ability should at once reply to these letters in such a way as to secure general circulation to a correct statement, and in the meantime the Protestant landlords should take measures to prevent the effects which may arise from them. *We warn the Irish landlords that their present position is not one to be trifled with. Let them look well to themselves without delay.*

AUGUST 28, 1845.

THE
FEDERAL
BUREAU OF
INVESTIGATION
OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
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IRELAND—THE MINISTER AND THE PEOPLE.

WE have no admiration for democracies. We hold the opinion, that the practised and experienced statesman knows how to govern a country better than the daily labourer. We believe that there are very many most excellent agriculturists, poor-law guardians, and aldermen, who are nevertheless not skilled in treaties. Even great popular leaders have often shewn themselves ignorant of the best mode of governing the people. A man may be an admirable arithmetician; he may understand the whole science of figures and finance, and yet not be sufficiently versed in human nature and the wants and passions of the various classes of mankind, to be a really valuable statesman. We cannot agree with Mr. O'Connell in desiring universal suffrage, for we believe that the natural distinctions of rank into which society is constantly dividing itself marks, as by the hand of Providence, upon the features of nations, the necessity for aristocratic and regal influence. These, we know, are old-fashioned notions, not suited to the "onward motion" of the nineteenth century; but we are old-fashioned, and therefore we must fain hold them. As for the nineteenth century, we regard it as a most idolatrous worshipper of Mammon, and we go further back to the principles of Him who is from everlasting to everlasting, for the rules by which we judge. We trust that we shall not be esteemed fantastical in what we are about to say, but we cannot help thinking that there is something better in the creation of God than railways and cotton manufactories.

We repeat, that we have no admiration for democracies or democratic movements, as they are called. God has bestowed upon some individuals a power of judging of the wants of men, and of drawing from the materials which He gives a provision for these wants, and, in peaceful and God-fearing states, such men by the universal action of nature rise to the position of the counsellors of princes. The influence of natural causes produces among a quiet people a graduated scale of aristocracy: and while an absolute despotism cannot be set up and continued except over an effeminate and degraded people, we believe

that it is only in turbulent or half-barbarous countries that universal suffrage or a pure democracy can exist. The cares of state sit heavy on the shoulders of most men, when once they have learned to exercise with assiduity the cares of their own household. Those who have tasted the sweets of peace soon lose their relish for political disputes, and as men grow more earnest in their devotion to God, and in the business of eternity, they become more easily satisfied with that state of life into which it has pleased God to call them. The religious man is ever the best citizen, and can most enjoy and exercise his liberty; but the worldly man *talks* most about his citizenship, and has little sympathy with the liberties of others.

We are therefore no advocates for democracies. We believe that it is better to obey laws than to make them. We can, however, suppose a case, and we shall presently mention one, in which rights higher than those of this world make it necessary—for a people to resist the requirements of governors. The apostles when brought before the Jewish Sanhedrim, gave an example of this necessity; and before ministers of state demand obedience to their dictates, they must first be able to demonstrate to the subject that such obedience is consistent with the law of God. Now, for our parts, we would always rather obey than disobey. We obey the laws of man, because in general to act otherwise would be rebellion against God, but we must dispute the authority of man when it would interpose a barrier between us and the service which we owe to the King of kings.

Let this be our apology if in the following article we are found, not where our hearts would lead us to be—in alliance with the advisers of our Sovereign, but in strenuous opposition to them. The grounds of our opposition are twofold.

We object to the policy by which Sir Robert Peel is now governing Ireland—1st. because of the evil nature of that policy, which, if successful, we are firmly convinced, would be destructive of our best interests, both temporal and spiritual; and secondly, because of the results which, although not intended, as we believe, by Sir Robert Peel, have hitherto flowed, and are likely to flow, from the working of that policy, and which are equally fraught with injury and destruction to the best interests of the country.

Being of opinion that the endeavour to govern Ireland through means of a Protestant ascendancy has hitherto failed, the Prime Minister considers it necessary to alter that system, and to adopt a new one. Now, we shall here offer no opinion upon the right or wrong of the Protestant ascendancy principle; it is in no way necessary for our argument. But the system which the present Government has taken up in its stead is one which every man, whatever his religious belief, who is *in earnest* in that belief, is bound in conscience to oppose. It is the evident object of Sir Robert Peel to discourage to the utmost all *distinctive* professions of religion in Ireland, and to supersede all motives arising from religion, whether true or false, by instilling into the spirit of the people motives altogether irreligious and worldly. Believing that the entire nation cannot be governed on the principles of Protestantism, and unwilling to govern it through the influence of Romanism, without for one moment reflecting that the interests of the Church of God are infinitely superior to the conveniences of the State,

he deliberately lays his plans to repress the religion alike of the Protestant and Romanist, that he may unite together the rising generation of both creeds in one common bond of worldliness. We know that until we have made a little further explanation many of our readers will be of opinion that we misjudge his policy in regard to one of these churches, and that, so far from wishing to suppress Romanism, he is taking the most certain means to establish it. What his real intentions are, it would be hard for any man to judge. They are not to be collected from his words, for he never declares any purpose until he has effected it; neither are they to be gathered from his conduct, for he has contrived invariably to mislead men as to the course toward which his actions tended. Without, therefore, venturing to speak positively upon the point, and holding ourselves at liberty to alter our opinion, if we see cause, in speaking of so changeable an object, we do not think that he wishes to establish Popery, but that he is deliberately laying his plans for the destruction of all religious belief beneath the hateful and godless despotism of state expediency. Great as is our dread and horror of Popery—and none can more fear its influence or dislike its precepts—we have no hesitation in declaring, that we would rather a thousandfold see its corrupt worship universally adopted in Ireland, than the schemes of the present ministry successful, and all the inhabitants of this green island bowing down together as one people before the unholy shrine of Mammon.

It is true that the united and prudently conducted plans of the Romish powers in Ireland, have hitherto been able to defeat this purpose of Sir Robert Peel, and that they have turned to their advantage more than one measure of his, put forward, we believe, with the design of dividing and weakening their church; but we look upon this rather as a proof of his incompetency to adopt his tactics to the character of the people with whom he has to deal, than as arising from any favour he has for the Romish dogmas. Thus the Charitable Bequests' Act, and the New Colleges' Bill, though neither of them favourable to the Established Church, were equally, and, indeed, in some respects, more hostile to Popery. We have little doubt, however, that both will be turned to the advantage of that creed, by its crafty priesthood, as the National System of Education has been, though purposely designed to weaken it. Even the Maynooth Grant, which has not only increased the influence of Rome, by placing it before the world as under the immediate patronage of the British government, but has, moreover, thrown into the hands of the priesthood enormous means for extending and strengthening their power, was avowedly, and, we believe, really, advanced with the intention of producing, in the minds of the students, a larger amount of literary and worldly knowledge, in proportion to their religious instruction, in the hope of thus lessening the influence of their faith. And from this source springs our second ground of objection.

We see that the priesthood of the Romish Church have the skill to turn to its advantage the very policy which is intended by the government to weaken it. They are able also, by the violence of their agitations, to force from government concessions that were not originally intended. And besides these advantages, they have another—the recommendations of their bishops are received with deference, and

alterations in proposed measures made to suit *their* ulterior purposes. In our case, on the contrary, while the course which the ministry is pursuing towards the Church is calculated in every way to injure it, there do not exist like causes to counteract this evil.

Let it be understood, that, in this article, we do not intend to lay claim to any political ascendancy for Protestantism. We ask for it no greater ascendancy than TRUTH must have at all times in every earnest mind. But we wish to show, in the first place, that the present Ministry, in their government of Ireland, have put aside altogether religious truth, which hitherto has been, at least, avowedly the governing principle of statesmen in this country; and, in its stead, have adopted mere worldly prosperity as their rule. And, in the second place, that, in the contest which is arising between Protestant truth and Popish error, Popery has an immense advantage in the three following particulars—1st, That its unscrupulousness gives it the power of turning to its benefit, measures intended to weaken both Churches; 2nd, That the suggestions of its bishops are received with deference, while the counsel of the Protestant bishops is rejected by her Majesty's advisers with little less than scorn; and 3dly, That through the agency of an organized and powerful agitation, it has the power to force from the Ministry concessions more and more beneficial to it, and injurious to us. We need scarcely say, that in this policy of the Government, combined with these three powerful advantages on the side of Romanism, there is sufficient danger to rouse from apathy, and to stimulate to exertion, every lover of the Church of his fathers—every one who desires to leave to his children the uncorrupted truth, which he inherited from the Apostles and Reformers.

In order, then, more fully to understand the iniquitous nature of the government policy, it will be necessary to keep steadily in view the two-fold fact, that the principle of their rule is *worldliness*, and that this worldliness, after it has satisfied its own schemes, will not yield to true religion even that small portion of encouragement which might be given without detriment to itself—that it is not only active in its own advancement, but that it is active also in assailing and suppressing truth. Abstractedly this might have been expected—we are to show that practically it is taking place.

That mere *worldly expediency* is the rule of the present Ministry, will be evident from the tenor of their language, on all occasions. Take, for example, the grounds on which Sir Robert Peel defended the Irish Church, which must be fresh in the recollection of our readers. He stated several strong reasons, from principle, for continuing to yield it his support; but added, that he could not say that circumstances might not arise, which would over-weigh these reasons. The pressure from without might render it more *expedient* to desert the Church, than to adhere to the principles of truth. This is plainly a setting up of expediency above principle. There has been much said of late about this word "*expediency*," and an attempt has been made, by one whose character stands high for logical accuracy, to show that the popular outcry against it is the result of ignorance, and that the *expedient* never can be separated from *right*. But the public understand very well what *they* mean by the word: it is not what is thus intended by the eminent writer of whom we speak: they mean,

that which guided the thoughts of Sir Robert Peel, when he concluded that *circumstances* might arise to make it expedient to do wrong—to *suppress the truth—to break a solemn national compact*. Men understand that an *honest* Minister, if the force of rebellion makes it no longer possible to adhere to the truth, will sacrifice office, or life, in its defence, and thus clear himself from guilt: but when the Minister, finding that, by natural means, he cannot prevent the influx of evil, is ready to become himself its leader, to introduce it into the state, and to fix it in the constitution, with all the pomp and authority which the *name* of the Crown, the support of Peers who have rendered up their judgments to the will of one great, proud man, and the votes of Commons—the acknowledged slaves of this worldly minister—can give, the public call such dependence upon *natural means* alone “*infidelity*,” and they are confident that the curse of God will attend it; they call this yielding policy by a gentle name, “*expediency*,” and they abhor the measures it produces as much as they distrust the minister who is led by it. Never before did Ministers of State publicly avow the principles of worldliness upon which these men act. Corrupt ministers have at various times been actuated by corrupt motives; but they had the grace to conceal them, and their hypocrisy, if it added to their own guilt, served at least to shelter the public from a participation in their crime; but it was reserved for a “*Conservative government*” openly to set up Mammon in the temple of the state, and to command the entire nation to bow down before it.

The speeches of her Majesty’s advisers have been plain enough *on this subject*; but their acts are still plainer. We shall mention one or two, and regret that our space will not allow us to engage in a lengthened consideration of them. The National System of Education stands a pre-eminent instance of the setting up of the world above religion. We beg particular attention to what follows, for it has not been sufficiently dwelt upon in the controversy about this subject. There is in the Church of Ireland a system of pure gospel truth, confessed to be—even by the principal supporters of the National Board—the most scriptural in the world, and therefore, with the blessing of God, the most conducive to the best interests of those who are reared under its teaching. There is a system of religion, sworn by her Majesty’s ministers to be a most corrupt and idolatrous system, embracing a very considerable part of the population of Ireland. An attempt was being made, slowly but gradually, to bring the mass of the children of the country under the influence of the saving doctrines of the Church, *at the same time that all her own children were brought up carefully in her rules and principles*. It was thought by worldly-minded statesmen, that by deteriorating the substance of education, it might be made to embrace a greater number, and that a more rapid progress might be made: hence a system was set up, which, instead of offering the truth, entirely and in its purity, gives a portion of it only, and that portion mixed with much that is erroneous. It was a mere question of opinion which would be more rapid; and the progress made by the national system since its establishment is no proof of its superiority in this way, for this ought rather to be attributed to the foundation laid by former and better systems, which, if they had been permitted to continue, would, we have little doubt, have succeeded in

a still more increasing ratio. This is, however, as we said, a mere matter of opinion, and if the only question involved were whether it were better that a smaller number should receive a good education, or that a larger number should be brought under the influence of education of an inferior kind—although we should certainly have preferred the former, we might not, perhaps, have so strongly condemned the latter determination. It would have resolved itself simply into a question as to the best means of improving ground hitherto altogether uncultivated, and we might have been satisfied with expostulating with those who had not sufficient faith in the best system of improvement, to adopt it at once, and to wait the result with patience. But this is by no means all that is at issue in this question. The National system does infinitely worse than this—it requires that ground which is already highly improved and cultivated shall be deteriorated, in order to place it on a level with that which has been cultivated under this secondary system. They will not allow even the children of the church to receive the benefits of the true faith of their fathers—they, too, must be sent to the National Schools for instruction; and the Duke of Wellington feels it so important that they should be compelled to undergo this loss, that he thinks it necessary to go out of his way to reproach the clergy of Ireland for their rebellious spirit, in raising their voice against this injustice done to their people—this contempt of the Word of God!

We cannot suppose it possible that the excellent prelate who takes a chief part in the management of the National Board has ever considered the matter in this point of view. He argues from the benefits to accrue, to the Romish population of Ireland, from the prevalence of this inferior system. He would give them better if he thought they would receive it; but is it not strange that an Archbishop of the church of Ireland in his zeal to benefit people who are *practically* beyond his jurisdiction,* should so completely overlook the interest of those who have been placed by providence under his immediate charge? We feel as deep an interest as his grace in our Romish fellow countrymen, we would go as far as any man ought to go to do them good, but we candidly confess that we would not endanger the soul of *one* youthful member of the church for the hope of gaining their entire body to the truth. Such a sacrifice we dare not make. The supporters of the National system should therefore prove if they are able to do so, that children can receive as good an education under a board constituted of Protestants, Romanists, and Infidels, as in the bosom of the church itself, ere they can free themselves from the charge of sacrificing the souls of the children of Protestants before the altar of their scheme for general education. In this instance expediency is placed above religion; nor does it rest satisfied with advancing its own schemes, it insists also on repressing and destroying the truth.

We have another instance of a similar kind in the new colleges. It has hitherto been a rule of British statesmen that no education should be conducted on other than religious principles. It was reserved for

* We say practically, lest we should be supposed to acquiesce in the doctrine propounded in a recent charge of this prelate, which would limit the responsibility of a bishop altogether to the members of his own communion.

the present statesmen to discover a plan of education entirely apart from religion. *Is this not infidelity?* Let the reader calmly take this question into consideration. Is it to be hoped that the Almighty will give his sanction to a system of education from which his worship is entirely excluded? For what end were these colleges established? Obviously, as a means of bringing up in the bond of common knowledge, and principles, and motives, the Protestant and Romanist population. To have established separate colleges in which each would have been instructed; first, in the principles of their religious faith, and secondly, in the several branches of secular education would have been ineffectual, because they would have had a source of constant disunion in their religious belief, which, bearing the first place in their minds, would likewise have had a primary influence upon their practice. But the chief secretary has devised a scheme by which this evil is to be overcome. In his schools they are to be taught, first, the business of the world, and then they may, if they like, learn something of religion; and when the children of the present generation have come forth from their schools, and have entered together on the labours of manhood, religious dissensions will cease, because religion will have lost its influence upon their minds. Wisely does this prudent minister conclude that those who have been from infancy carefully trained in the principles of the world, will have little zeal to contend for the truths that concern eternity. Surely it is not difficult to see in this another instance of the placing of expediency above religion.

Besides such measures as we have spoken of, there is another class into which the same evil principle is introduced but with a somewhat different result. The Charitable Bequests, and the Maynooth Endowment acts, may be taken as examples of these. Although the former of them contains restrictions which strike hard at the internal working of Romanism, its professed and real intention was to enable the Romanists to effect by degrees a permanent endowment of their clergy: the latter has this effect more directly. These measures were passed by a government, who confess that they regard popery as an evil thing, but upon the grounds of their being conducive to the public peace, or in other words *politically expedient*. Many Protestants consider them to be worse than those spoken of above, because they not only have no tendency in the direction of truth, but are also actually directed to the advancement of error. Our opinion is, that bad as these are, the effect of the former measures is far more evil, for, of the two things, an encouragement of an erroneous religion, and the placing of the world above all religion—though both are essentially criminal—the latter is immeasurably the worst. When Jeroboam corrupted the worship of Jehovah he was guilty of a great sin, but when Ahab departed from his worship altogether his sin was of the deepest die. Such a distinction may be drawn between these various measures, but in all of them alike the same evil principle of *expediency* is seen to prevail. In some, as in the National Education system, the church itself is attacked: in others, as in the Maynooth Bill, its Romish enemy is strengthened: and in others, as the new Colleges Bill, a still greater enemy, Mammon, is exalted above them both, but in all, religion is trampled under foot.

The new Marriage Act, which imposes innumerable difficulties and

embarrassments upon the church, while it makes all things smooth to the Romanists, is another example of the same kind. In truth, it would be hard to point out any measure of a religious character introduced or patronised by the "Conservative government," which does not tend to discourage and destroy the church. Sometimes they confer direct benefits upon Rome, but more generally they are intended to be hurtful to her interests also.

But the Romanists have a skill to turn all this to their advantage. We may give as an instance the National Schools, built for the most part in the close vicinity of their chapels, and entirely under the care of their priests; in which, as they themselves boast, the doctrines and formularies of their church are taught, and even the worship of the Virgin carried on contrary to the express rules of the board. The grant of the government, for general education, has been turned by them to the teaching and extension of errors so great, as that the very persons who have made this grant were willing to take a solemn oath, in the presence of Almighty God, that they are damnable and idolatrous.

It has been said in reply that the clergy of the church might in like manner have turned this grant to the advantage of their own body by joining the Board, and they also might have made these schools a means for the extension of their faith. They have been even reproached for not doing so; but, in the rejection of this grant, the church stands in a position of honourable pre-eminence; its clergy could not receive money under false pretences from the Board of Education; they could not, while they protested against its principles, make use of the money it would afford them for the purpose of acting at variance with its rules; they could not pretend to teach the *truth* to their children, while in doing so they *acted a lie*. In this respect, therefore, the church, whether in regard to this or any other measure, cannot, and we trust, *will not* follow the example of Rome. Here it is then that Popery has an advantage over us of which it does not fail to make use. The government seem resolved to continue this system in its present state! What, then, are Protestants to do? The Duke of Wellington says they must obey. What if they continue to refuse obedience to the Duke? what, if having found peaceful and friendly remonstrances of no avail, they stand out now in determined hostility to the government until their rights are granted to them? what, if seeing the stream of government policy tending to their ruin, they stand forth resolutely as an independant, and no contemptible portion of the empire, and say, let the nation fall, or let our privileges be preserved to us? what, if with the desperate energy of desperate men, they tear down the pillars of the state which are no longer willing to sustain *them*? Let not these words be regarded with mockery: two hundred thousand armed men in the heart of the empire, men whom it is no depreciation to any British subject to call the most independent and bravest of the nation—men, who, wheresoever they look, see none but enemies; who, while they know their own strength and worth, feel that they are hated with a deadly hatred by a large portion of their own fellow-countrymen—who see in the repealers open and relentless adversaries—in the English Whigs avowed enemies—in the English Conservatives base and faithless friends; such men, so

many and so strong, whose patient fidelity to the throne under every discouragement, unequalled by any other of the subjects of the crown, is a symptom of that steadfastness of purpose, which, if driven into another direction, will support them in the most desperate resolves; such men ought not to be despised in their demands for justice. They come of a proud and warlike race, and the Duke, with that praiseworthy dread of civil commotions which he has always exhibited, should beware of insulting them further.

We said that the Romanists have another advantage in the deference paid by government to the remonstrances of their bishops; of this the Maynooth Bill, the Charitable Bequests Bill, and the New Colleges Bill, afford striking examples. In the first of these they were admitted into the council of the state, and, on their judgment, the measure was arranged; it gave to their church advantages far superior to those possessed by ours in Trinity College, no doubt through their suggestions; in the two latter, alterations were made at their desire: in every instance their opinion was received with deference and respect. The bishops of the Church, on the contrary, many of whom form a part of her Majesty's privy council, were treated with positive incivility when they remonstrated in temperate language with the government for closing the Word of God against their children.

If we might venture to offer advice to our respected prelates, we would suggest to them that they should no longer address themselves to the servants of the Queen, but only to the Queen herself; and, that in addressing her, while they speak humbly as subjects, they should, as they are wont, speak with the dignity that becomes the spiritual pastors of the people. If such an address has no effect elsewhere, it cannot fail to rouse the sympathy of their brethern of England. It would be worse than useless to continue to humble themselves before men who seem glad of an opportunity to cast reproach upon them, while the schismatical bishops of Rome are treated with respectful deference.

The third advantage of the Romanists is in their unscrupulous and organized agitation: upon this subject we would refer our reader to the articles published in our last number; we wish the government had the courage to put down all agitation, but if they do not, we must, as far as possible, look to our own interests and safety.

Before we conclude, we wish to allude shortly to one other ground of objection which suggests itself; as our space is limited, we shall merely mention it, and leave it to the reflections of the reader. Sir Robert Peel's government of Ireland is of a most despotic and tyrannical character; the interests, the sympathies, the wishes, of no portion of the Irish people are consulted, except, indeed, when he now and then, in order to carry some object, seeks the advice of some of the Romish hierarchy. He makes use of the power of England to control every expression of feeling in this country; in short, he treats Ireland as if it were a colony, instead of an integral portion of the British empire, and, as such, entitled to a voice and influence in the imperial councils. Were even this iron rule really effective in controlling evil, we might then suppose that a restraint in the nature of a dictatorship was necessary; but agitation and murder are permitted to proceed without the enactment of strong laws to prevent them, while the opinions and wishes of all the peaceful inhabitants are as completely disregarded as

if we were living under the rule of the autocrat of Russia. Such a state of things must end in evil, the very knowledge that they are disregarded is in itself sufficient to stir up the most angry feelings of the people, and the recent proceedings in the north of Ireland are proofs that it has already begun to produce its natural effects. How sincere is our prayer that God may give wisdom to our rulers! They either do not know the people they are governing, or they do not hesitate to run the most fearful risks to carry out their evil experiments.

M. DE LAMARTINE.

HARMONY TWELFTH.

à Mons. P. G. de B.

The voice of days gone by o'er Ossian came—
 His kindling eye lit up with holier flame—
 His hair with passion waved, as in a breeze—
 Trembled the harp upon his quivering knees—
 And, like the sound from gathering billows flung,
 The tide of song rolled burning from his tongue.
 Chainless and bright, as mountain torrents' bound,
 He seemed all memory and melodious sound.
 Oh might of genius! oh eternal youth!
 Can these be shades that shew so like the truth?

Not yet, great Bard! across the golden strings
 My brow a veil of hoary tresses flings;
 Some fire of youth my bosom still retains;
 Alas! without thy years, I feel thy pains.
 Like thee, my desolate path alone I tread;
 Adore the forest; the gaunt mountain's head;
 Love to recline where Autumn torrents rave;
 Where the lashed rock sounds changeless to the wave;
 To seize the cloud, the wind, and give them frame
 And substance corporal, and life, and name;
 Strange idols of their essence light to mould;
 And o'er their sky-path feel my spirit rolled.
 Yet am I mute!—couldst thou the strain begin,
 Vain were *thy* power one list'ner now to win.
 The garish future fascinates each gaze,
 And scarce an eye reverts to other days.
 And if my harp in solitude would still
 Beguile my sorrows with a plaintive thrill,
 The song, that made a glory of thy grief,
 Wearies my heart, or mocks with vain relief;
 From each brief respite of forgetfulness
 The weight returning aggravates distress.

What spell, o'er-mastering langour, prompts the strain,
 And draws me to the faithless harp again ?
 This "linked sweetness" throbbing from the string—
 These words that to my lips unbidden spring,
 With soul instinct, self-moulded into song,
 And bear, like sparkling streams, my thoughts along—
 Whence and what are they, but a voice from thee,
 Deep treasured in my heart—a memory
 That, scattering from my path the mist of years,
 Sudden, with chainless wing unfurled, appears ;—
 O'er life, and its light passions, soars sublime—
 O'erleaps the tiny boundaries of time,
 And wafts me to thy rural haunts again—
 To days long past—but deathless in thy strain—
 Young, joyous, ignorant, and hopeful—all
 Bright as a morn whose night should never fall ;
 Such as our friendship found us at its rise—
 Such as her summons gives us to my eyes,
 When o'er the present, by her power, is cast,
 Each rainbow hue that glittered o'er the past.

Sweet Biennasis ! hearth, garden, lawns of health—
 Green arbours, bending with your clustered wealth—
 Elms, in whose boughs, across the threshold flung,
 Their evening hymn the feathered warblers sung—
 Orchards, whose summer sameness, day by day,
 Blanched in the autumn beam, and paled away ;
 Whose leaves, by morning's tears profusely strown,
 Cumbered the ground, till every path was gone—
 Steps 'mid the verdant maze that wandering strayed—
 Long hours we passed beneath the attempering shade—
 Sweet slumber by the margin of the stream,—
 Still glowing hues of Fancy's changeeful dream—
 High hopes, unfaltering trust, and studies meet,
 Abstraction, sweet discourse, even silence sweet—
 The board, that rich with autumn bounty showed,
 Mid garden fruits where milk and honey flowed—
 Cheer, that a mother's tender care could zest,
 Till rural luxury charmed the sated guest—
 The still retreat, where, crumbling to the tread,
 The very worm-gnawed twig to wisdom led ;
 And wonders rose on wonders, till the eye
 Waxed dim, and thought was turned to ecstasy—
 The lamp that nightly through our vigils burned,
 Lighting, like some false beacon, while we turned
 From tome to tome, with idle hope to find
 The page more pregnant than the author's mind,
 Fondly believing truth's mysterious lore
 Might reach us ere life's pilgrimage was o'er—
 Scenes of our youth ! in vain my years decline,
 Still vital with each better thought you twine ;

Places, and names, and dwellings, and kind souls
 That made them cheerful, year on year time rolls,
 Yet present to my sight this hour ye seem,
 Like margin flowers reflected in the stream,
 As sweetly fresh, as in this clouded eye
 No tear had ever dimmed one glorious die ;
 O'er my fond heart your forms all smiling come,
 As to the storm-tost sailor dreams of home—
 That, far amid the watery waste, display
 The cherished haunts of life's unclouded day,
 Bid golden harvests wave before his eyes,
 His door unclose, his own hearth's smoke arise.

Thy steps have never left this sheltering spot ;
 The beam that to thy boyhood gladness brought,
 Returning day by day, has found thee still,
 Like the oak root, bound to its native hill ;
 Thy threshold parting tear did never wet ;
 Thy youth's horizon bounds thy vision yet ;
 Thy grandsire's tree which o'er thy cradle spread,
 New vested, still o'erhangs it's masters' head ;
 No passenger, beholding from the way
 Thy casement barred against the genial day,
 Neglected walks with tangling verdure bound,
 Hath started mid the solitude profound,
 And asked what dark caprice abroad could chain
 The lord of that fair desolate domain ;
 The fruits, rich produce of thy grafting hand,
 No hireling gathers from the stinted land ;
 Thy brook, contented with its natural bed,
 Like a fond guest, by certain welcome led,
 Still by the threshold pours its stream along,
 And lulls, at the same hour, with its old song.
 And thus from year to year thy life will mount—
 The suns that gild them keeping the bright count—
 And memory, the long path measuring back,
 Will find no darker record in her track,
 Than marks the unequal seasons' varying round ;
 A tardier spring—a harvest heavier crowned—
 Wines poorer—affluent hives—the garden stream,
 Weaning the flowers to thirst beneath the beam—
 But not a wasted day of life's short span,
 That in the town's din, dust, and darkness ran ;
 Undoomed, at last, with stricken heart to find,
 'Twas vain with sterile hopes to sow the wind.

Bless, grateful bless, the wave that, calmly slow,
 In silence wafts thee whither all must go ;
 And since thy stream of life, with humble course,
 Flows hidden—almost stagnates at its source—
 Turn not an envious glance on those who, led
 By different fate, a path more public tread ;

Grudge not their little meed of passing fame ;
 No kindled soul but wastes in its own flame !
 Our life, my friend, is like the infant rill,
 Bright, nameless, gushing from the parent hill ;
 A natural basin hoards it as it weeps,
 Lulled in whose depths the gathered crystal sleeps ;
 Sweet rival flowers their perfume o'er it throw ;
 Skies mirrored in its bosom cloudless glow ;
 But hardly, bursting from the hill's embrace,
 Its waters through the neighbouring plains we trace,
 Ere we behold the tainted current spread
 Dense with the slime that forms its varying bed ;
 The sheltering things that crowned the bank are gone,
 Mid naked cliffs the truant wanders on ;
 The full-grown river scorns its strength to trail,
 In the safe windings of its native vale,
 Through high-browed arches pants to hurl its pride,
 And takes a name sonorous as its tide ;
 Now on its bounding current it bears down,
 Barks, rumours, the rank refuse of the town ;
 The feeblest brook its separate blemish brings ;
 'Till, one gross gathering of corrupted things,
 Proud, but impure, it rolls, unnamed again,
 Its power and draff to mingle with the main.
 Blest, mid its parent rocks, the limpid rill !
 Blest the calm walk of life, mid shadows still !

Not always thus !—of gorgeous shadows wrought,
 The future once out-swelled our boyish thought ;
 And, like some generous cordial, creaming up,
 Swelled o'er the brim of life's untasted cup.
 For glory then was to our ardent eyes
 What to young children, at its bright uprise,
 The evening star that gilds the mountain crest,
 And seems upon the glittering ridge to rest ;
 Till one enthusiast, panting, quits the play,
 Thinks, that to make his own the tempting ray
 And clothe himself in its celestial sheen,
 'Tis but to scale yon cliff that stands between ;
 With outstretched arms he runs, and gaze intense ;
 Floats high in air the balanced orb suspense ;
 As if it loved to mock the credulous dream,
 Tinges the baby's hand with level beam ;
 He mounts the verge—but, hah ! that faithless light
 Far mid the star-gemmed azure speeds its flight—
 Out-soars the clouds—nor gilds with nearer glow
 The mountain summit than the plain below.
 Abashed he stands ! then downward turns to find
 His village playmates that he left behind ;
 Who, gathering the wild flowers around them spread,
 Or polished pebbles from the current's bed,

Were near as he to that unbeeding star,
 Who chased, and wept, to see it float afar.
 But—though this fire divine should charm your breast,
 And dazzling win you to the headlong quest,
 In the full age of this ambitious time—
 Where is't—this phantom of your dream sublime?
 'Think you—this lustre, borrowed from the skies—
 This fruit, of death create, that never dies—
 Is but the dull reversion of a word,
 From each day's idol to the next transferred—
 A coinage for a day, then cast aside—
 Loath vanity's reluctant gift to pride!
 'Think you—in every age this thirst doth fill
 Men's hearts, and Heaven supplies the craving still;
 Futurity to the bequest assents,
 And loves to testify the vain intents
 Of fools, that, to their last posterity,
 Would send their hour of sunshine down in fee!
 Oh, no! thou smilest with me, to see the crowd,
 For glory's glittering robe, mistake a shroud;
 And knowest time, people, heroes, all o'ercast
 With one promiscuous shroud, shall sleep at last;
 That scarce through the long lapse of this gross night,
 One name, emerging, shows with passing light,
 While the great mass unknown, unnumbered, lie
 Deep hidden from the Future's searching eye.
 The sailor thus who spreads his sail at even,
 When the first star breaks through the arch of heaven,
 Sees from his glance reverted melt away,
 First the low sea-bank, laced with silvery spray—
 Next dimly disappear the city spires—
 In distance now the beacons shroud their fires—
 The lesser hills are lost amid the plain—
 The rifted mountains now he seeks in vain—
 A glittering cone or two at length descries
 Crowned with eternal snows—they cleave the skies,
 Catch the last footsteps of the flying day,
 Fl'ing faintly back to earth the farewell ray,
 Then, veiling reverent each snow clad crest,
 They vanish undistinguished as the rest—
 And, calmly brooding over land and main,
 Night o'er the world resumes her silent reign.
 Such glory's type! such life's dark portraiture!
 Shun them! within thy calm retreat secure,
 Dare not to follies for remembrance trust.
 What boots one day redeemed, when die we must?

Yet to redeem that day I know you pine,
 And sue to fame for one memorial line,
 And the sweet pledge that yet your name should be
 Recalled, and have its immortality,

'Till, shattering the slab to which you trust,
 Some foot should spurn your glory and your dust,
 Or the unlettered hind impatient swell,
 And curse the name he knows not how to spell.

Oh, let not toys like these your spirit move !
 The mournful pressure of the lips we love,
 Sealing the last adieu to those that die ;
 Our name by friendship uttered with a sigh ;
 The tear unseen above our ashes shed ;
 These are the precious balms that keep the dead :
 Fate, when we're born, no deathless hope extends
 Save this, to be remembered by our friends.
 Oh, shine blest hope, our latest hours above !
 What were remembrance save with those we love ?
 If, after all, to save a name you burn,
 Prepare, and simply thus inscribe your urn :—

“ Here sleeps, and well, though with no tomb oppressed,
 The valley's child, within his mother's breast ;
 What boots it now notorious or unknown ?
 His country changed, his former name is gone.
 Close by his cradle he prepared his tomb,
 His life, his thought, required but little room.
 With happiness content, he wisely strove
 To find it amid those that claimed his love,—
 A mother, wife, and friend, and nature's face—
 Thus, to his hopes, his heart assigned their space ;
 His wishes ne'er o'erleaped, nor passed his tread,
 The strict horizon here around you spread ;
 The world, for him, extended 'twixt the shade
 O'er that sweet winding stream by poplars made,
 And yonder hills, whose shadows, downward cast,
 Revive the traveller with a cooler blast ;
 Glory's delirious throb he never knew,
 Nor false hope of false fame his rest o'erthrew ;
 In broil or strife his voice was never known,
 Nor on the law's blind chance his fortune thrown ;
 He ne'er compelled the people to his path,
 To indicate their love, or wreak their wrath ;
 In victory's hour no trooping children came,
 With waving flags to celebrate his fame ;
 He left not home, by morbid thirst of change
 Through varying climes and customs driven to range ;
 The pleasures that a liberal nature sought,
 With liberal expenditure he bought ;
 In Rome or Greece he toiled not to unfold
 The deep-veiled secrets of the times of old ;
 Nor left the heaven that gladdened his young eyes,
 To see new stars illumine other skies ;

He kept, without one scientific aid,
His mother's faith—the laws his sire's obeyed ;
Wisdom, unclogged by subtleties of art,
He won by downright honesty of heart,
Like his own natural heritage arrayed,
With streams to irrigate, and woods to shade ;
He tilled his father's fields with his own hand ;
Untiring, saw his native skies expand ;
Beheld the dewy morning at its birth,
Melt into glistening pearls to crown the earth ;
Saw the deep woods their verdant garb resume ;
The spring-sap mount to lend the germs their bloom ;
The flowers, sweet chosen types of power divine,
Their liquid amber to the bees resign ;
The sun, vermillion-couched, at evening's close,
With farewell beam allured him to repose ;
Or scattered fires, that o'er the face of night
Held through the pathless void their ordered flight,
Wide o'er the keyless arch their splendours dart,
Attract the eyes, and elevate the heart ;
No change from years his first affections knew,
For love is truth, and his whole heart was true ;
As round the fragments of the shattered vase,
The costliest perfumes lend their odorous trace—
As suns descending, ere the night enshrouds
Their bright memorial, hang on purpling clouds—
Came tender thoughts, sweet echoes of the past,
To warm his guileless bosom to the last :
When, full of years, he smiled with tranquil eye,
Thanked God for life, and calmly turned to die.”
Ye wise and great, to heaven extolled, proclaim
How shows his fate obscure beside your fame ?
Heaven metes not human bliss by mere extent ;
You dew-drop on the thorn, a firmament
As vast, as pure, reflects before our eyes,
As the deep blue that with its concave vies.

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

(Continued from page 37.)

Instantly to throw off the serpent she had been nourishing in her bosom, was the determination of De Scuderi, as she alighted from her carriage on her return home. She was no sooner in her chamber than Madeline was at her feet; her heavenly eyes (no angel's could be purer) were raised to the face of her benefactress; her hands were clasped upon her aching bosom, as she wept aloud, and implored her help and consolation.

Endeavouring to control her emotions, and speaking in a voice of calm severity, De Scuderi said to the maiden—

“Go, go; console thyself with the assassin, who only receives the righteous sentence of his crimes. The Holy Virgin grant that thou thyself, also, have not the weight of blood upon thy conscience.”

“Oh, all is lost!—now all is lost!” shrieked Madeline, and fell, fainting on the floor.

De Scuderi left the care of the maiden to Martiniere, and withdrew to another chamber. Quite torn in spirit—vexed with all earthly things—she mourned that she must live any longer in a world so filled with deceits—she accused that destiny which for so many years had allowed her faith to grow in truth and virtue, and now, in her old age, destroyed the beautiful illusion which had brightened all her days.

She had heard Madeline, as Martiniere carried her away, sigh softly, and complain—

“Alas! she too, even she, has been deceived by those cruel people; ah, miserable me! poor, unfortunate Olivier!”

The tones of her voice pierced De Scuderi to the heart, and again that foreboding of some mystery—that faith that Olivier was innocent—overpowered her; harassed, and well nigh distracted, with her conflicting thoughts, she exclaimed aloud:—

“Oh, what spirit of hell has thus entangled me in this horrible history, which will surely be my death!”

At this moment the door opened, and Baptiste, all pale and terror-stricken, entered the room, with the news that De Gray was below, and desired to see Ma'amselle.

Ever since the abominable trial of La Voison, the appearance of De Gray in any house was the certain forerunner of a capital charge, hence arose Baptiste's terror, and hence the following question of Ma'amselle, as she smiled sweetly at her faithful servant:—

“What ails thee, Baptiste? has De Scuderi's name, then, been discovered on the list of La Voison?”

“Oh, for Christ's sake, Ma'amselle,” replied Baptiste, shaking in every limb, “how can you even mention such a thing; but De Gray—that horrible De Gray—is so mysterious, so urgent, as if he could hardly wait to see you!”

"Well, Baptiste," said De Scuderi, "bring in this man at once, who is such a terror to thee, but who, in me, excites no apprehension whatever."

"The president, La Regny, sends me to you, Ma'amselle," De Gray said as he entered, "with a request, the fulfilment of which he could never hope for, did he not know your virtue and courage; did not a last means lie in your hands of bringing a foul deed to light; and had you not taken a part already yourself in this shocking trial, which is keeping the *Chambre Ardente*, and all of us, in such suspense. Olivier Brusson, since he saw you this morning, has been almost frantic, and, well disposed as he seemed before to confess, now he swears anew, by Christ, and all his saints, that he is quite innocent of Cardillac's murder; albeit, he is willing to suffer death, *because he has deserved it*. You will observe, Ma'amselle, this last expression must refer clearly to some other crimes of which he is conscious; but it is all labour in vain, trying to get another word out of him, even threats of torture have had no effect; he implores, conjures us to procure him an interview with you; to you, alone, he declares, he will acknowledge every thing. Condescend, Ma'amselle, to receive Brusson's confession."

"How!" exclaimed De Scuderi, her eyes flashing with indignation, "would you make me the organ of a criminal court! am I to abuse the confidence of the wretched man, and bring him to the scaffold? No, De Gray, let Brusson's crimes be what they may, never were it possible for me to deceive him so basely; let me learn none of his secrets, which would remain like a holy shrift locked up within my breast!"

"Perhaps, Ma'amselle," replied De Gray with a cunning leer; "perhaps your mind will alter when you have heard Brusson; did you not yourself beseech the president, that he should 'be human.' He is so, in giving way to this mad whim of Brusson's, and trying another means with him, instead of applying the torture at once, which, heaven knows, Brusson is ripe for long ago!"

De Scuderi shuddered involuntary, but she made no reply, and De Gray went on:—

"Observe, worthy lady, you will not be required to re-visit those dark chambers which gave you so much offence to-day; in the silence of the night, and without observation, Brusson shall be brought, as a free man, to your house, and here, without being exactly watched, though carefully guarded, he may confess everything to you without reserve or restraint. That you have nothing to fear from the wretch on your own account, I will pledge you my life; he speaks of you with the most glowing respect, and declares, that, had not his evil destiny prevented his speaking to you before, he would not now be under sentence of death; and then you know, Ma'amselle, it will rest with yourself how much you may choose to reveal of what Brusson will unfold to you. Could any one compel you to do more?"

De Scuderi looked down thoughtfully, she felt as though some higher power within compelled her to obey, and demanded of her the unfolding of some terrible mystery; it seemed as if she could no longer avoid the wonderful gulf into which she had involuntarily fallen, and she said to De Gray, speaking with dignity.—

"God will give me resolution and firmness; bring Brusson hither, I will speak with him."

As on that former occasion when Olivier had brought to Ma'amselle the casket of jewels, about midnight the knock was heard, and Baptiste, who had been prepared for the visitor he was to expect, opened the door to admit him. An icy coldness ran through the frame of De Scuderi, as she perceived by the hum of mens' voices in the house, that the guards who had escorted Brusson, were being distributed through the apartments.

The chamber door at last opened gently, and De Gray entered, followed by Olivier, who was free from chains, and in his ordinary dress. De Gray bowed respectfully to De Scuderi.

"Here is Brusson, worthy Mademoiselle," he said, and left the apartment.

Brusson threw himself on his knees before De Scuderi, and folded his hands beseechingly together, while the tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

Agitated, and utterly unable to speak to him, De Scuderi looked down upon the youth as he knelt before her. His features, in spite of the bitter grief and care which were marked upon them, beamed with the purest truth and honesty; and, the longer her eyes rested upon his countenance, the more vividly she traced a resemblance to some one she had loved. Her fears vanished, she forgot that it was Cardillac's murderer who knelt before her, and, speaking in that tone of kind benevolence which was peculiar to her, she said—

"Well, Brusson, what do you wish to say to me?"

He, still kneeling, and heaving a deep and melancholy sigh, replied—

"Ah, worthy, highly-honoured Ma'amselle, have you, then, entirely forgotten me?"

De Scuderi gazed on him with still closer attention, and then replied, that she certainly could trace something in his features which reminded her of some one she had loved, and that it was this resemblance he must thank that she could now endure the presence of a murderer, and allow him a patient hearing.

Deeply mortified at this answer, Brusson rose hastily, and fell back several paces; his dark eyes rested on the floor, while, in a hollow, agitated voice, he asked—

"Is Anna Guyot, then, quite forgotten? It is her son—Olivier—the boy whom you have often carried in your bosom—he, it is, who stands before you!"

"Ah, all ye holy saints!" shrieked De Scuderi, and, covering her face with both her hands, she sank back upon the cushions.

Mademoiselle had cause enough for this dismay. Anna Guyot, the daughter of a reduced burgher, had lived from her childhood with De Scuderi, who had supplied to her all the tender cares and love of a mother. As Anna grew up, a handsome, well-conducted youth, named Claude Brusson, had come a courting to her. Claude was an exceedingly clever watch-maker, and earned a very sufficient livelihood in Paris, and Anna also being tenderly attached to him, De Scuderi did not hesitate to give her consent to her foster-daughter's marriage. The young couple furnished a house for themselves, lived in calm and happy economy, and the birth of a beautiful boy, the perfect image of his gentle mother, added a new bond to their love.

De Scuderi made an idol of the little Olivier, whom for hours and days

together she kept beside her to fondle and caress; the child thus became quite accustomed to her, and stayed with her as willingly as with his mother. Three years passed, and the fellow-artists of Brusson, moved to envy at the great success he enjoyed, combined against him, and succeeded in reducing his custom every day more and more, so that at last he found it hard to obtain even a scanty support; then came the longing after his dear native Geneva, and, it fell out shortly after, that, in spite of all De Scuderi's entreaties to the contrary, and her promises of whatever help she could afford them if they would remain, the little family withdrew to that city. Once or twice after their departure, De Scuderi received a letter from her foster-daughter, but, after that, she wrote to her no more; and Mademoiselle was fain to believe that the present happiness of the Brusson family had quite blotted out all remembrance of earlier ties and associations. It was now just three and twenty years since Claude Brusson had left Paris for Geneva, with his wife and child.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed De Scuderi, when the excess of her emotions was in some degree abated; "and thou art Olivier, the son of my Anna! and now, what art thou?"

"Little might you have ever dreamed, excellent Ma'amselle," returned Olivier in a composed and serious voice, "that the boy whom you fostered with a mother's tenderness, whom you dandled upon your knees, indulged with sweetmeats after sweetmeats, and called by the most endearing names, would one day stand before you accused of murder! I am not free from reproach; the *Chambre Ardente* may justly tax me with an offence; but, as surely as I hope to die happy, even though under the hand of the executioner, I am pure from all human blood: not by me, not through any guilt of mine, did the unfortunate Cardillac lose his life."

As he uttered these words, he fell into a fit of trembling and shaking, and De Scuderi pointing silently to a chair that stood beside him, he dropped slowly into it.

"I had time enough," he said, "to prepare myself for this interview, which I regard as the last favour of a reconciled heaven; I had time given me to collect my scattered thoughts, and compose myself to give you a history of my dreadful and unheard of misadventures. Shew me the mercy to hear me patiently, much as you may be amazed and filled with horror as I unfold to you a secret of which you have certainly never dreamed. Oh, that my poor father had never quitted Paris!"

"As far back as my recollections of Geneva can reach, I find my parents weeping over me tears of regret and sorrow, and myself, moved by their lamentations, which as yet I understood not, even weeping with them; later came the distinct feeling, the full consciousness of the pressing want, the deep wretchedness in which my parents lived. My father had been deceived in all his hopes; bowed down with grief, and crushed even to the earth, he died just at the moment when he had been so fortunate as to apprentice me to a goldsmith. My mother often talked of you, and would have told you everything, but then that dejection which is the offspring of misfortune, fell upon her, and this, together with that false shame which so often gnaws the wounded spirit, held her back, and prevented her from writing to you; in a very few months she followed my father to the grave."

"Ah, poor Anna—poor Anna!" cried Ma'amselle, who was quite overpowered with her feelings.

"Oh, thanks and praise to the Eternal Power of heaven that she is gone," cried Olivier, "and that she cannot see her darling son fall under the hand of the executioner, branded with infamy and shame!"

As he uttered this exclamation, a bustle was heard amongst those outside, and steps as if walking backwards and forwards.

"Ha, ha!" said Olivier, with a bitter smile, "De Gray is waking up his fellows as if I could escape even here. But to proceed:—I was not kindly treated by my master, although I was soon his best workman—nay, in the end I far exceeded himself. It happened one day that a stranger came to our workshop to purchase some article of jewellery, and on being shown a very beautiful chain which I had made, he clapped me kindly on the back, and said, 'Aye, aye, my young friend, this is capital work indeed. I don't know any one who could match with you, except it be Rene Cardillac, and he is the first goldsmith in the world; you should go to him; he would receive you with open arms, for nobody but you could assist him in his incomparable work, and he, on the other hand, is the only man that could teach you more than you know already.' The stranger's words made a strong impression on me. I could no longer rest in Geneva, but longed to get away. At last I got free of my master, came to Paris, and presented myself before Rene Cardillac. He received me coldly, and with rudeness, but I gave him no rest till I prevailed on him to try me with any kind of work, were it ever so trifling. He desired me to make him a small ring. When I brought it home, he peered his twinkling eyes into my face as if he would have read my inmost soul, and then he said to me—

"'Thou art a valiant and proper blade; thou shalt live with me, and help me in my workshop; I will pay thee well; thou shalt have nothing to complain of.'—And Cardillac was as good as his word.

"I had been several weeks with him before I saw Madeline, who, if I am not mistaken, lived at the time in the country with an aunt of Cardillac's, who had brought her up. At last she came. Oh, thou Eternal Power of heaven, what were my emotions as I first beheld the angel! Did ever man love like me? But now!—oh, Madeline!"

Olivier was obliged to pause; the bitterness of his grief overcame him, and he sat for some minutes covering his face with his hands and sobbing violently. At last, becoming somewhat more composed, he resumed his story as follows:—

"Madeline looked on me with a gracious eye, came oftener and oftener into the workshop, and I had soon the joy to see that I was beloved; and, strictly as her father watched us, we found many an opportunity, by stolen hand-squeezings, to express our sentiments for each other—Cardillac seeming all the while to observe nothing; and I thought that, could I first obtain his favour and win my own freedom, I might venture to sue for Madeline. One morning, however, just as I was about to begin my daily work, Cardillac walked up to me, rage and scorn depicted upon his dark features.

"'I require thy services no longer,' he said; 'away with thee this very minute out of my house, and never let me see thy face again. Thou knowest the reason well—I need not tell it to thee. The sweet

fruit which thou art longing after hangs too high for thee, thou poor, wretched starveling!"

"I would have spoken, but he caught me by the elbow, and flung me so violently out of the room, that I fell and hurt both my head and arm. Excited and torn with anguish, I left the house, and found at last, in the farthest end of the suburb St. Martin, a good-natured acquaintance, who gave me a lodging in his garret. I had no peace—no rest. Every night I hovered about Cardillac's house, fancying that Madeline could hear my sighs—that she might, perhaps, be able to speak to me from her window unperceived. All sorts of mad schemes crossed my brain by turns, to one or other of which I hoped to be able to persuade her.

"Adjoining Cardillac's house there is a high wall, built with niches, in which stand old, half-dismembered statues. In one of these niches I used to take my stand, and gaze up towards the windows, which I could see from thence. As I stood here one night, about midnight, I saw, to my great surprise, a light in Cardillac's workshop. Never had I known him to be up so late, his custom being to retire to rest exactly as the clock struck nine. My heart beat with anxiety—I knew not what to imagine, but I hoped that some accident might procure me an entrance into the house. The light disappeared almost immediately; I leaned back against the statue which stood in the niche, but started back instantly on finding that the statue returned my pressure, as if it had been actually imbued with life. In the twilight glimmer of the night I now perceived the stone turning slowly round, and the dark figure of a man glided from behind it, and walked slowly and stealthily up the street. I examined the image, but it was standing firmly as ever in the wall. Involuntarily, and as if urged on by some mighty power, I stole after the mysterious figure, who went forward until, coming to an image of the Virgin, he paused and looked around; the light of the lamp which burned before the image fell full upon his face—it was Cardillac! A dread, for which I could not account—a thrilling horror overpowered me, and, as if drawn by some magic spell, I must go on, on, after the spectral sonnaumbulist—for such I took my master to be! Cardillac disappeared at last in a deep shade, and I discovered that he was standing within the portico of a house. 'What does this mean? what is he going to do?' I asked myself in amazement, and kept close against the house. I was not long left in suspense. Presently a man comes singing up the street; a gay tuft of feathers ornamented his cap, and his spurs clattered upon the pavement. Like a tiger upon his prey, Cardillac bursts forth out of his hiding place, and rushes upon the unfortunate man, who in the next moment is stretched upon the pavement. With a cry of dismay, I hurried to the spot. Cardillac was kneeling on the ground over his victim. 'Master Cardillac!' I cried aloud, 'what have you done?' 'Accursed wretch!' roared Cardillac, and with all the quickness of lightning he passed me by, and sped away as on the wings of the wind. Utterly confounded by what I had seen, and my limbs trembling under me, I approached the prostrate man, and knelt over him, to see if it were yet possible to save him. But all was over; not a spark of life remained. In my distraction, I hardly perceived that the *marechausee* had surrounded me. 'Another laid low by those devils!' they cried.

'Ho, ho! young man! what art' doing here? Art' one of the gang?' I could hardly articulate that I was quite incapable of committing such a crime, and that they might safely let me pass on. One of them, then, holding his lantern before my face, cried out, laughing, 'This is Olivier Brusson, journeyman to our honourable and valiant Master Rene Cardillac! Yes, yes; he has the look of one just after committing a murder—one who looks to the end of it afterwards! Yes, yes; it is just after the manner of those vagabonds, first to murder a man, and then to wait to be caught! ha, ha! Come, my lad, how was it? tell us boldly.' 'Close before me,' I answered, 'a man sprang upon him who lies here, stabbed him, and then, as I cried out, he fled. I have just been looking whether it were yet possible to save him.' 'No, no, my boy,' answered one of them; 'he is quite gone; the dagger went home through the heart as usual.' 'The devil!' cried another; 'too late to-night again, just as it was with us the night before last!' and with these words they all moved off, carrying the body along with them.

"How I felt, it were impossible to conceive! I tried whether it were possible I was asleep, and must awake, and wonder over the wild vision. Cardillac—my Madeline's father—an abandoned murderer! I had sunk, powerless, upon the steps of a door; the daylight began to dawn about me, and I saw an officer's hat, richly plumed with feathers, lying near me on the pavement! Cardillac's bloody deed, committed close to the spot where I was sitting, passed before me!—Horrorified, I arose and fled.

"Some hours afterwards, I was alone in my garret, bewildered, and indeed almost unconscious of every thing, when the door was gently opened, and Rene Cardillac walked in.

" 'For Christ's sake,' I cried out as he entered, 'What brings you here?'

He, however, seemed not to have at all heeded my exclamation, nor the look of horror which my countenance must have worn, but came over to me with a bland smile, and a look of composure and affability which increased my inward abhorrence. He drew over an old broken chair, and seated himself beside me as I lay, quite unable to rise, upon the straw pallet where I had thrown myself.

"Well, Olivier,' he began, 'how goes it with thee, my poor youth? I acted very shabbily by thee, indeed, when I turned thee out of my house as I did in such a hurry. I miss thee at every turn, Olivier; at this very moment I have a job which I cannot finish without thy help. What wouldst thou think of coming back to work with me again? Silent, art thou? Nay, I know thou art offended with me. I was angry, I will not deny it, when I saw how it was between my Madeline and thee; but I have been thinking the matter over since, and when I consider thy cleverness, thy diligence, and thy fidelity and honesty, I find I need desire no better son-in-law than just thyself. So come home with me, Olivier, and let us see how thou wilt be able to win my Madeline to be thy wife.'

"The words of Cardillac pierced me to the heart. His wickedness made me shudder, and I was unable to utter a word in reply. He looked keenly at me, and, while his eyes sparkled with anger, he said in a sharp tone—

" 'Thou hesitatest, dost thou? Perhaps thou hast other schemes in thy head—but mayest come to me to-day, after all? Thou meanest perhaps to visit De Gray, or to get thyself introduced even to Argenson or La Regny. But take care, young man—take care that the claws, which thou art about to draw to other folk's destruction, do not turn upon thyself and tear thee to pieces.'

"Here my overburthened spirit found sudden vent. 'Let those who are conscious of guilt,' I exclaimed, 'dread the names you have just pronounced; I want them not; I have nothing to do with them.'

"He then went on:—

" 'But truly, Olivier,' he said, 'it will be to thy credit to work with me, who am the most celebrated master of the present day, and am held by every body in such high estimation, on account of my truth and uprightness, that every base calumny would only recoil severely upon the head of my calumniator. As to what concerns Madeline, I must honestly confess to thee, that it is her thou hast to thank for my compliance, after all. She loves thee, Olivier, with a passion of which I had not believed the gentle child capable. As soon as thou wert gone, she threw herself at my feet, clasped my knees, and confessed to me, amidst a thousand tears, that without thee she could not live. I thought at first it was only a fancy of hers, as so many love-sick damsels are in the habit of thinking they must die for the first smooth face that looks sweetly at them; but indeed my Madeline became quite sick and heart-broken, and when I attempted to reason the foolish stuff out of her head, she only began to call for thee, and uttered thy name a hundred times over. So what could I do at last, if I would not drive her to despair? I told her last night that I would give up to her in everything, and that this very day I would fetch thee to her; and there is she, quite joyful this morning, and blooming again like a rose—waiting for thee, moreover, at this present moment, in all the impatience of love and longing.'

"May the eternal power of heaven forgive it me, but I know not how it was, myself, that I found myself the next moment in Cardillac's house—Madeline screaming for joy—'Olivier—my Olivier—my lover—my husband;' and flying to me, throwing her arms round my neck, and straining me to her bosom; and that I, overpowered by the excess of my transports, swore to her by the Virgin and all the saints, that I would never leave her!"

Shuddering at the remembrance of that decisive moment, Olivier was obliged to pause; and De Scuderi, who had hardly been able to restrain the horror and amazement his narrative had excited in her, now gave way to the expression of her feelings:—

"What an awful history is this!" she exclaimed; René Cardillac, whom I have always looked upon as a model for probity and virtue, to prove at last to have belonged to the murderous gang which has turned our good city into a den of thieves!"

"What say you of a gang, Ma'amselle?" said Olivier; "no such gang ever existed! Cardillac alone, it was, who with remorseless wickedness, sought out his victims throughout the whole city; and it was the very circumstance of his being alone, which gave him the security wherewith he carried on his evil practises; and which made it so impossible to come upon the track of the murderer. But suffer me,

now, to proceed; the sequel will clear up to you all the mysteries that have surrounded this worst, but at the same time, most unfortunate of men.

"The position in which I now found myself with my master, can easily be conceived. The die was cast: it was too late for me to retract. I felt at times as if I were the accomplice of Cardillac; the caresses of my Madeline alone could make me ever forget my anguish; in her love, only, could I succeed in driving away the remembrance of my unspeakable misery. If I was engaged with the old man in the workshop, I could not bear to look him in the face; hardly could I bring forth a word in the hated presence of the wretch, who, while fulfilling every duty of a good and tender father, and upright burgher, used the veil of night to cover the most monstrous crimes. Madeline, pure innocent child, hung upon him with an almost idolatrous love; and it pierced my heart to think that if ever the mask were torn from the hypocrite by offended justice, the shock would drive her to despair. This thought was enough to seal my lips, even though my own life had been the forfeit of my silence.

"Notwithstanding that I could hear enough from the talk of the Marechaussée, of the continuance of Cardillac's crimes, yet still his motives for committing them, and the way in which he carried them on, was altogether a riddle to me. I was not long allowed, however, to remain in ignorance. One day, Cardillac—who usually, to my further abhorrence, affected at his work a remarkable gaiety and merriment—became suddenly very serious and thoughtful. Then, dashing aside the jewels, on which he was just working, so that stones and pearls rolled about in every direction, he sprang up impetuously, and coming over to where I was sitting at work he laid his hand upon my shoulder:—

"'Olivier,' said he, 'thou and I cannot go on in this way! our position towards each other becomes to me every day more intolerable. That which the most cunning craftiness of De Gray and his fellows cannot penetrate, chance has thrown into thine hand. Thou hast seen me engaged in that nightly work to which I am impelled by my evil star, and which it were impossible for me to resist. But it was thy evil star, also, which led thee to follow me—which wrapped thee in an impenetrable veil, and gave to thy foot the stealthiness of a mouse, so that I—who in the darkest night can boast the keen eye of a tiger, and can perceive—streets off—the lightest rustle, aye the buzzing of a fly, did not observe thee. Thy evil star led thee, my partner, to join me. Treachery, as thou standest towards me now, is no more to be thought of; and therefore thou mayest know all.'

"'Never more will I be thy partner, vile wretch!' were the words which I would have spoken, but the inward horror which his words created in me, caused the words to die in my throat and I could only utter a few imperfect sounds. Cardillac sat down again on his working stool and dried the sweat from off his brow: the thoughts of the past seemed greatly to agitate him, and he found it difficult to speak with composure. At last he began:—

"'Wise men have spoken much,' said Cardillac, 'of those singular impressions to which women who are in a hopeful state, are liable: a wonderful instance of this, was told me in the case of my own mother.

In an early month of her pregnancy with me, she went one day with some other ladies to a splendid court entertainment which was given in Trianon. There her eye chanced to light upon a cavalier in Spanish costume, who wore round his neck a brilliant chain of jewels, from which my mother was unable to turn away her eyes: her whole being seemed absorbed in the desire after the dazzling stones which appeared to her a more than earthly good. This same cavalier, had in earlier years and before my mother's marriage, made an attempt upon her virtue, and was repelled with horror and disgust; but as she now recognized him arrayed in the glory of those gorgeous diamonds, he seemed to her as a being of an higher species, the impersonation of every thing that was beautiful.

"The cavalier perceived the burning glances she cast towards him, and believed he might now prove more successful than of old: he succeeded in approaching her, and even more, in luring her into a retired spot, away from her companions. Here he clasped her passionately in his arms—my mother clutched at the beautiful and much coveted chain—but at that very same instant, he dropped upon the ground dragging her down along with him. Whether it was that some sudden stroke had seized him, or from whatever other cause—it was enough—he was dead. Vain were the struggles of my mother to disentangle herself from the firm death-grasp of the corpse: the hollow eyes, in which all power of sight was extinguished, were fixed upon her, as the dead man rolled with her upon the floor. Her yells and shrieks at last reached the ears of those whom she had left, who hurried to the spot, and rescued her from the embrace of her horrible lover. The shock brought on a dangerous illness; and her own life, with that of her child, were well nigh despaired of. She recovered however, and her lying-in was even more favourable than could have been hoped for.

"But the terror of that awful moment had struck upon me. My evil star had arisen, and shot down those sparks which kindled in my breast the most singular and destructive of passions. Even in my earliest childhood my delights were in diamonds and golden ornaments; it was looked upon as a mere childish propensity, but it soon assumed a different aspect; while a boy, I stole gold and jewels wherever I could lay my hands upon them. Equal to the most practised connoisseur, my instinct taught me to discriminate betwixt the genuine diamond and the false: the former, only, it was that tempted me; the false stone, and the false gold, I equally disregarded. My father was obliged to use the severest punishments with me, to conquer this innate appetite.

"For the mere delight of being able to handle gold and precious stones, I chose the goldsmith's profession. I laboured with passion and was soon the first master in the science; and now began a period when the inborn propensity, so long restrained, sprang up with power and grew with might, dragging all else after it. Thus if I made any ornament and gave it up to a purchaser, I became restless and miserable; my sleep, my health, my spirits failed. Like a spectre stood the person for whom I had wrought, day and night before me arrayed in my jewels; and a voice whispered in my ear, "It is thine, it is thine own—take it then, what should the dead do with diamonds?" At last

I took to thieving; and having access to the houses of the great, I used every opportunity—no lock could withstand my dexterity, and soon the jewels which I had wrought upon were again in my hands.

“But even this did not dispel my restlessness; that dismal voice still whispered me in mocking tones—‘Ho, ho, a dead man wears thy jewels!’ I even knew not how it arose that I conceived a deadly hatred against those for whom I had ever made an ornament. Yes, in my inmost soul arose a lusting for their murder, which even made me quail before myself. It was then that I bought this house. I had come to an agreement with the owner, in this very room, and then we sat here to enjoy ourselves in a flask of wine over the bargain we had concluded. Night came, and I was about to break up the sitting, when the owner said to me, ‘Hark ye, Master René, before you go I must make you acquainted with a secret belonging to this house.’ He hereupon unlocked that cupboard which you see built in the wall, pushed in the back, stepped into a small chamber, stooped, and lifted a trap door. We then descended a small steep flight of steps, until we came upon a little gate, which he unlocked, and through which we passed into the open court. Then the old gentleman pushed an iron spring which projected a little from the wall, and immediately a portion of the wall appeared to loosen and turned round, so that a man could easily slip through it into the street. Thou canst see this artifice, Olivier, which was most probably contrived by the sly monks belonging to the cloister, which stood here in former days, for the purpose of letting themselves in and out in secret. It is a piece of wood, but mortared and plastered to appear like stone; and in which an innage, also of wood, but like the other, having all the appearance of stone, is built: the whole turning round together upon concealed hinges.

“Dark thoughts arose within me as I saw this arrangement. Deeds seemed preparing for me, to which I was as yet, myself, a stranger. I had just sold to a gentleman of the court, a costly jewel which I knew he intended as a present to an opera dancer. The murder-fiend did not fail—the spectre hung upon my steps—the whispering Satan stole into my ears! I removed here. As if I were steeped in a sweat of agony and blood, I tossed sleeplessly upon my bed. My fancy pictured the man stealing to the opera dancer with my jewels. Filled with rage, I sprang from my bed, flung my mantle about me, descended the secret stair-case, and hurrying through the wall, I found myself in the street Nicaise. He comes—I fall upon him—he cries out—but, grasping a firm hold of him from behind, I bury my dagger in his heart, and the jewel is mine!

“This done, I felt a calm, a peace within my soul, such as I had never known before: the spectre left me—the voice of Satan was hushed. Now I knew what it was that my evil star required of me; I must yield to my destiny, or perish!

“Thou understandest now, Olivier, the hidden spring and source of all my actions. Believe not, that because I do that which I cannot help doing, that therefore every feeling of mercy and pity, the attributes of every human being, has been clean renounced by me. Thou knowest how hard I find it to yield a jewel: thou knowest that for many whose lives I would wish to spare, I will do nothing; and that often when I know that, to-morrow, the blood-spirit would visit me to

demand his victim, I—to-day—with blows—drive away the possessor of the jewels I have wrought, that they may be allowed to remain in my hands.'

"Cardillac then led me into the secret vault, and allowed me a sight of his cabinet of jewels. The king has not a richer one. To every ornament was appended a small ticket, denoting for whom it had been made, on what day it had been taken, and whether through theft, robbery or murder. 'On thy wedding day, Olivier,' he said to me with earnestness and solemnity, 'thou wilt lay thy hand upon this crucifix, and pledge me thy sacred oath that when I am dead thou wilt destroy all these riches; rendering them to dust by a process with which I will make thee acquainted. I will not suffer any human being, and least of all, my Madeline or thee, ever to come into the possession of this blood-bought hoard.'

"'Entangled in this labyrinth of crime, and torn to pieces by love and detestation, bliss and abhorrence, I might have been likened to that doomed one, whom, on the one hand, a bright angel beckons to worlds on high, but, on the other, Satan holds back in his fiery grasp; and the ineffable smile of the celestial spirit, in which all blessedness of high heaven is mirrored, proves the most terrible of all his torments. I thought of flight—even of suicide—but, Madeline!—

"'Blame me, blame me, worthy Ma'amselle, that I had not strength to overcome a passion which fettered me to iniquity. Do I not atone for this, by the death I am about to suffer?'

"One day, Cardillac came home in peculiarly high spirits; he fondled Madeline, bestowed the kindest looks on me; drank, at table, a flask of noble wine, a thing he never did except on feast days; sang songs, and was very merry. Madeline had left us, and I was about to return to the workshop, when he cried out to me:—

"'Sit still, good youth; we will have no more work to-day! Let us drink to the health of the best and noblest lady in Paris.'

"After we had touched glasses, and he had emptied his full bumper, he said again:—

"'Tell me, Olivier, how do these lines please thee?'

*"Un amant qui craint les voleurs
N'est point digne d'amour."*

"He then went on to relate what had occurred between you and the king, in the apartments of Maintenon; adding, that he had always respected you above any other being in the world; and that you—adorned with those high virtues before which his evil star must lose its power and turn pale—might wear the richest ornament he had ever made, without exciting the evil genius, or raising one murderous thought within him!

"'Listen, Olivier,' said he, 'to what I have determined on. A long time ago, I received an order for a necklace and bracelets for the Princess Henrietta of England, for which I had to supply the jewels myself. This work succeeded better with me than any thing I had ever done before; but it tore my heart to pieces when I reflected that I should have to give up the jewels, which had become to me the idol of my soul. Thou art aware of the subsequent death of the princess by assassination.

"'I kept the trinkets by me; and will now send them, in the name

of the persecuted band, to Mademoiselle de Scuderi, as a token of our gratitude and respect; and thus, not only will Ma'amselle obtain a signal trophy of her victory, but I shall have the laugh against De Gray and his associates, as they deserve. Thou, Olivier, shalt carry her the trinkets.'

"The moment Cardillac pronounced your name, Ma'amselle, it seemed as if a dark film had fallen from my eyes, and the picture of my happy infant days arose before me in bright and glowing colours, a dawning of comfort visited my soul, a ray of hope, before which the dark spirit fled away. Cardillac could perceive the effects his words had produced on me, and failed not to interpret it according to his own ideas.

" 'I see,' he said, 'my proposal has given you pleasure. I must acknowledge to you that it is at the instigation of a loud voice within, quite distinct from that which, like a ravening monster, demands at my hands the blood of its victim, that I have been persuaded to this. Many a time a strange feeling overwhelms me; an inward anguish—a terrible dread, as if wafted hither from beyond this world—overpowers me; and at such times I am ready to believe, that that which my evil star, only, accomplishes, through me, might yet be reckoned against my immortal soul, which has had no participation in the deeds. In such moods, I resolved to make for the Holy Virgin in the church of St. Eustatius a beautiful diamond crown; but whenever I would have set about the task those misgivings overpowered me more strongly than before, and at last I was obliged to relinquish my design altogether. But now, in thus sending to Ma'amselle the most costly and precious work I have ever accomplished, I feel as if I were sending an humble offering to goodness and virtue in person, and imploring the efficacy of their intercession.'

"Cardillac, who seemed intimately acquainted with all your movements and manner of living, then instructed me in what way, as well as at what hour, I should deliver you the ornaments, which he enclosed in an elegant little casket.

"I was all rapture—Heaven was pointing me out a way, even through the wicked Cardillac himself, to escape from the hell in which I, poor outcast, was pining away my life. These were my thoughts: at Cardillac's own desire, I was to entreat an interview with you; I would then throw myself at your feet, and, as the son of Anna Guyot—as your own former nursing—I would disclose every thing to you. You, touched by the endless misery which a discovery would bring upon Madeline, would have protected our secret, while your keen understanding would surely suggest some means, without that discovery, to prevent a continuance of the crimes of Cardillac. Ask me not in what those means should have consisted—I know not; but the conviction that you would have saved both Madeline and me, lay as strongly in my soul, as does my faith in the comforting help of the Holy Virgin. You know, Ma'amselle, how my project failed that night; but still I did not lose the hope that I should be more fortunate another time.

"Cardillac suddenly lost all his cheerfulness, he moped about in a melancholy mood, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, his lips murmuring indistinct words, and his hands seemingly struggling with some unseen

foe, whose presence tormented his soul with evil thoughts. He continued thus a whole morning, at last he sat down to his work table, then sprang up again fretfully, looked out at the window, and said, in a gloomy and discontented voice—

“I wish to heaven that Henrietta of England had got her trinkets!”

“His words filled me with terror, I saw that his ungovernable soul was again under the control of the cruel murder-spirit, that the voice of Satan was thundering in his ears, and that your life was to be the sacrifice. Were the jewels once in Cardillac's hands again, you were safe; the danger grew with every moment—I met you on the Pont Neuf—forced my way to your carriage, and gave you that note which implored you to get the trinkets into the hands of Cardillac. You came not! my agony mounted even to despair, when, next day, I heard Cardillac talk of nothing but the costly jewels which he had been dreaming of all night. I knew it was your's that were meant, and I felt but too certainly that he was brooding over a murder which he would accomplish that very night; I resolved to save you, even though it should cost Cardillac his life.

“As soon as evening prayers were over, and he had locked himself into his room as usual, I descended to the court, passed through the opening in the wall into the street, and took my station not far off in a deep recess where I was quite concealed. I had not remained long here, when I saw Cardillac come out, and walk stealthily along the street; I followed, and my heart beat violently as I found him taking the direction of the street St. Honoree. All at once he had vanished, and I resolved to place myself in your hall-door, but now, just as on that time when chance first led me to be a spectator of his evil deeds, an officer came singing up the street, and passed by where I was standing without perceiving me; but, in the same instant, a dark figure rushed out, and fell upon the officer. Resolving that I would prevent this murder, I uttered a loud cry, and flew to the spot, where I found, not the officer, but Cardillac on the ground, and in the agonies of death; as I approached, the officer threw away his dagger, pulled out his sword, and put himself in an attitude of defiance. He believed me to be an accomplice of the assassin, but, as soon as he observed that I was not minding him, but only set about examining the body, he made off.

“Cardillac was still alive, I took him therefore on my shoulders—having first sought out the dagger which the officer had flung away, and stuck it in my belt—and I succeeded in carrying home the heavy man, and, conveying him through the secret passage, I laid him in the workshop; the rest you know. You can see by this history that my only crime consisted in not delivering into the hands of justice the father of my Madeline, and thus bringing his crimes to an end; my hands are pure from every stain of blood.

“No torture shall ever extort from me the secret of Cardillac's crimes. I will not cause the withering past to burst upon the virtuous daughter, in defiance of that Almighty power who has hitherto veiled it from her sight; nor shall the corpse be uprooted from the earth which hides it to receive the brand mark of shame and ignominy from the hand of the executioner! No! the beloved of my soul shall mourn for me as for one who is unjustly condemned; time will soften the

remembrance of her griefs, but endless indeed would be her woe were she ever to hear of her beloved father's dreadful and hellish crimes!"

Olivier was silent, a flood of tears burst from his eyes, and he cast himself at the feet of De Scuderi:—

"You are convinced," he cried, "you are surely now convinced that I am innocent! oh, then have pity on me, and tell me how is it with my Madeline!"

De Scuderi summoned Martiniere, and, after a few moments, the lovers were in each others' arms.

"Now, all is well, since thou art here!" said Madeline, "ah, I knew it surely, that this noble-minded lady would save thee."

Thus she cried again and again, and Olivier forgot his doom, and all the evils that threatened him, and was cheerful and happy; both mourned over, in moving terms, all the trials they had undergone, and then embraced one another anew, and wept for joy to find themselves once more together.

Had not De Scuderi been already convinced of Olivier's innocence, the scene she now beheld must have assured her of it.

"No!" said she, as she gazed upon the pair, who, in the bliss of their vows of love, forgot the world and all its miseries and woes; "no, such blessed forgetfulness were only possible to a pure and guiltless heart!"

The bright beams of the morning were breaking through the window-shutters, when De Gray gave a low knock at the chamber door, and announced that it was time to get Olivier away, which could not be done so well at a later hour without observation. The lovers were obliged to separate.

Those dark forebodings which had seized upon De Scuderi since the first entrance of Brusson into her house, now grew upon her to a frightful degree. She saw the son of her beloved Anna innocently entangled in a way that seemed to make it impossible to save him from a shameful death. She honoured the heroism of the youth, in choosing rather to die innocently than to betray a secret which must be the death of his Madeline—and yet she felt in her soul that she must shun no sacrifice to avert the crying injustice which was about to be done. She wearied herself devising all manner of schemes and plans—many of them even bordering on the adventurous—and which she rejected almost as soon as they were conceived. In fact, every ray of hope seemed by degrees to fade away, and De Scuderi was ready to despair, but for the child-like confidence of Madeline, who spoke with such certainty of her Olivier's being soon cleared of every suspicion, and of their approaching union, that she raised the hopes of De Scuderi again in proportion as she had felt herself cast down.

At last, in order to be doing something, De Scuderi wrote a long letter to La Regny, in which she told him that Olivier Brusson had, in the clearest manner, satisfied her of his perfect innocence of Cardillac's murder; and that only the heroic resolution to carry to the grave a secret, the disclosure of which would bring a virtuous and innocent person to ruin, withheld him from laying before the court a confession which must clear him, not only from the horrible suspicion of Cardillac's murder, but also of belonging to the gang.

All which ardent zeal and glowing eloquence could do, De Scuderi summoned to assist her in the hard task of touching the heart of La

Regny. After the lapse of a few hours, she received his answer. He heartily rejoiced, he said, that Olivier Brusson had been so fortunate as to justify himself in the eyes of his highly amiable patroness. As for his heroic resolution of carrying to the grave the secret she alluded to, he regretted that the *Chambre Ardente* did not hold such heroism in due respect, but would only so much the more endeavour to penetrate it by the strongest measures they could command. After three days more, he hoped to be in the possession of this strange secret, which was likely to bring such wonderful things to light.

De Scuderi knew but too well what those measures were, to which the terrible *La Regny* referred. She felt persuaded that the torture was now impending over the unfortunate youth. In her distress, she bethought herself, that, if only to gain some delay, the advice of a lawyer might be of service. *Pierre Arnaud d'Andilly* was at that time the most eminent advocate in Paris. His deep learning and clear understanding were only equalled by his excellence and virtue. To him De Scuderi went, and told him all, in so far as she could do so without violating Olivier's secret. She expected that D'Andilly would enter at once into the cause of the innocent, but in this her hopes were bitterly disappointed; he heard all with calmness, and then replied to her, with a smile, in the words of Boileau—

"Le vrai peut quelque fois n'être pas vraisemblable."

He pointed out to her that the most striking circumstances of the affair still spoke against Olivier, and that *La Regny's* proceedings could in no wise be accounted cruel or overhasty, but were, on the contrary, quite according to law—that, in fact, he could not act otherwise than he had done without violating his duties as a judge. He, D'Andilly himself, did not expect, even by the ablest defence he could make, to save Olivier from the torture. Brusson alone could do that, either by making a full confession, or at least by giving an exact account of the circumstances attending *Cardillac's* murder, which might then, perhaps, lead to further detection.

"Then I will throw myself at the king's feet, and ask for mercy!" cried De Scuderi, quite distracted, her voice half choked with her tears.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, do not that, *Ma'amselle*," cried D'Andilly. Reserve this last resource, which, if it once failed, your cause were entirely lost! The king will never bring upon himself the bitter reproaches of an endangered people by pardoning an offender of this description. It is possible that Brusson, either by the disclosure of his secret, or by some other means, may clear himself of these suspicions which so strongly affect him, and then will be the time to appeal to the king, who will not ask what has been or what has not been proved before the court, but will call his own inward convictions to his counsel."

De Scuderi found herself obliged to submit to the greater experience of D'Andilly, but she returned home in very low spirits. She was sitting in her chamber that evening at a late hour, thinking and thinking what in the name of the Virgin and all the saints she could do to save the unfortunate Brusson, when *Martiniere* entered to announce

that Count de Miossen, Colonel of the Royal guards, was urgently desirous to speak to Mademoiselle.

"You will pardon me, Ma'amselle, said De Miossen, bowing low, as he entered, with a soldier's grace, "that I have troubled you with a visit at so unseasonable an hour; but we, soldiers, cannot choose our time, and, in two words, I hope to excuse myself—Olivier Brusson brings me to you—"

De Scuderi, her whole soul aroused to hear what was now coming, exclaimed—

"Olivier Brusson?—that most unfortunate of men! what have you to do with him?"

"I thought," returned De Miossen, with a smile, "that the name of your protégée would be enough to procure me an indulgent ear. The whole world is convinced of Brusson's guilt; I know you hold a different opinion, supported solely, as people say, upon the assertions of the accused. With me, however, the case is different. Nobody should be better convinced than I of Brusson's innocence of the murder of Cardillac."

"Speak—oh, speak!" exclaimed De Scuderi, while her eyes sparkled with joy.

"I, myself, it was," said Miossen, with great emphasis, "who stabbed the old goldsmith in the street St. Honore, near your house!"

"In the name of all the saints, you? What!—You?" cried De Scuderi.

"Yes, Ma'amselle," resumed Miossen; "and I tell you, moreover, that I glory in the deed. Know that it was Cardillac—accomplished monster that he was—it was Cardillac who committed those midnight robberies and murders, and who for so long a time escaped detection. I know not, myself, how it was that suspicions rose in my mind, when the old villain asked me, with such evident anxiety—as he brought me home some trinkets I had bought from him—when he made such minute inquiries for whom I intended them, and afterwards went to work so cunningly with my servant, to find out the exact hour that I was in the habit of visiting a certain lady. It had long struck me as remarkable, that all the wretched victims of this most atrocious plunder-spirit had but the one distinct wound, and it was therefore clear that the assassin was well practised and expert at this one stab, which must cause instant death, and that on this one stab he reckoned. Should this fail, the combat would be equal. This made me adopt a measure, so simple in its nature, that I only wonder others did not think of it long before, and rid the world and themselves of the monster. I wore a light coralet beneath my waistcoat. Cardillac attacked me from behind; he gripped me with giant strength, but the well-directed weapon slipped harmlessly over the coat of mail. In the same instant, I turned round upon him, and plunged the dagger, which I had held in readiness, into his breast.

"And you held your tongue concerning all this?" exclaimed the astonished De Scuderi; "you did not report to the magistrates what had happened?"

"Allow me to say, Ma'amselle," returned De Miossen, "that such a report as that, if it did not ruin me entirely, would at least have involved me in a most abominable trial. Do you suppose that La

Regny, who is for ever on the scent after crimes, would have at all believed me, if I accused the upright Cardillac—that pattern of every virtue and goodness!—of being an accomplished assassin? How if the sword of justice had turned upon myself?”

“Oh, that were impossible,” replied De Scuderi; “your birth, your rank—”

“Oh,” returned Miossen, “remember the Marshal de Luxembourg, whom the whim of having *Le Sage* to fix his horoscope brought to the Bastille on suspicion of poison murder! No, by St. Denis, Ma’am-selle, not one hour’s freedom—not even the tip of my ear, would I expose to the blustering La Regny who would only be too glad to clap a knife to all our throats.”

“But, by acting thus, you must inevitably bring the innocent Brusson to the scaffold,” said De Scuderi.

“Innocent, Ma’am-selle! how?—innocent!” repeated the Count, indignantly—“Do you then call Cardillac’s reprobate accomplice innocent?—who assisted him at every murder, and deserves death a hundred times! No, truly; he ought to die; and my sole reason for revealing these true circumstances of the case to you, is, in the belief that you could, without betraying me into the hands of justice, yet make use of my secret in some way to the advantage of your protégée.”

Glad to the heart to find her own convictions of Brusson’s innocence so completely ratified, De Scuderi considered any further ceremony useless, the Count being already acquainted with the guilt of Cardillac; she therefore disclosed every circumstance to her amazed auditor, whom then she begged to accompany her to D’Andilly. To him, under the seal of secrecy, all was told, and De Scuderi entreated his counsel as to what she ought next to do.

“D’Andilly, after hearing all that Ma’am-selle had to tell him, made himself still more minutely acquainted with every particular. He especially asked Count Miossen whether he was perfectly convinced that it was Cardillac who attacked him, and whether he could identify Olivier Brusson as the person who had carried away the body.

“Besides that the moonlight enabled me clearly to distinguish the features of the goldsmith,” said the Count, “I have likewise seen with La Regny the dagger with which Cardillac was slain; it is my own, remarkable for the chaste workmanship of the ornamented handle. And as for Brusson, I was standing within a few paces of the youth, whose hat had fallen off—I should know him again, without a doubt.”

D’Andilly looked down thoughtfully, and was silent for some minutes; then said—

“In my ordinary way, Brusson’s case is quite hopeless. For Madeline’s sake he will not accuse Cardillac, and even were he to accuse him, and, by the discovery of the secret passage and the secret hoard, convict Cardillac of being a murderer, still, he himself would be accounted as his accomplice, and on this ground he would be condemned to suffer death. The same rule would hold were Count Miossen to declare the circumstances of his adventure with the goldsmith. Delay is all we have to look to. Count Miossen must go to the Conciergerie, and there demand to see Brusson, whom he should declare to be the person that bore off the body of Cardillac. Let him then go at once to La Regny, and say: ‘I saw a man poniarded in

the Street de St. Honore; I was standing close beside the body, when another man rushed forward, stooped over it, and finding that life was not yet quite extinct, he lifted it on his shoulders, and carried it away. In Olivier Brusson I recognize this person.' This will produce a further trial. Brusson is brought forward and confronted with Count Miossen; enough—the torture is still left unapplied, and new investigation is made. Now comes the time for application to the King. To your wisdom, Mademoiselle, must be entrusted the most prudent mode of doing this. For my own part, my opinion is, that it would be best to reveal the whole secret to the King. This deposition of Count Miossen supports what Brusson has confessed, and an investigation of Cardillac's house will confirm it still further. Our hopes for Brusson must rest on no verdict, but on the King's exercising his royal prerogative, that where justice must punish—mercy may yet spare."

Count Miossen exactly followed the counsel of D'Andilly, and every thing turned out just as the latter had foretold.

And now came the time when the appeal must be made to the King. This was the most difficult part; for he entertained so great an abhorrence against Brusson, whom he regarded as the sole monster who had so long kept all Paris in a state of anxiety and terror, that he flew into a violent passion if a word on the subject of the trial were even whispered in his hearing. Maintenon, adhering to her plan, never to speak on disagreeable subjects to the King, would not interfere; and thus the fate of Brusson was thrown entirely into the hands of De Scuderi. After long deliberation, she hit upon a project, which she hastened at once to put into execution. She dressed herself in a long robe of gorgeous black silk, put on the splendid ornaments of Cardillac, and, thus arrayed, presented herself in the apartments of Maintenon, at a time when she was sure of the King being there. The noble form of the venerable lady had about it a degree of majesty which must awake the respect even of those idlers who were in the habit of trifling away their worthless existence in the royal anti-chambers. All made instant way as she appeared; and the King himself stood up as she entered the presence chamber; and advanced to meet her in the greatest astonishment, as the brilliant diamonds in the necklace and bracelets flashed upon his eye.

"Cardillac's jewels, by heaven!" he exclaimed. Then turning to Maintenon, he added, with an agreeable smile—"See, my lady Marchioness, how our lovely bride is mourning for her bridegroom!"

"Oh, my gracious Sire," said De Scuderi, as if entering into his joke; "how were it befitting a sorrowing bride, thus dazzlingly to adorn herself? No, I have quite renounced this goldsmith; and would even cease to think of him at all, did not the horrible image of his being murdered close to my own door, pass before my mind so continually!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the King, "you saw him, then, the poor devil?"

De Scuderi now related to him—in as few words as possible, and without as yet mingling up Olivier's name in her story—how accident had brought her that day before Cardillac's door, just at the moment when the murder was discovered. She described Madeline's wild grief; the deep impressions which the heavenly creature had made

upon her, and how she had rescued the poor child out of the hands of De Gray, amidst the cheers and blessings of the mob.

With increasing energy De Scuderi went on to relate the scene with La Regny, with De Gray, and lastly, with Brusson himself. The King hurried away by the eloquence and animation of her words, perceived not that Brusson's detested trial was her theme; he listened with mute attention, only now and then giving vent to his emotion by a loud exclamation. Before he could prevent her, all bewildered as he was by the wonders he had been hearing, and unable yet to form the whole in his thoughts, De Scuderi was at his feet, imploring his mercy for Olivier Brusson!

"What are you about, Ma'amselle!" cried the King, quickly offering both his hands to raise De Scuderi, and compelling her to be seated. "You surprise me to a strange degree! This is indeed a frightful history! but who is to vouch for the truth of Brusson's marvellous tale?"

"Miossen's deposition! An investigation of Cardillac's house! Inward conviction! And, ah! Madeline's virtuous heart—which found its response in the virtues of Brusson!"

This replied De Scuderi to the King; who was about to make some remark, when a movement at the door caused him to turn round, and Louvois, who had been writing in the other room, looked in with an anxious countenance. The King rose up, and followed Louvois out of the apartment.

Both De Scuderi and Maintenon held this interruption as dangerous; since the King, once surprised, might guard himself against a similar event happening again. But after a few minutes he returned, walked quickly up and down the room once or twice, and then, suddenly stopping opposite De Scuderi—his hands clasped behind his back—he said to her in a low murmur, and without raising his eyes to her face:—

"I should much like to see your Madeline."

Upon which she cried:—

"Oh, my gracious sire, what favour, what high honour you confer upon the poor, unhappy child; ah! a hint from you is all that is needed to see the little one at your feet!"

She tripped away as quickly as her gorgeous attire would allow her, and called aloud from the door, that the King desired to see Madeline Cardillac, and then she came back, crying and sobbing with rapture and emotion. De Scuderi had anticipated this favour, and had brought Madeline along with her, and the latter was now waiting with the Marchioness's woman in another room, holding a short petition in her hand which D'Andilly had prepared for her. In a few moments she was at the feet of the King; anxiety, alarm, shy reverence, love and grief, were all pictured on her countenance, and sent the blood quicker and faster through all her veins; her cheeks glowed with a rich purple, her eyes were filled with pearly tears, which now and then rolled down, through the silken eyelashes, upon her lovely bosom.

The King appeared surprised at the angelic beauty of the maiden; he raised her gently, then made a motion as if to kiss the hand he held, but, dropping it again, he gazed on the fair creature with a

moistened eye, which told the inward emotions of his soul. Maintenon whispered softly to De Scuderi—

“Does she not resemble La Vallière to a hair, dear creature; the King is revelling in the sweetest recollections!—your suit is won.”

Softly as Maintenon had spoken, the King appeared to have heard her words, a blush crossed his cheek, and his eye glanced towards the Marchioness for a moment; he then read the petition which Madeline had presented to him, and said, with a mild and benignant air—

“I can well believe that thou, dear child, art perfectly convinced of thy lover’s innocence, but we will learn what the *Chambre Ardente* have got to say on this subject.”

With a gentle movement of the hand, he signed to the maiden to withdraw; her eyes were filled with tears. De Scuderi perceived, to her terror, that the remembrance of La Vallière, advantageous as it had at first appeared, had altered the King’s purpose the moment that Maintenon had pronounced her name. It might have been that he had felt himself too urgently reminded that he was about to sacrifice strict justice to beauty, or, perhaps, it had been with him as with the dreamer, who, awaked too quickly, finds the beautiful fairy forms which he had sought to grasp, suddenly vanish from before him; perhaps he now no longer saw his Vallière before him, but thought only on la Sœur Louise de la Misericorde, (La Vallière’s cloister name among the Carmelite nuns) who had grieved him with her sanctity and penances. There was now nothing further to be done but patiently to await the King’s decision.

The deposition of Count Miossen before the *Chambre Ardente* became known, meantime, to the public, and as people are always apt to run from one extreme to another, so now, he who was before condemned as the vilest of reprobates, and whom they had even threatened to tear in pieces before he reached the scaffold, they now bewailed as the innocent victim of a barbarous and inhuman sentence. The people of the neighbourhood now first remembered his many virtues, his great love for Madeline, and the fidelity, nay, the devotion, soul and body, which he always shewed to Cardillac; large crowds constantly assembled before the palace of La Regny, threatening him, and shouting—

“Give us Olivier Brusson! he is innocent!”

They even threw stones at his windows, so that he was compelled to seek refuge with the *Marechaussee* from the fury of the enraged populace.

Several days passed without De Scuderi hearing a word of how Olivier Brusson’s trial was going on. Quite miserable, she betook herself to Maintenon, who assured her, however, that the King had been quite silent on the subject, and that she thought it unadvisable to remind him of it; but when she asked her with a significant smile, what was the little Vallière about, de Scuderi saw at once that in the bottom of her soul this proud woman was vexed at an affair which might lure the too susceptible King into an amour, the magic of which she might not be able to dissolve. From her, therefore, there was nothing to hope.

At last, with D’Andilly’s assistance, De Scuderi succeeded in finding out that the King had had a long private conference with Count Miossen; farther, that Bontems, the King’s confidential servant and

agent, had been in the Conciergerie, and spoken with Brusson; and lastly, that this same Bontems, with several others, had been one night in Cardillac's house, where they had made a long stay. Claude Patru, the tenant of the lower story, declared that the whole night through there had been a bustle over his head, and that Olivier was certainly there, for he had heard his voice. So much, therefore, was certain, that the King was examining into the true circumstances of the case: but the long delay of the sentence appeared unaccountable. It might be that La Regny was straining every nerve to hold fast between his teeth the prize he was in danger of losing. This thought destroyed her every hope in the bud.

Nearly a month was gone by, when Maintenon sent to De Scuderi, to say that the King wished to see her that night in her (Maintenon's) chamber.

De Scuderi's heart beat high; she knew that Brusson's affair would now be decided, and she said so to poor Madeline, who prayed heartily to the Virgin and all the saints, that they would only awaken in the breast of the King a conviction of Olivier's innocence.

And yet, it would appear that the King had forgotten the whole matter, for, willing away the time as usual with Maintenon and De Scuderi, he did not allude, even by a single syllable, to poor Brusson. At last Bontems appeared, approached the King, and spoke to him some words in so low a tone that neither lady could catch what he said. De Scuderi trembled with agitation. The King then stood up, walked over to her, and, with a beaming countenance, he said—

"I give you joy, Mademoiselle!—your protégée, Olivier Brusson, is free!"

De Scuderi, the tears starting to her eyes, all powerless to utter a word, would have fallen at his feet, but he prevented her.

"Go, go, Mademoiselle," said he, laughing. "We ought to make you our parliament advocate, and get you to fight out our causes, for, by the holy St. Denis! no man on earth could withstand your eloquence. Though, of a truth," he added, in a graver tone, "he whom virtue herself takes under her protection may hold himself safe from every false accusation, and need not tremble before the *Chambre Ardente*, or any other court of justice in the world."

De Scuderi now found words to express her glowing gratitude, but the King interrupted her, to say, that in her own house there were still more fervent thanks awaiting her than he could demand from her, for, very probably, at this moment the happy Olivier was in the embrace of his Madeline.

"Bontems," he added, "shall pay into your hands the sum of one thousand Louis, which you will give, in my name, to the little one, as her bridal portion. Let her marry her Brusson—(albeit, he deserves no such good luck)—and then let them both leave Paris immediately. Such is my pleasure.

When De Scuderi arrived at home, Martiniere came running to meet her, followed by Baptiste, both their faces beaming with joy, both exulting, and exclaiming—

"He is free! he is free!—oh, the darling young couple!"

The happy pair threw themselves at De Scuderi's feet as she entered.

"Oh, I knew," cried Madeline—"I knew that you, and only you, could give me back my husband."

"Ah!" rejoined Olivier, while both Madeline and he kissed the hand of the worthy lady, "my faith in you, my more than mother, never swerved for a moment, but still stood firmly in my soul."

Again and again the lovers embraced one another: they protested that the heavenly rapture of the present moment far outweighed all the sufferings of the past, and vowed that nought but death should ever part them.

After a few days their marriage took place, and they prepared to leave Paris. Had it even not been the pleasure of the King that they should depart, Brusson could not have remained in a place where everything reminded him of the crimes of Cardillac, and where accident might, at any moment, betray the fatal secret which must destroy for ever all the peace of their lives. They withdrew, therefore, to Geneva, immediately after their wedding, followed by the blessings of De Scuderi. Endowed with a competence by the King's bounty to his Madeline, and gifted with rare and unequalled talent in his profession, Olivier enjoyed a happy and peaceable life in Geneva; and in him were fulfilled all those hopes, the failure of which had brought his father to the grave.

One year had passed since the departure of Brusson, when a proclamation appeared, signed by Harloy de Chauvalon, Archbishop of Paris, and by the Parliaments' Advocate, Pierre Arnaud d'Andilly, to the effect that "a penitent sinner had handed over to the Church (under the seal of confession) an immense hoard of jewels and trinkets which he had obtained by robbery. Any one from whom such had been stolen, up to, perhaps, the close of the year 1680, was desired to give notice of the same to d'Andilly; and if any of the recovered treasure was found to correspond with their description of what they had lost, the same should be restored to them forthwith." Many, whose names had been found on Cardillac's list, not as assassinated, but as merely stunned by a blow, announced themselves to the Parliaments' Advocate, and, to their no small astonishment, received back the jewels which they had lost. The remainder devolved to the church of St. Eustatius.

ROMANISM IN CANADA.

A VISIT TO THE CROSS OF ST. HILARE MOUNTAINS.

BY A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

It is impossible for an individual who has never visited that part of the province of United Canada, formerly known as Lower Canada, to form any adequate idea of the prominent position which Roman Catholicism holds there, especially in the cities of Montreal and Quebec, where it can only be exceeded in Rome itself. Indeed, from its continental origin, having been planted in this colony by the first settlers from Old France, it differs altogether from any exhibition of Romanism which I have witnessed in Ireland or elsewhere, except in some of the cities of continental Europe.

The ordinary dress of the Priests in the public streets—the festivals of the Church ostentatiously announced—and the startling transactions which sometimes take place—all strike the mind with uncommon force. The population of Montreal at the present time is nearly three-fourths Papists, the large proportion of these being French Canadians. The French Cathedral, the most prominent object seen in approaching the city, is computed to hold ten thousand persons; and besides this there are several other large churches, several nunneries and convents, with a cathedral in course of erection for the Irish population, that bids fair to rival the one used particularly for the French. No means of attraction to the public services are left untried. In the public papers of the present time of my writing it is announced that “At the Parish Church, on Sunday next, Signor Antonino, just arrived from Italy, will sing an Ave Maria of his own composition;” and in the very next paragraph there is a formal advertisement of the Signor’s arrival and intention to give concerts in the course of the week. Their own organ, the “*Melanges Religieux*” of June 24, 1845, contains the announcement of the translation of the relics of St. Zotique, which had taken place the preceding Sabbath. These relics had been brought over from Rome by one of the Vicars-general; they were enclosed in chrystal phials, and, to give effect to the ceremony, were deposited in an effigy made of wax, the size of life—which many of the poor Canadians believe to be the real body of the saint; of this I have had sufficient proof. The translation of these relics was witnessed by an immense crowd, and the nummeries of the Holy Coat at Tréves were nearly equalled in this city in the case of the relics of St. Zotique. A similar occurrence took place last year, so that two churches are furnished with these relics, and the votaries of this superstition seek to bring some part of their clothing in contact with the case which contains them, supposing that some holy virtue will be communicated there.

But the great festival of the year is that of Corpus Christi, or Fete Dieu. Both here and at Quebec the ceremony is rendered as imposing as possible, and it is not a little singular that the procession at the latter place this year took place on the day preceding the first great fire. On these occasions, the streets through which the procession passes are lined with trees: the procession itself is preceded by several young

children *dressed to represent angels—they have flaxen wigs, and wings between their shoulders*; they are dressed in white muslin and carry small flags. These are followed by a long procession of prelates and priests, monks and nuns, to which—(it is a matter of deep and proper regret to Protestants)—are sometimes added the regiments in garrison with their music and flags. The Host is carried under a most splendid canopy, and at Quebec the daring and impious priests of idolatry have fabricated a figure consisting chiefly of a large dazzling eye, which is termed ‘the Omniscient Eye;’ it is carried in an elevated position, and as the procession advances, a string is occasionally pulled, the Eye moves, and the infatuated people fall prostrate and worship!

I have but noticed these matters as introductory to my principal design, which is, to describe a visit paid last summer to the interesting scenery of St. Hilare mountain, which, alas! has also been desecrated, and made subservient to the interests of Romanism.

Sometimes, at the setting of the sun, from the city of Montreal, there may be observed, on the summit of a mountain in a south-west direction, distant twenty-five miles, what appears to be a large and brilliant star, blazing like a jewel—a most conspicuous and striking object, and one well calculated to carry out the designs of the priests on the minds of the unlettered Canadians. This is the Cross of St. Hilare, or, as it is sometimes called, Bel Œil Mountain—and to this place I must transport my indulgent reader.

It is not an ordinary eminence which has been selected whereupon to plant the abused ensign of Romish superstition and idolatry; it is a mountain which—like a rock in the ocean—stands isolated in the midst of a vast level plain, where, with two exceptions of a smaller class, called Boucherville mountain and Rougemont, the eye may wander for forty miles or more without discovering a perceptible undulation on the level surface: and on the highest peak of this mountain the Bishop of Nancy, on his visit to this province a few years ago, caused this cross to be erected at an expense of between four and five hundred pounds. The height of the mountain is 1400 feet—that of the cross itself 90 feet; the latter is covered with tin, and is an object which all might admire, were it not the insignia of a faith which lowers the standard of the Bible as a rule of conduct, and degrades its followers by leading them in blind and ignorant acquiescence to the will of an imperious priesthood. The road to the mountain, after crossing the magnificent river St. Lawrence, lies through the flat level country of which mention has been made. It is, of course, monotonous and uninteresting. Every few miles on the public roads, the traveller comes to a cross of wood, surrounded with a fence, and often inclosing a rude image of the Virgin in a hollow made in the wood of the cross and covered with glass; many of these crosses are decorated with rude carvings representing the crown of thorns, the nails, the hammer, the scourge, and the ladder, and in passing them the Canadians remove their hats or the blue toque usually worn.

After passing the village of Chambly, and crossing the river Rich-lieu, which expands here to a large sheet of water, and from which it becomes navigable to the St. Lawrence at Sorel, the way is for some distance tortuous and winding—the mountain appears very near, while some miles yet intervene, the height of the mountain and the very

level plain combining to favour this optical illusion. At length the immediate approach to the mountain is reached, and, on commencing the gradual ascent from the only side which is not absolutely precipitous, about half a mile brings the traveller to a small settlement, where there are houses and orchards and gardens, also a water privilege, and some mills. The water power is obtained from a lake on the mountain itself, of which, as a natural phenomenon, we shall have occasion afterwards to speak.

We now commence the ascent, and from this place the road must be travelled on foot. The real distance to the summit is forty-eight acres allowing twenty-eight acres to a mile; but, from the labour required in the ascent, the distance to the pedestrian appears much greater.

We leave, then, "*la place des moulins*"—the place of the mills, and take "*le chemin de la Croix*"—the road to the Cross. O, how differently does the same expression affect the truly Christian mind! here the way to the cross is really and truly separated from the narrow way which leads to eternal life. Almost immediately after leaving the mills, the walk becomes very interesting; the ascent is gradual at first, but after the first half mile there is a hollow in the mountain, dividing it into two sections, although scarcely discoverable from a distance. This hollow forms a lovely valley after the first ascent, and here the wooded region is more fully and more perfectly developed. I think nothing could surpass the beauty of the scenery at this part of our journey. The day was most oppressively hot; a Canadian summer's sun, and a cloudless sky, with the thermometer standing at 92° in the shade, rendered the leafy green of the grove more grateful. The exertion hitherto had been comparatively light, yet it was sufficiently exhausting; but now we enter an umbrageous path—wild flowers in abundance were blooming around us; a small rivulet accompanied the path, or crossed to the other side; its very ripple was a cooling sound, and the music of the birds, with the deep Sabbath-like stillness around, conspired to fill the mind with pleasurable emotions while physically refreshed with the grateful shade.

Suddenly, as we turned in the tortuous path, a small black cross on the roadside before us, with an inscription upon it, arrested our attention, and we hastened towards it. As I received the account afterwards, I may here anticipate by stating that the path from this place to the summit is laid out in conformity with a Romish manual of devotion bearing the same name, and is intended to designate the way to the cross in more than a mere literal sense; and there are thirteen of these smaller crosses at places called stations, each advancing by an inscription the progress of the Saviour's humiliation and sufferings, the large cross at the summit being suppositiously erected over the very sepulchre itself. The whole forms a path of pilgrimage, mingling allegory and reality, confounding faith and superstition, to which hundreds of devotees direct their steps; reminding one of the accounts of Eastern idolatrous practices, and, in truth, according to their system, purchasing for these infatuated people forty days' indulgence for performing their duties at each station and ascending to the cross.

As I felt deeply interested in the matter, I took down the inscriptions on the several crosses; they are as follows:—

Station the first—"J. C. condamne a mort"—(a literal copy)—Jesus Christ condemned to die. This inscription sufficiently indicated what we might expect to find inscribed upon the rest. The road here became considerably more steep and difficult, and although the trees were arching, grovelike, overhead, we occasionally obtained glimpses of forest beauties which it were difficult to describe.

At the second station the inscription was "J. C. charge de la croix"—Jesus Christ loaded with the cross. And still we toiled up the ascent, the very air loaded with balm, and with the stillness of death around us. The cross at the third station indicated "J. C. tombe sous la croix"—Jesus Christ falls under the cross. At the fourth, "J. C. rencontre sa mere"—Jesus Christ meets his mother.

At the fifth, "Simon porte la croix de J. C."—Simon bears the cross of Jesus Christ. Beyond this station, it will be seen that in several of the inscriptions, the simple narrative of the Evangelists' is grievously departed from, and the stores of tradition largely drawn upon, to excite the sympathy of devotees; for instance, at the sixth station it is recorded, "Une femme pieuse essueil la visage de J. C."—A pious woman wipes the face of Jesus Christ; and in the Manual of Devotion, to which reference has been made, it not only states that the Holy Virgin fell in a swoon, when she met with her Son, but that with reference to the pious female, Saint Veronica, whose act is recorded at the last named station, it is said, that as an encouragement and reward for the act, our blessed Lord *actually printed the features of his face miraculously* upon the linen thus employed!! No doubt some sanctuary has preserved this relic; but of that I have no certain knowledge.

The ascent from this part is very toilsome; the heavy rains have washed away the soil and earth from the rocks, and their broken and rugged surfaces supply the place of steps. The cross at station the seventh reads thus, "J. C. tombe une second fois"—Jesus Christ falls a second time. The eighth—"J. C. console les femmes pieuse"—Jesus Christ consoles the pious women. And the ninth, "J. C. tombe une troisieme fois"—Jesus Christ falls the third time. Where do the Evangelists supply these facts? Alas! tradition is the guide, and it also asserts that the Saviour never rose from this fall, but that he was carried from hence to Calvary.

A still steeper and more laborious ascent claims more vigorous exertion, rewarded occasionally with a momentary glance at a landscape of surpassing richness and beauty; but I will not here anticipate by description, the view from the summit of the hill. At the tenth station we read, "J. C. est depouille"—Jesus Christ is stripped; and at the eleventh, "J. C. est attache a la croix"—Jesus Christ is fastened to the cross. The summit is now almost gained—the grand cross appears in sight—its top and arms stayed by large rods of iron, invisible from below. The foliage divides; the trees are more widely scattered. Another station is at a very short distance, with this inscription (the twelfth)—"J. C. mourant sur la croix"—Jesus Christ dying upon the cross. We now emerge from the grove, and find only one more erection of the kind (the thirteenth); and it bears the most singular departure from the true narrative of Scripture. It declares, "J. C. est depose de la croix et remis a sa mere"—Jesus Christ is taken down from the cross, and given to his mother. Then on the side of the ear-

cophagus-like base of the large cross, the last black cross marks the last and fourteenth station—"J. C. est mis dans le sepulchre"—Jesus Christ is placed in the sepulchre. But what a position do we now occupy?—the very loftiest point in Canada. The peak of rock is of very uneven surface—free from trees—a giddy pinnacle where the mountain sinks perpendicular to its base, a depth of 1400 feet; and on this point is poised this striking object, which, from being covered with tin, can scarcely be looked upon for brightness.

Let the following description serve to convey some idea of the cross of the St. Hilaire mountain. The base of the cross is about sixteen feet square, and is used internally as a chapel, called "The chapel of the Holy Sepulchre." From this place there are facilities for ascending up the interior of the cross itself; the size affords ample accommodation for this, being six feet by four. There are triangular apertures in the sides, which can be opened to give light and air; and there are steps which lead to the top. I ascended from mere curiosity. The height, I have already noticed, is 90 feet; but whether the prospect be viewed from the base of the cross itself, or from its summit, it is almost impossible for language to convey even a faint idea of the vast landscape which spreads like a vast panorama on every hand, lost only in the dimness of an horizon almost indistinct from its very distance.

Looking towards the north, the mighty St. Lawrence looks like a silver thread, seen in all its windings and widenings—with which the distant Ottawa is seen distinctly at its junction. The island of Montreal, and the city, with its tin-roofed houses, and the huge towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame are plainly seen. The whole course of the mighty stream may be traced, as on a map, nearly as far as Trois Rivières. At the foot of the mountain runs the beautiful river Richelieu, already mentioned; this falls into the St. Lawrence at Sorel, and may be traced to its mouth. The shores of both rivers are dotted with innumerable white Canadian houses, and many churches, with glittering spires. Here also may be seen close at hand, the villages of St. Denis and St. Charles, which acquired a painful celebrity in the late unhappy rebellion; while, tracing the stream upward, we recognise Chambly-basin and village; thence on to St. John's, and the Isle aux Niox, until its waters are lost in those of Lake Champlain.

Towards the south and east, a wide extent of country terminates in the lofty peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont, United States; while intermediately is seen a large portion of the Eastern Townships of Canada—a district varied in the aspect of its scenery, and in thorough agricultural condition; then immediately near and around, the Canadian farms are marked out by fences in perfectly straight lines, looking like blocks of stone in a huge pile of masonry. This brings the eye to the foreground of the picture—to the mountain itself spread under our feet—the dense forests on its sides, with their various shades of green—the embosomed lake, reflecting surrounding objects like a mirror—and precipitous rocks, of every size and shape, form a whole, which, though so imperfectly described, is picturesque, beautiful, and sublime.*

* It is computed that from the cross the eye may reach forty-five miles in each direction; this will give a circumference of vision for this scene, of near 270 miles!

In descending the mountain, I determined to visit the lake so mysteriously situated upwards of five hundred feet above all the ordinary water-courses of the country, yet never failing in its supply. Our descent was accomplished with some little difficulty and fatigue, and we again reached the beautiful valley. After we had rested awhile, and refreshed ourselves from its clear stream, we turned off the path through a narrow sheep walk, where the bushes not only met over head, but almost prevented our progress. A few yards further, and we stood amidst gigantic forest trees—the ground being covered with thick layers of fallen and decayed leaves. We followed no particular path here; but our guide led us on, until suddenly we emerged on the very margin of the lake itself, with a bright pebbly beach. A more lovely sheet of water I never beheld; it must be nearly three miles in circumference—is clothed to the very edge with thick woods, and completely embosomed in surrounding hills. It evidently owes its formation to volcanic action, and may be supplied by streams from the surrounding hills, where for six months in the year the snow thickly accumulates, and as it melts, must pour a large quantity of water into this reservoir. Other theories might undoubtedly be found; but this satisfies those who reside here, and it satisfied me. During the summer months its waters get low, but it is never dry. From a well constructed sluice and channel, it supplies water-power for the mills of which I have before spoken; these are only at a short distance; and from the lake we followed the course of the stream through a beautiful natural grove, until we arrived at the place from which we commenced the ascent.

Let me now turn to the scenes connected with the completion and consecration of the cross. It had become an object of absorbing interest to the surrounding Catholic population in its erection; and no pains were spared in the preparations made, to give *eclat* to the ceremony, by calling to its aid all the gorgeous ceremonial which Rome so carefully employs, wherewith to fascinate and enthrall its votaries.

It was on the 6th of October, 1841, that the Roman Catholic Bishops of Nancy, Montreal, Kingston, and Sydime, set out from the residence of the seigneur, at Rouville, for the mountain. They were accompanied by an immense cavalcade—with more than fifty priests; and caleches, and conveyances of every description, conveying a vast multitude of people—the whole estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand persons. A raft was constructed on the lake, where the services commenced. The priests were dressed in their canonical robes; the bishops in their pontifical attire—the Bishop of Nancy wearing the mitre; and on the raft placed near the shore, the four bishops took their stand—the immense multitude arranging themselves on the shelving margin of the lake.

The Bishop of Nancy then delivered a discourse on the honour due to the cross; and, though he did disclaim the charge of offering worship to any image, he frequently, in the course of his address, pointed to the newly-erected symbol on the mount, and spoke of "*that adorable cross*." I was also informed that he made some remarkable allusions to the Lake of Gennezaret, while his position at the time certainly rendered his meaning liable to be misunderstood, if he had not an intention to deceive. He then called upon the assembled thousands to

shout simultaneously, "Vive la Croix—vive Jesus—vive Marie—le Canada toujours Catholique!" and when this was done, he announced that the four bishops were about to bless the whole assembly; the vast crowd kneeled down, and the bishops sung the episcopal benediction.

Then it was announced that the procession would set out for the summit of the mountain. The mountain echoed and reverberated with the tread of the mighty mass as they treaded the intricacies of the forest. At each of the crosses or stations they halted, singing, "Suivons sur la montagne saint," then the strophe of the "Stabat Mater," while the bishop blessed the several crosses, reciting the prayers in a loud tone of voice.

At the summit, another discourse was delivered by the same bishop, repeating also the psalm, "Levavi oculos meos," and then with a relic of the true cross (as it was stated) gave the benediction to the prostrate crowd.

On descending the mountain, the "Te Deum" was sung, amidst the arching vistas of the forest; and when at length the thanksgiving prayer was recited, the "Benedicamus Domini" was also sung; and with shouts of "Vive l'Eveque de Nancy, &c.—vive Jesus—vive Marie," the crowd gradually dispersed to their several habitations.

Such, then, was the pageant of consecration—well adapted to rivet more firmly the fetters of bondage in the minds of this simple but deluded people. And such is the Popery of Canada in the nineteenth century. I shall only add, that amongst several cases which came to my knowledge, the following was well authenticated by eye-witnesses. A poor woman of Quebec, 200 miles distant, made a vow, for the recovery of her child, that she would undertake a pilgrimage hither, on foot, with her child; which she also did, walking the whole distance, and carrying her child. After her arrival, for nine successive days she made the ascent to the cross, stopping and repeating prayers at the several stations on the road.

I shall end the account of my visit to this place, by stating that, with a few trifling exceptions, there are no regularly organized efforts made by Protestants to disperse the darkness of Popery in Canada, while there exists a feeling amongst many of the Romanists themselves, which, if cultivated, would lead to important openings for carrying out the great designs of our holy Reformation, and produce effects perhaps as striking as some that are now taking place on the continent of Europe! May the God of Israel hasten it in his time.

C.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 26, 1845.

Gleanings from the German.

SHEAF THE SECOND.

Jean Paul Richter.

I.—Reforms.

Reformers constantly forget, that in order to push forward the Hour-hand, it is only necessary to advance the Minute-hand—often-times only the Second-hand.

II.—Obscurity of Style.

He who hides his lack of thoughts, by wrapping them up in obscure language, imitates the cunning host, who serves his muddy beer in un-transparent vessels.

III.—Freedom.

“Freedom, where speakest thou thy divine words loudest?”

Not in the prosperity—not in the decline—of States, but in the yet cool May-time of their youth. Even so the bird singeth his sweetest lays on the leafless and budding branches of Spring: while amid the fruits of Autumn he sitteth mute and mournful upon the branches, and pineth away with longing for the Spring.

IV.—A Butterfly in a Church.

Let him fly, whether he flutter in the little Church or in the Temple of the ALL: he also is a preacher.

V.—Poetry.

Not only the Poet, but his work also, is *born*, and not made.

VI.—True Strength of Mind.

Mere strength to endure evil is not sufficient, we should also try to cast it off. Be like the Salamander, which not only endureth the fire, but extinguisheth it also. But be not like the Turk, who hath the strength to see his house burned with resignation; yet wanteth that higher strength—determination to save it.

VII.—The Resurrection.

Oftimes the Philosopher proveth without beautifying—the Poet oft-times doth the last, without the first—and oftener still the Theologian doth neither. Now, to lend a beauty to the doctrine of the Resurrection from the Dead, the latter might thus say—

“—Like the caterpillar man creepeth about upon the earth; then is he taken from the earth into the wooden pupa-case of the coffin; he reposeth there for a winter—bursteth at last the pupa-case in the Spring, and flutters forth out of the hard earth with new and uninjured beauty.”

VIII.—*Criticism.*

Criticism is like chemistry, it can coin gold, but can make none; to make gold requireth an alchemist like Shakspeare, or like the long-eared Midas, whom the alchemists deem one of themselves.

IX.—*Agèd Men.*

Verily, they are long shadows, and the sun of their evening lieth cold on the earth; but they all point towards the East.

X.—*The Heliotrope.*

Many flowers open themselves to the sun, yet but one followeth him always; be thou like the Heliotrope, O heart, not merely open to God, but a follower of him also.

XI.

Is our national fire gone out, and have the Vestals not been sufficiently watchful? Then, like the Romans, fetch it down again from the Sun—from the heavenly Muse-God.

XII.—*The Dryad and the Prince.*

"Fell not my sacred oak-forest, O, Prince!" said the Dryad, "or sore shall be thy punishment."

Nevertheless, he felled it. Many years after, he was compelled to lay his head upon the headsman's block, and he looked on it attentively, and exclaimed—"It is of oak!"

XIII.—*Reflection of Vesubius in the Sea.*

"See how, in the mirror of the Deep, the flames fly down to the stars, and red streams roll heavily around the mountain, and devour the beautiful gardens; yet we glide unscathed over the cool flames, and our images smile out of the burning waves!"

And I said, "Lo! thus the Muse reflects the heavy-sorrowing world in her eternal mirror; and the unhappy gaze into it, and the picture of sorrow gives joy even to them."

XIV.—*Wealth and Genius.*

Riches weigh more heavily upon Genius than poverty. Under gold mountains and thrones lie buried many spiritual giants. Fate does with the poet as we with singing-birds,—covers the cage with darkness until he sings the tune we require of him.

XV.—*Consolation for the Agèd.*

Be not disheartened, noble spirit of man, if thy powers become faint and dim when thy earthly body bends beneath the weight of years and grows pale and at last lies down.

Once during a summer's night the flowers all shimmered in the dew beneath the dazzling moon, each decked with silvery pearls. But as the morning drew near, the pearls grew dim and lost their sheen, for

the moon had waxed pale and gone down, and only cold tears now remained in the flowers.

But lo! the sun arose; the flowers shone again, and in them now sparkled diamonds instead of pearls, and decked the new morning.

For thee, too, O old man, a sun will yet arise, and illumine thy darkened dew-drops!

MARY MANSFIELD, OR IRELAND TEN YEARS SINCE.

(Continued from page 64.)

CHAPTER XII.

To Frederick Willoughby the person of Carroll was unknown, nor had he ever heard of such a man. The Whitefoot, on the other hand, was unacquainted with the appearance of Willoughby, but by the direction from which the horseman came, he conjectured that it was one of the party who had come to the glen in pursuit of him.

"Do anam agus do corp on diaoul," he fiercely exclaimed, as he turned abruptly round and faced his pursuer, "who are you, or why do you follow me this way? What have you to say to me at all, eh?"

Astonished, and a little provoked at the insolence of the man's language, tone, and manner, Willoughby stared at him for a moment, and was tempted to notice his rudeness, but after a moment's reflection he changed his purpose. There was nothing to be gained by entering into an angry altercation with a surly clown, he thought, and checked the hasty answer which was rising to his lips. And intent upon overtaking the parties whose tracks he believed he had so far discovered, he contented himself with inquiring of Carroll "had he seen a mule and cart pass by, accompanied by a little man and a large woman?"

The question was a very different one from any that Carroll had anticipated. Little did the Whitefoot suspect with what object the inquiry was made, and as little did it enter into the mind of Willoughby to imagine, that in the brawny sullen peasant before him, he beheld the man, whom of all men living, he desired most anxiously at that moment to have within his reach—the leader of the gang of incendiaries, the chief perpetrator of all the atrocities committed upon the friends he so much valued. But though quite unconscious how the question concerned himself, still it was not in Carroll's nature to give a respectful answer to any person, no matter how much his superior.

"Ayeh, go off about your business, young man," he said, "and don't be bothering me with your mules and your carts, and your little man, and your big woman. I have something else to think of besides minding every *shular* that passes the road, big or little, on mules or on horses either. You may follow your nose till you find them, for I know nothing about them, I'm sure."

Not choosing to lose more time with such an ill-mannered churl, Willoughby turned his horse's head and departed, contenting himself

with telling Carroll that he was the most uncivil, unmannerly scoundrel it had ever been his fortune to meet with.

"The devil's in you, how bad you are for civility," retorted the Whitefoot, scoffingly; "if you want it you may go to them that love you or fear you, and that's more than I do. Thank God I'm neither slave nor servant to any of your sort. Here's wishing a downfall to you all, ye tyrants, and that it may be speedy and bloody too; and here's the boy that isn't afeared to wish it, nor ashamed to tell it—whoop!"

With this and the like imprecations, Carroll continued to pour out the malignity of his nature, while Frederick Willoughby, neither hearing nor heeding him, set spurs to his horse, and, having hastily regained the road, hurried forward in the hope of overtaking the little brogue-maker and his family. In this hope, however, he was destined to be disappointed. Although he met many persons afterwards upon the road, of whom he made inquiries, which were answered in a more civil manner than they had been by the Whitefoot, he gained no information about the parties he was in quest of. All the passengers he met agreed in declaring that they had seen no persons answering the description which he gave, though several of those to whom he spoke, had come some miles that morning. After a long and fatiguing ride, Willoughby at length was forced to give up the pursuit, which had latterly been all but hopeless; and he retraced the long and weary way to his dwelling a drooping, dejected and disappointed man.

We return to the movements of the brogue-maker, whose disappearance in such an unaccountable manner, had disconcerted and destroyed the well laid plan of Willoughby and the police for the capture of the Whitefoot. When Paddy Murphy had parted from Willoughby at the farm-house door, upon the preceding night, he made as much haste back to his own dwelling as the darkness and difficulty of the way would permit; but a two or three month's residence in the bog had made him so familiar with its ways, that he found little difficulty in retracing his steps, and he arrived in safety at the front of his hovel; but here his good luck left him. An unexpected impediment lay in his way, as he attempted to enter his dwelling. It was no other than his mule's cart, which, after his departure with Willoughby, his wife, for purposes to be presently explained, had dragged up to the door, and had fastened down the pig within it with cords, in spite of the musical opposition of that interesting quadruped. Paddy was soon made sensible of the presence, first of the cart, by bringing his shins into a very disagreeable collision with its shafts, and then of the pig, by the furious squeaking of that animal, whose slumbers had been rudely disturbed by the shock.

"Never welcome you, what brought you there?" groaned Paddy; "the curse of the crows upon you, and upon them that put you in my way." So saying, he imparted to the snout of the grunter the hearty buffet which he would fain have bestowed upon his wife, if he dared. "Take that, and my curse," he continued, "and try if you like the taste of them together."

Stumbling over the shafts as well as he could, he limped his way into the centre of the cabin.

New indications of Alley's activity in his absence, here met the gaze

of the astonished little brogue-maker. A large turf fire burned upon the hearth, over which a pot was suspended. This was the first thing that struck him on his entrance; but he presently afterwards became aware that the body of Moran had been carried down from the loft, and now lay extended on the settle bed. The few implements, too, which the brogue-maker possessed, belonging to his trade, had been hastily gathered together, and packed up in a bundle, with some other articles easily moveable. Upon all sides of him he saw preparations making for a speedy departure; but why or wherefore he was utterly at a loss to conjecture. "What on earth is the meaning of this?" was the oft repeated expression of the brogue-maker's wonderment. He called his wife once and again; but no answer was returned, and she was nowhere to be seen. Wonder gave way to anger, and anger again was displaced by fear—a superstitious fear of remaining there in the dark silence of midnight, alone with a corpse.

"Where the divil are you, Alley?" cried he angrily; but then as fear got uppermost, "Holy angels be about us!" he exclaimed, casting a fearful glance at the object in the settle-bed, "what put the divil in my mouth at such a time?"

Concluding at last that Alley was engaged in making preparations for waking the corpse of her brother, and had gone forth to summon one or other of her neighbours to her assistance, in preparing the body for that ceremony, he took a desperate courage and seated himself beside the fire, casting every now and again a timid but searching look toward his still and silent companion in the settle-bed, whose proximity rendered the seat at the fire rather uncomfortable to Paddy's feelings. It was a ghastly sight to look on—that inanimate body—and rendered still ghastlier by the fitful and flickering blaze of the fire not long kindled; which, after shedding its restless and unsteady light upon the rigid form of Moran, with his pallid face and gory head-cloth, would suddenly subside into lurid darkness, concealing the dismal object, indeed, but giving the imagination scope to torture itself with an inner world of gloomy horrors. The hairs of the little brogue-maker's head bristled up, and stood on end—his frame trembled—the cold sweat stood upon his brow—his eyes stole round the cabin, in fearful expectation of some horrifying vision, and his ears were upon the stretch of agony for every sound. Sickened at last with the overpowering excitement of superstitious terror, he made a desperate effort to relieve his mind from the phantoms that were torturing him beyond endurance. "I'll think of something else," was Paddy's resolve; and the better to shake off the incubus of superstitious fears and fancies, he began to think aloud. Now Paddy, when undepressed by such terrors as had on this occasion seized fast hold of his imagination, was a free spoken blade, accustomed to embellish his discourse with a variety of oaths, curses, and similar ornaments, which, from inveterate custom, came spontaneously to his lips, whenever he opened them; neither was he very precise upon the score of honesty—his moral sentiments generally, indeed, being distinguished by a woful laxity of principle; for he was a bit of a rogue at bottom, and the roguery was in the habit of peeping out now and then. But upon the present occasion his conscience was kept alive by the uneasiness of his imagination: he had a kind of vague and undefined feeling, that it would be a very improper

thing, in the society in which he then was, to curse, or swear, or utter any word that might not have come out of the mouth of a saint. The conscience of a rough-living fellow gets marvellously tender, when fear has taken possession of his fancy, and especially if it be a fear of some supernatural appearance, such as now haunted the mind of the brogue-maker. Still inveterate habit is a very stubborn thing; and, in spite of a desperate determination to which he came, to be very precise in the language he used upon that night, and also from that night forth for ever after, an oath, or other objectionable expression, would every instant pop out undetected, until after it was uttered, and then startling the little man into a fever of apprehension.

"The sorrow may welcome you, Alley," such was the commencement of his soliloquy, "for putting that unlucky ould cart in my way; I'll be lame the rest of my life, by manes of it. There's a patch of my misfortunate shins, the size of a pair of soles that would answer for a ploughman's brogues, without the laste taste in life of skin on them. You are always doing something contrairy to me; the women are very contrairy things always, the divil a doubt of that—Holy Virgin forgive me; what makes me talk of the divil's name to night? I'll never mention it again, while I have breath in my body; it's unlucky, and a great shame."

Paddy gave a timid glance over at the settle-bed, but all was quiet there; and having mumbled a prayer or two, his courage revived: he drew a handful of silver coin from his pocket, and began to reckon it over.

"Twenty-two shillings," said Paddy; "bran new shillings—every one of them as bright as day—just for showing the jontleman the way across the bog; 'tis well for them that's living among the jontlemen—'tis their times that's in it. That's the aigest earned money ever I handled, barrin' the half-crown piece Biddy Hourahan, the Barrow-night's cook, once gev me, for telling a lie about who stole the turkies—he, he, he!—Holy angels pray for me! I'll never tell a lie again for man nor woman; 'tis too great a weight to have upon one's sowl entirely." Another glance at the settle-bed. "He's a raal jontleman, every inch of him, and none of your half sirs," continued Paddy, resuming his former train of thought. "Twenty-two silver shillings, and the horse into the bargain—that was a jink; a mighty purty cratur he is, as well as I could see him by the rish-light. 'Your horse has paid the debt of nature, Sir,' says I, and me looking *skow*-wise through the corner of my eye, at the baste all the time. Begor, I done him nate there, any how. I hope it isn't a sin in me to keep him though." Here he gave another side-long apprehensive glance at the company in the settle-bed; all was quiet there. "Isn't he my own horse?" said Paddy, stoutly; "did not the jontleman give him to me, hide and carcase, head and heels, mane and tail? He didn't know he was alive though, at the time he gave him; but what of that?—and I didn't tell him nayther—but that is nayther here nor there. Sure, after I had got the hide and carcase, head and heels, mane and tail, 'tis little good the breath that is in him could do the jontleman, and it was no great things to be talking about—and sure a bargain is a bargain; but the bridle and saddle, I have no call to them, anyhow; 'twould be a mane action to keep them from the jontleman, and he so good to me; but

how the divil—the saints be between us and harm, what's putting the divil in my mouth to night of all nights in the year?" Another uneasy glance at the settle-bed. "Sure there isn't any harm if I only borrow the bridle and saddle for a start. I'll return them upon the word of an honest man, and, sure, then there's no harm done. But wasn't he the soft fool to part with his fine horse so aisily, and he costing him a hundred gould guineas? or the skin—tut, tut, tut, *tut*, he doesn't value a hundred guineas any more than I'd value a hundred hog's bristles. Holy St. Popel if I get a hundred gould guineas for him, I'll be a made man for the rest of my days. I'll have a new coat to my back that the Duke of Leinster might ax me for a loan of, and he going to invite the Queen out to take a dance with him; and I'll get the tailor to put a fob in my breeches, that would hould a watch as big as a family tayıpot; and, sure, won't I have an iligant flitch of bacon up the chimblly in the kitchen, and a mortal clever four post bed in the parlour, that the Lord Lieutenant might fancy to take a stretch on, after he gets mass of a Sunday, if he felt himself fatigued a bit with putting the week's work over him; and I'll live all the rest of my life like the son of an Irish king. Divil box Punch if——Holy mother of mercy, am I at that misfortunate crathur's name again." The brogue-maker's eyes took another hasty and timid glance in the direction where the body lay, but all there appeared quiet as before; and having recovered from this last fit of ghostly terror, his thoughts again returned to the subject of his temporal interests. "Holy St. Porpoise!" ejaculated he, "'tis a cart load of money, no less, I expect that Alley and I will be getting from the jontleman, when the polis lay their claws on Bryan More to-morrow morning. But I wonder in the world if it's any sin to give Bryan More up to the Peelers?"

The glance which the brogue-maker now directed to the bed, rested upon a sight which sent every drop of blood in his veins recoiling upon his heart. To his unspeakable horror, he beheld the body of Moran suddenly to move, in a manner that left no doubt that it was not any illusion of fancy. Uttering a most piercing scream, the terrified brogue-maker fled from the fearful spectacle, and tumbling, he knew not how, over cart and pig, and every other impediment, he flew upon the wings of terror—he knew not, cared not whither—anywhere away from the haunted cabin.

The flight of the little man was not of long continuance; he found himself suddenly arrested by a powerful grasp laid on his arm.

"What's come over the man?" inquired the well-known voice of his better half, who, at the same time, gave him a hearty shake by way of collecting his scattered senses. "Stop screeching that way like a banshee, I tell you, and make me sensible what's the matter."

It was with a great deal to do, by dint of soothing, chiding, menacing, and shaking, that she succeeded in getting an intelligible answer to her many inquiries.

"Oh, Alley, jewel, I'll never do a ha'porth of good any more—the ghost——"

"Is that all," said Alley; "musha, what ghost, you fool?"

"The ghost of your brother, Jemmy Moran. He's onaisy—he was always an onaisy, unlucky bird, living or dead."

"He's no more a ghost then you are, Paddy," she replied. "He's

alive, Paddy—'tis a truth I'm telling; we thought he was dead, but sure it was only a kind of a swoon he was in."

"The never welcome him out of it—he made the heart jump out of my throat with the fair dint of fright. And he is not dead, after all, you say. Well there's no ho with you, Jemmy Moran!"

With these and such like exclamations, the little brogue-maker commented on the extraordinary intelligence conveyed to him by his better half, as they returned to the cabin door.

"He is alive, Paddy," she continued; "but it is not long he will be alive, if once the Peelers get a hould of him. Oh, Paddy, wasn't I the unfortunate woman for saying what I said last night. Step on Paud, avick; we haven't a minute to lose; we must quit this place without delay; that long-legged handsome fellow, will be down a top of us by the break of day, with all the police and the soldiers too—and all my own doing; murder, murder, to think of that. Hurry, Paddy darling, if ever you hurried in your life; we must be ten miles out of Seskin before the break of day, or we're ruined."

It did not require much persuasion to bring the brogue-maker to consent to the step which his wife proposed. He had little inducement for remaining in Seskin, and a reason for quitting it hastily with which his wife was not yet made acquainted. They entered the cabin and found the wounded man alive and sensible, but in a very weak state of body.

"To stir him," said Alice Murphy to her husband, "is next door to certain death, and it is certain death all out to keep him here. Oh that the tongue had been torn from the roof of my mouth, with red-hot irons, before it uttered the words that brought all this trouble upon us. But why do you stand staring there? stir yourself, Paddy, avick; yoke the mule, and put straw in the cart for this poor fellow to lie upon, while I get ready the last meal we shall ever eat in the glen of Seskin."

The brogue-maker perceived that she had brought a basket of potatoes along with her, from the little patch of garden beside the cabin; part of these she gave to the mule, and part she consigned to the pot upon the fire.

"I gathered them in the dark," she said; "groped them out of the ground with my hands, as the sack-em-ups grope the dead bodies out of their graves. But what is the matter with you now? or where are you going to take that rush-light?"

This question was addressed to the little brogue-maker, who, with his old hat held above the light, to shade it from the wind, was sallying out at the cabin door. He was going, he said, to look after Ramrod.

"And who is Ramrod?" was the inquiry of his wife.

"My horse, of coorse," answered the brogue-maker; "would you have a jontleman like me go away and lave my hunter afther me, and me afther giving my good hundred gowld guineas for him?"

"Arrah, be aisy, you *oinioch*," said Alley Murphy, angrily, "and don't be putting any of your *gastog* upon me. What horse are you talking about at all, at all?"

"The horse the jontleman lost, of coorse."

"Well, let the jontleman that lost him come and find him, if he's able; but we have something to mind that is of more consequence than

a hundred horses." But the brogue-maker was gone, before she had time to finish the sentence.

She had nearly completed her preparations for a hasty meal before their departure, when he re-entered the cabin, looking disappointed and crest-fallen.

"The never welcome you back," said Alley; "I thought you had cut your stick with that fine horse you talked of—where is he?"

"He's gone," said Paddy, sorrowfully, "and there's an end of it. The Duke of Leinster may dance with the Queen in his shirt sleeves, for all the coats I'll be able to lend him; and the Lord Lieutenant may stretch his old bones in the gutter, if he likes, for want of an aisy sate afther mass; and the tailor may keep his fob for a night-cap."

With a very disconsolate air the brogue-maker resumed his seat at the fire, taking little heed of his wife, who was bustling about the cabin, ransacking every corner of it, in an agony of hurry, fear, and impatience to get away.

"Do you mane to stay sitting there all night, till the polis come for you?" she inquired, in an angry tone; "get up out of that, I tell you."

"I won't," said Paddy, crossly.

"You won't," repeated the wife; "you will, you mane; sure I know you will when I coax you."

She approached him gently as she spoke; but the brogue-maker having sufficient experience of his wife's gentle coaxing ways, sprung nimbly enough off his seat, and retreated out of her reach to the window, through the fractures of whose panes the night air was intruding.

"Musha, larn to behave yourself, woman," he cried, "and pray the devil to let you alone. When you put that grin on you, I'd as soon see the face of ould Nick."

"All in good time, Paddy," remarked his loving spouse; "don't be impatient, avick; you'll see ould Nick's face time enough, my bucko."

"If it's coming for you, he'll be," retorted the brogue-maker, "I'd be delighted to see him this very minute."

"Look, look, he's there," cried the voice of Moran, wildly, as he raised himself feebly from his bed, and pointed to the window; and at the instant Paddy became sensible of a breath like a furnace at his shoulder. He turned hastily, and beheld a face larger than human, black as midnight, steaming intensely, and two huge hideous eyes, darting fire as they glared upon the consternation-stricken countenance of the brogue-maker.

The scream of Paddy Murphy was an echo of as wild a scream from his wife; but the wounded man, Moran, whose mind was cast in a firmer mould than that of the brogue-maker, had ascertained by this time what it was that had given his companions such alarm.

"'Tis nothing but a horse's head, covered with bog stuff; and ye are nothing but a pair of *omadauns*," he said, quietly.

It was indeed a horse, and no other than Willoughby's gallant grey, though at present transformed to a sooty black, from the effects of his immersion in the bog. He had contrived to scramble up out of the hole into which he had fallen, and had strayed to a little distance before the brogue-maker went to look after him; and hence that worthy found himself disappointed in his search. The light of the fire now attracted the animal to the window, through the breach of which he contrived

to thrust in his head, dripping with bog-water, and smoking from every pore. The brogue-maker at first was rather shy of approaching him ; the old proverb crossed his mind—'speak of the devil,' and so forth—it might be the sable monarch, still, he thought ; but having at last got over his fears, he recognized the creature.

"Hurroo, Moll Rhue !" he cried joyously ; "'tis Ramrod, and no mistake. By the capers of war, we'll have the watch after all, and as big as a family tayspot too."

The brogue-maker rubbed the horse down with some straw ; and much against the advice of his wife, insisted upon taking him off along with them.

"He was his own," he said, "hide and carcase, head and heels—a bargain was a bargain all the world over."

Little further delay was made ; the party quitted the glen, and had been gone several hours, and distant several miles, before Willoughby came to seek them in the morning, as already narrated in the preceding chapter ; and from that time to the time of which our story opens, no tidings had been heard of the fugitives from the glen of Seskin.

Winter had swept herself away in her own storms and floods, and gentle spring returned—yet no trace had been discovered of the incendiaries of Artrea notwithstanding all the exertions which Willoughby, and other friends of the Mansfields, made for their detection ; and the whole of the circumstances connected with that affair, remained as great a mystery as ever.

It was drawing towards the close of the month of March following the transactions above related, when a countryman presented himself one evening, at the door of a farm-house, belonging to a man named Kelly, who lived in the neighbourhood of Artrea. He was an elderly man, dressed in the costume which is generally adopted by the peasantry throughout a great part of southern Ireland. A large riding-coat of dark blue frize, with corduroy knee-breeches, and grey worsted stockings, formed the principal parts of his garments. He bore in his hand a stout walking stick, shod with iron, and had the appearance of having come a long distance. Having exchanged with the people of the house the usual salutations, the stranger entered, and inquired for the woman of the house, or *bean-na-teah*, as he called her. Mrs. Kelly, a stirring active dame of some five-and-forty years, came forward as the person answering to that title, and demanded what was his will. The man informed her that he was a stranger, travelling through that part of the country for the first time in his life, and begged to know if she could accommodate him with a night's lodging, for God's sake. Want of hospitality is not one of the faults common in Ireland, and any imputation of that kind, is considered, even among the poorest of the peasantry there, to be a disgrace of the deepest dye—to them "stranger is a holy name." Mrs. Kelly, in answer to his request, told him—

"There was nothing to hinder him—he might, to be sure, get a night's lodging—there was plenty of straw in the barn, and the 'boys' blankets were wide enough for themselves and himself ; and there was the new winnowing sheet besides, that they might draw over their feet, if the night was cold." Then setting a chair in the chimney corner, she bade him sit down, telling him, at the same time, that "the *praties* were boiling, and he should have his supper directly."

The farmer shortly afterwards made his appearance, accompanied by one of the "boys," as farm labourers are called in the country, without regard to their age—in this case the "boy" was at least thirty years old; and the farmer desired Peggy, the stout servant girl, who was straining off the water from a large pot of potatoes, to keep the other boy, Paddy Flynn's supper for him, as he was gone into Lisnagar, to get a shoe on the filly.

The table was set in the centre of the kitchen floor, a coarse but tolerably clean cloth spread over it; and on the middle of the table thus covered, the servant girl poured out the contents of the potatoe pot, from which she had just strained off the water—the "boy" stooping down and resting his arms, arched circularly, upon the table, so as to inclose the potatoes, when poured out, in the space between, and prevent any of them falling upon the floor—this he intended as a special mark of attention to Peggy, and she received it as such. The mistress of the house now produced large noggins, filled with thick milk; and every thing being ready, master and mistress, children and servants, including the stranger, took their seats around the table, and fell to work with a keenness of appetite which is often wanting when the repast consists of costlier and daintier viands. When supper was over, and the kitchen floor and hearth well swept, the farmer took his usual evening seat in the chimney corner, and lighted his pipe—almost the only luxury, except whiskey, which ever cheers the existence of the Irish peasant, or small farmer—a class removed but one step, and that a little one, above the condition of the mere peasant. The stranger was also invited to a seat at the fire-side; two of the children seated cross-legged on the hearth, were playing "shave the bald friar;" and the other members of the family were busy about the house in one way or other, occasionally stopping from their various avocations to listen to the discourse carried on between the farmer and his guest, and sometimes taking an active part in their conversation.

Mrs. Kelly, who inherited a daughter's portion of mother Eve's curiosity, took advantage of the first pause in the conversation to endeavour to lead it to a matter which she was longing to discover, and this was the particulars concerning the stranger himself. It did not accord with her notions of hospitality, or good manners, to ask the old man directly who he was, or whence he came, or what was his business there, but she sought to attain her purpose in a roundabout manner, and by many little ingenious devices, but with no great success, for the old man did not take the hint, or, if he perceived her wishes, did not feel inclined to gratify them.

"Lave off now,"—it was thus Mrs. Kelly played off one of her little manœuvres to attain her object—"lave off now," she said to her husband, "with your sub-soil ploughings and your thorough drainings, your go-on-new manure, and such outlandish newfangled divilments, that would make a dog sick to listen to them, and let the honest man go to his bed that's faint and weary with long travelling; I'll be bound you came a long way to-day, honest man?"

This was a feeler, but baffled like several others that preceded it, the stranger merely replying it was true for her, he did come a long way, sure enough.

"Twenty miles every perch of it, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Kelly.

"Every inch of it, bean-na-teah," replied the guest.

"And may be no great things of a road neither under your feet, poor man, though, for the matter of that, there's good roads in this country, and bad roads too; the Dublin road is a good road, but the A—— road is a mortal bad road: had you the good road or the bad road to travel?"

"Good, bad, and indifferent," was the answer.

"Twenty miles," repeated Mrs. Kelly, returning to the charge; "I will be bail it wasn't for a ha'porth of tobaccy you came all that way; 'twas something of consequence now that tuck you so far from home, I warrant."

This thrust the stranger parried by observing—

"Of coorse he thought it of consequence to himself, or he wouldn't be there, but it was a matter of no consequence to anybody else."

"Pils on it," thought Mrs. Kelly, "isn't he the close ould nagur, but I'll give him another chance for his life; 'tis a great convanience to the poor them caravans that's upon the road now," she remarked: "maybe, honest man, you got a lift in some of them, or some help of the kind, to put you over a piece of the road; twinty Irish miles is a murtherin' long walk for an ould man like you."

"Never a help myself got," answered the old man, "barrin' the help that poney gave me that the gossoon's riding there."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the farmer's eldest son, a well-grown boy, but with features indicative of a weak intellect, who, astride upon the old man's stick, was busily engaged capering up and down the kitchen, as if he was mounted on a high-spirited steed, that had a great inclination for prancing, which increased wonderfully when the rider perceived the old man taking notice of him.

"Come over here, Watty, and spake to the man, and give over your nonsinse," said the mother; "poor fellow, he's innocent a bit," she remarked, turning to the stranger.

"My iligant horse won't let me, mammy," replied the boy, capering as before, "don't you see he's aigir to be away afther the hounds; but tell me, Misther, what's the maning of them letters that's on the head of my horse, did you put them there, or did they grow there of themselves?" he pointed to the top of the stick, on which the letters were carved of which he spoke.

"No, avic," answered the old man, "they did not grow there of themselves, and I didn't put them there, for I'm not a scholar, God help me, but the schoolmaster of our parish chapel, far away, graved them there, and he tould me they were the knee-shells of my name, if you know what that is, for I don't."

"I know what a name is, anyhow," replied the boy, "everybody has a name or two, except the man in the moon, and as long as I know his face, I never heard his name yet, or whether he had any or no."

"And what's your own name, avic," inquired the old man.

"I'n not quite sartain of that yit," replied the boy, "Miss Mary Mansfield, the ministher's daughter, she calls me Walter Kelly, and my mammy calls me Watty, and the schoolmaster calls me Watty the dunderhead, and the boys about calls me Witty Watty, and betwixt them all I'm sometimes puzzled, but I love Miss Mary and my mammy best, and so I suppose my name is Walter Kelly, or Watty, or some-

thing that away, and what's your own name, misther, can you tell me that now? answer me that if you're able."

"My name," said the old man, reddening as he spoke, for he saw the quick eye of the mistress of the house fixed upon him; "my name is Peter Gaffney."

"Begor that's funny," said the boy, looking at the letters upon the head of the stick, "father, does a D and an M stand for Peter Gaffney?"

The farmer looked attentively at the old man, who seemed to be somewhat embarrassed, but, at the moment, a young countryman entering the kitchen, attracted the attention of the inmates.

"Here's Paddy Flynn," said the farmer; "Peggy, get the boy's supper—well, Paddy, you were a long time away, what kept you?"

"Waiting for the smith to shoe the filly," answered Paddy, "he was just going to strike in the first nail when the polis came and tuck him away to attend an inquest on Mr. B., the minister of Lisnagar, that was shot dead last night out fornint his own house. Murder by some persons unknown, the coroner's inquest says it is."

This piece of intelligence created a great sensation among the inmates of the farm house, many questions were asked as to all the particulars, and many comments made upon every fact, and guesses where facts were wanting.

"More power to their elbows that did it," said the old man, "that is another tithe-eater knocked off his roost."

"For shame," said the farmer sternly, "'tis bad work in the country, and I wonder how an old man like you, that must, in the course of nature, so soon have to meet his God, can talk so lightly of it; you ought to think of your soul, old man."

"Avoch," answered the old man, "that's all collywest; if a body never did a worse turn nor shooting a minister, 'tisn't much reason he'd have to be afeard for his soul, they're the ruination of the country, and the sooner they're all shot the better. See this now, aren't they heretics? answer me that if you please, aren't they the very pillars of the heretics' temple? and sure when the pillars fall the whole structure will come tumbling after it in coorse, and a speedy downfall to it, amen. The sooner they're shot the better, that's my idaya, and I'm not ashamed to own it."

"If you aren't ashamed," retorted the farmer, "you ought to be ashamed, that's all; hout, man, never talk to me about it; isn't murder forbidden? are you not to love your neighbour as yourself? and isn't a Protestant, or a minister even, though he differs from you in his religion, your neighbour for all that? and oughtn't you to love him, aye as yourself? Answer me that if you can; and isn't that a mighty quare way of showing your love to him to shoot him; something like Bully Egan with his sarvant woman, when he knocked out one of her eyes and three of her teeth, and then up and tould the judge that he only laid his hands gently on her."

"He isn't your neighbour."

"But I say he is your neighbour, and good neighbours too, some of them, and the best of neighbours; and I need not go farther to find such a one than Mr. Mansfield of Artrea, nigh hand to this place—a better neighbour, or an honest man, or a kinder man, never broke

bread ; and as for his daughter, if ever an angel walked the airth in shoe-leather, she's one, though she is a Protestant mininster's daughter. If a poor man wanted seed to put in his patch of ground and hadn't the money to pay for it, and tould his tale to Henry Mansfield, that was the man that would not have it and see a poor neighbour want it. Maybe he had the grain, and if he had not the grain maybe he had the money, and if he had neither the one nor the other, he was sure to have the kind word at any rate, and even that was a comfort to the heart of many a poor man when it was low. And what was the consequence ? A gang of villians came upon him one night last October, that left him neither rick nor rafter, neither grain nor straw, nor money neither ; strangers they were, of course, for 'tis them villians of strangers going through the country, talking the evil talk and doing the evil deed, that's the ruination of the country, and 'tisin't the Protestant ministers. They left him and his sweet child of a daughter without a bit to eat or a roof to shelter them, and it wasn't their faults that they left them even the breath of life—'tisin't them villians they have to thank for it, but God, and the polis, and Tom Kennedy the miller below at the water-side yonder, that saved them out of the flames. I was out of the country at the time, away at Waterford with the little bit of butter, and there's no use in making a boast now of what I might have done had I been to the fore ; but I'll say this, that as long as I have a sack of oats to grind—and that may be long or it may be short, for the poor find it hard to live, and a struggling man with a family of small children has no easy job to pay rint and taxes and keep his head above water—but as long as I have a sack of oats to grind, and Tom Kennedy keeps a mill, he's the man that shall grind it. Well, what has come of it in the long run ?—the mininster and his darlint of a daughter are living in a smaller house and on a smaller bit ; but who is the chief sufferers afther all ? Isn't it the poor, that they can't relieve now as they used to do formerly ?—not that they wouldn't be as ready nor have the heart to relieve the poor as much as ever, for the mininster and his daughter's hearts is made of that sort of stuff that isn't aisily wearied with doing the kind turn ; but they haven't the mains now—they haven't the mains, and more's the pity ; their oats and their hay, and their house and their stable, were burned to the ground in one night—but I'm telling you ould news, and maybe you know a great deal more yourself nor what I do about the burning of Mr. Mansfield's place ?”

“ Who ! me ?” said the old man, who had been listening with an air of great contempt to much of what had fallen from the honest farmer, until the last observation appeared to produce in him some little embarrassment and confusion.

“ What could I know about it,” he said, “ or hear about it either, that lives a hundred miles away, and never set my foot over the bounds of your county before yesterday morning.”

This last saying of the stranger was answered abruptly by Paddy Flynn, the labourer, who, seated at one side of the kitchen at his supper, leant an attentive ear to the conversation between his master and the stranger, and now interrupted the latter.

“ That's not the truth,” said Paddy Flynn, striking the table emphatically with his clenched hand, “ that's not the truth.”

"What's not the truth," inquired his master.

"Peter Gaffney, if that be his name," answered Paddy, "is after saying, he never crossed inside the bounds of this county before yesterday morning. Now I was born in this county, and bred in this county, and I never set the sole of my foot on a sod of any other county in Ireland, and yet I could take my book oath on the holy Evangelists, that I seen Peter Gaffney's face before this night, and it was'n't by stretching my neck over the bounds of the county neither, that's a fact."

"You're mistaken, young man," replied the stranger, reddening, angrily, "I never was in this county before, and I don't care if I never should be in it again."

"Maybe the county would have no great loss of you," answered Flynn, carelessly.

Without deigning to take any notice of Flynn, nor of his last observation, the stranger wished the mistress of the house good night, and, accompanied by Watty with a light, went to his bed in the barn.

The following morning, when the farmer's family were assembled around the huge table-full of smoking potatoes at their breakfast, the mistress of the house looked round for Watty, but he had failed to make his appearance. To her inquiries she was answered by some of the younger children, that he had gone out an hour before with the stranger.

"I don't think a great deal of that old man," said the farmer; from what he said last night I'm afeard he is a bad member, and I am sorry Watty is in his company."

"I don't like him either," said Mrs. Kelly; "I never met so close an ould screw in all my born days. I was at him for hours, trying to larn where he come from or what brought him here at all, at all; but the never a word I could drag out of his ugly old jaw if it was to be the saving of my life. He isn't any great things, I'm sure, or he wouldn't be so secret."

"And I am certain," said Paddy Flynn, "that he knows more about these parts nor what he lets on for to know. I couldn't bring it into my mind last night where it was that I se'ed him before, but I remember it now, as clear as the day, it was no where else but at Artreá, the night of the minishter's burning."

In the meantime the old man, who had induced Watty to accompany him by the promise of shewing him a blackbird's nest in the fields, proceeded to a distance of about three miles across the country until he came within view of a cottage seated upon a bank not farther away than the length of a few small fields. It was a neat habitation, though very small, and exhibited marks of a recent attempt at embellishment; a couple of young jasmines had been lately trained to the front, a few monthly roses planted, and some small plots for flowers laid out with taste and neatness. This cottage was now the abode of Mr. Mansfield's little family. The keenness of Watty's appetite kept him perfectly conscious of the fact that he had not had his breakfast, and it was not without some trouble and coaxing that the old man succeeded in bringing him so far from home. This he effected chiefly by assuring him at every hedge they reached that the nest was either in that or the next, and by telling him the number of the eggs, and of what a beautiful green colour they were. Here at last the stranger stopped at the side of a small rivulet, running by the foot of the bank upon which the

cottage was seated, and having waited until Watty came up, who was lagging a little way behind, asked if he knew who lived there.

"Ah, Peter Gaffney," said the boy, "that's where Miss Mary, the darlint, lives now, sure enough; and the ould Minister himself, too, and Pompey, the big dog, and the little black cat, and Kitty Walsh, and all of them."

"Does anybody else live there," inquired the old man.

"Sure enough there do," answered the boy, "the minister's ould pony; he's very quiet, and don't kick."

"Is there not an ould woman there that they call Norah Dermody," inquired the stranger.

"Oh, yes, that's true, cross ould Norah, I forgot her," said the boy; "but where's the blackbird's nest, now, and the eggs, tell me that."

"Well Watty," said the old man, "if you take a message for me to that same cross old Norah Dermody, I'll find the nest in this hedge before you come back. Now mind what I tell you, do avic, that's a good boy. Tell her there's an ould man here that has news for her from one she'd like to hear about; go now, and don't forget, and see what I'll have for you when you come back, five eggs as green as grass, and a young blackbird in every one of them, with the end of its bill peeping out through the shell ready to chirup up in your face, no less."

By these, and such like promises and cajoleries, Watty was persuaded to cross the brook and proceed to the cottage with the message from the stranger. He returned in about twenty minutes. Norah was sick and in bed and could not see anybody. The old man looked black at this piece of intelligence and hesitated for some moments.

"I have a bit of a scrape of a pen for her, and another for *another* man," he said at length, and began to rummage in his pockets, from whence he drew out, after some time, three pieces of soiled and crumpled paper, each of them folded up loosely into a small compass, and, in appearance, much resembling each other. The sight of three pieces, where he only expected two, seemed to puzzle the old man; he looked at them, spread them, and smoothed them out upon his knee; and it was evident he was unable to read and could not distinguish one of them from another.

"There's one," he muttered to himself, "for Norah Dermody, and there's one for Lawrence Doyle, but what's the other, I wonder." He seemed lost in doubt and perplexity, at length he started as if struck with a sudden thought—"I remember it now," he said to himself, "'tis the identical paper I picked up off the ground of Artrea, the night of the minister's burning, bad luck to him; but which is which I rayther than a crown piece I knew this minute." He handed one of the three at last to Watty, "can you read that," he asked.

"To be sure I can," was the answer.

"Well do, alanna, and tell me what's in it, for I'm in a sore way about it."

Watty looked at it, and turned it round, and looked at one corner, then at another—"There's a crooked S," he said, "and a Q with a tail to it—'tis odd how plain I can see that—but what this letter is with the broken back, and this, and this, I cannot make out, no how. I can read large-hand, and round-hand, and small-hand," he said, "but this is scratchy hand, and I'm not come to that yet; but where's the black-

birds nest, or did you find it? answer me that, Peter Gaffney." This question the boy repeated several times without obtaining any reply to it, at last he became very impatient.

The old man puzzled about the papers, and disappointed at finding Watty unable to assist him out of his difficulty, took no notice, for some time, of the repeated inquiries. At last he answered the boy rather snappishly, and bid him not to bother him, thinking he might in that way get rid of his importunity, but he was mistaken if he thought to put off Watty in that manner.

"You ould deceive," exclaimed Watty the witty, "if you don't find the nest for me, and the young birds, too, chiruping in the way you tould me, by the holy bones of Bacchus, I'll make you chirup a doleful tune yourself, mind that now, my chiruping young blackbird."

It happened that Mary Mansfield was walking at the other side of a hedge near which Watty and the old man stood, and hearing a voice which was familiar to her raised in angry colloquy, she entered the field to ascertain the cause. Watty, forgetful of his wrath, shouted with delight at seeing her. The old man drew back a few paces, while, with much feeling and kindness, the young lady addressed the half-idiot boy with inquiries for his family and himself. Perceiving, at last, the paper in his hand, Mary inquired of him what it was. The boy, in reply, said—

"Peter Gaffney there, the ould dunce, can't read writing, and I was going to teach him how; but do you read it, Miss Mary, for you know how—you're the iligant scholar, not all as one as Peter Gaffney."

"I'm afraid, Walter," said Mary, smiling, "that you have rather a rough manner of teaching, if I may judge by the loud tones of your voice before I came into the field. If the man chooses, I'll try and read the paper."

Not observing the old man to make any objection, Mary took the scroll from the boy and proceeded to read aloud—

"'The List of the Officers of the Charitable Society of the Sons of St. Patrick, County of——and Barony of D——'" when the stranger suddenly snatched the paper out of her hand. Surprized at his rudeness, Mary looked at him more attentively than she had previously done, and immediately recognized him as one of the peasants who had been in the lawn of Artrea upon the night of the fire—the man whom his companions called Darby Mainahan—who had boasted of his knowledge of the conspiracy against her father for weeks before the perpetration of that atrocity. A sudden faintness seized her; she trembled violently and tottered to a tree for support. The weak-minded but affectionate boy, perceiving the excessive agitation of one whose gentleness and kindness had rendered her the object of his warm attachment, mistook the cause, and taking it into his head that it proceeded from a desire to repossess herself of the paper, thus rudely taken from her, he sprang at the stranger, commanding him to give that back to the lady.

"Not if you were to give me five pounds for it," said Mainahan, raising his stick at the same time in a menacing attitude, to keep Watty back.

"I cannot give you five pounds for it," answered the boy, "but I will give you what I can give you if you don't give it up directly, and that's a good licking."

With these words, Watty sprung at the old man for the purpose of wresting the paper from his hand, but was met with a heavy blow of Mainahan's cudgel in the forehead. Wounded, bleeding, and reeling with the force of the stroke, but not intimidated, the boy, recovering himself, rushed in upon the old man with the fury of a tiger, and grasped him by the throat, they fell together, Watty uppermost, and had not the screams of Mary Mansfield brought persons to the spot, the days of Mainahan would have been ended, for he was quite exhausted, and nearly choked, when aid arrived in the shape, first, of a ploughman from a neighbouring field, and secondly, of Frederick Willoughby, who had come over that morning to breakfast with the clergyman, and hearing that Mary was walking, had left the cottage to seek her, and was guided to the scene of action by the noise of the conflict, and the screams of Mary. Regardless of everything but her, when he beheld her so much agitated and disturbed, Willoughby's first impulse was to fly to Mary's side, but she implored him to separate the combatants. This, with the ploughman's aid, he effected, and then returned to her for an explanation of the extraordinary scene, which she attempted to give him, but her voice utterly failed. Mainahan—Artea—and black crow's nest, were the only words he could make out, but they were enough. He had heard from her own lips the account of that fatal night so often, that he was at no loss to understand her meaning.

"Stop that old man," he said, for Mainahan was endeavouring to slink away, "and see what paper is that he is destroying."

The paper, the cause of the contest, had been torn in the struggle; the larger part remained in Mainahan's hands, and this he now tore into fragments and flung into the rivulet, which hastily carried them away beyond the power of collection; but another piece had been captured by Watty, and this he now placed, with an air of triumph, in the scarce conscious hand of Miss Mansfield—to no other hand would he yield it but her own. Taking it gently from the still agitated girl, Willoughby opened the crumpled and lacerated fragment. It was a list of names, some of them imperfect and now illegible, but there was one line upon which his gaze was speedily fastened; it was this—"Seskin District, Bryan Carroll, otherwise, Bryan More, otherwise, the Hero of Munster."

"Bryan Carroll—otherwise Bryan More!" repeated Willoughby to himself, in astonishment—"Now, thank heaven! that is a discovery."

He, however, said nothing about what he had just learned to Mary—she was already too much agitated at the sight of Mainahan; this person Willoughby committed for the present to the charge of the ploughman and of Watty, until a policeman should be sent for, as Willoughby considered he was justified in sending him to gaol upon suspicion of being concerned in the crimes of Whitefootism. Tenderly supporting Mary Mansfield, who needed support, upon his arm, followed by the prisoner and his guards, Frederick returned to the cottage, pondering as he went how he should best proceed to secure the capture of the Whitefoot, Bryan Carrol, whose identity with the formidable Bryan More, he had so strangely discovered.

The fourth day after that upon which Frederick Willoughby had made this discovery, a dull and gloomy day, was succeeded by a dismal

and gusty night, the wind raved fitfully among the passes of the Brega mountains, and the few old trees upon the hill side which had escaped time and the axe, flung their huge old arms wildly to and fro, and creaked in the blast. It was near the midnight hour when three figures, just visible to each other in the dim obscurity of a cloudy and starless night, emerged in silence from behind a rock at the base of the hill, and pursued their way with caution along the path which wound in zig-zag towards the summit. In single files they proceeded carefully and slowly, stopping occasionally to listen for some expected sound, as it seemed, and then again resuming their course when nothing but the hollow murmur of the wind among the caverns of the mountain, or the creaking of the tough old trees, disturbed the silence of night. They had advanced in this manner a considerable way up the ascent, an occasional stumble of some of the party over some fragment of rock projecting above their rugged path alone interrupting the monotony of their slow, steady, and cautious ascent. A low whistle at last was distinctly heard, which caused the party to stop, and their leader answered the signal by whistling in a similar manner, and presently afterwards they were joined by a fourth person.

"Is that you, Philip?" demanded the leader of the first party in a very low voice.

"Aye, sergeant, it is Philip sure enough," replied the new-comer in a similar tone, "what kept you, I thought you would never come, 'tis a cruel lonesome thing to sit here by one's self in the lonely hours of night, but I have news for you."

"What news?" inquired the leader in a whisper, "is he come?"

"Not yet," replied Philip, "but I think he will be here to-night, the old woman passed up to the ould ken an hour ago, and back again; did you meet her? you didn't! so much the better; well, I could see she didn't go up as empty-handed as she came down, she left the prog for him up in the ruins, that was not for nothing I'm thinking. Depend upon it he will be up to-night, something tells me this will be the last night of our watching."

"Well, Philip, I hope you may turn out a true prophet," the leader replied, "this night work is killing business, come now, forward, boys, and let us gain our roost before he comes—but stay, look sharp! By all the saints, there's a something moving upon the hillock yonder."

"It is that confounded herb-gatherer," answered Philip, "that old plaister-making witch, I'm sure she is not lucky; every night these last three I have been here, and every night of the three that old hag has been out on the same spot yonder. I spoke to her the other night, but she is a cross old bride of Beelzebub, and I did not like to say much to her; the herbs, she says, must be plucked precisely at midnight, or they lose the charm."

"It is very extraordinary what brings her there," said the leader, "I have a great mind to overhaul her."

"Better let her alone," said Philip.

But, not regarding his advice, the leader stole gently over to the slope of the hill, upon which a small figure in female attire now became discernible; she was busily engaged chanting, or muttering to herself something which appeared by the sound to be a long and very

monotonous charm, and occasionally she stooped and plucked an herb, and added it to a small heap which she had already gathered, still repeating her chant; but she seemed to be quite unconscious of the presence of the person who now watched her motions. Whatever might have been the intention of the leader of the party in approaching the hillock, he appeared to have suddenly altered it, for he stole back again as quietly as he had approached.

"It is not worth while meddling with her," he said, "and any noise she might make would lose us the prize we mean to secure. She may be one of his spies, but I don't think that likely, if I did, I would spoil her pishogues. Come, boys," he whispered, "forward, steady," and taking the lead of the party, they resumed their silent, noiseless route, and speedily disappeared round an angle of a rock. When this had hid their forms, the herb-gatherer suddenly desisted from her occupation—

"Aye," she muttered, "there they go, the owls. Aye, owls that they are, fit for catching small prey in the dark, but not for this work. And must I trust it to the like of them to do it? No—that I won't. He never trampled upon them as he did on me. They haven't the spirit of revenge burning like hell in their hearts that I have, but only the beggarly hope of reward—and what is the greed of gold compared to the greed of blood? I'll follow them; where they may miss, I will make sure work."

Stimulated with these reflections, rather felt than distinctly uttered, the figure, which had been before listlessly moping about in a stooping posture, now started erect and descended from the elevated ground into the rugged path which the party of four had taken. As it passed the heap of herbs which it had previously been engaged in gathering, the figure kicked them, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Herb-gatherer, indeed! Little they know what has kept me here these four last live-long nights, eating my heart away, thinking my own bad thoughts! Little they know the disease I am come to seek a cure for—the burning thirst that nothing but blood can quench! Little they know who it is that has put them on the scent to-night, or who it is that has dogged his steps hither from the farthest part of Ireland—aye, and would follow him to the farthest part of the world, and back, for revenge."

After passing the rock round which the party of four had previously turned, and walking on a few hundred paces, the person whose movements we are now describing found that she was approaching some extensive building, whose large proportions rose in huge blotches of inky blackness against the dark night sky. On a nearer approach, it might have been discovered that the building was a ruin. The sky distinguishable from the deeper darkness of the walls, visible through the apertures of the windows, through which the wind was wildly whistling, showed that the fabric was roofless. But the person who now approached did not want these indications to reveal to her the condition of the place, being before well acquainted with it. There was a wall several feet in height surrounding the ruin, through which an archway, gateless now, led to the interior. Wedge like buttresses at intervals propped up this wall, and beside that buttress which stood

nearest to the gateway, the herb-gatherer (as, for want of a better name, we shall still designate this individual) took her station. Half an hour might have passed, while that figure remained motionless behind the buttress. All was quiet around. The only sound was that of the wind at times fitfully whistling through the ruins, and again dying away in hollow and distant murmurs; when suddenly the foot-falls of a person, softly and cautiously approaching, became distinguishable in the lull of the wind, and presently afterwards the figure of a tall man advanced, then stopped, peered carefully from side to side, and at last entered the gateway, and was lost in the gloom of the building. The figure of the herb-gatherer now emerged from the buttress, and stole nearer to the gateway.

"'Tis he," said the herb-gatherer, "'tis he; great heaven! keep me cool! now it has come to the push. I could have driven a bullet through his brain, and I didn't; that would be poor satisfaction—he would never have known the hand it came from. He must smell a jail before he dies. In his nightly dreams he must feel the hangman's fingers on his throat, and his waking diversion must be reckoning the days betwixt him and the gallows."

At the gateway the herb-gatherer stopped and listened—all was quiet as before. Several minutes thus passed, when suddenly an uproar arose within the ruin. Shouts, oaths, and struggling of men, then hurried footsteps of some tumbling down in their haste, were heard approaching; then several men clinging together in fierce and angry strife, emerge. Presently, one figure taller than the others, shaking them off with the might of a giant, burst away and sprung out through the arch, but before the other figures gained the gateway in pursuit, the echo of a pistol-shot rung through the hollow old walls, and with an oath and groan, the tall and foremost figure fell prostrate. A wild laugh burst from the herb gatherer, as she rushed away past the fallen man.

"They missed you—I knew they would—but I did not; Carroll," he cried, "Carroll, you villain, Moran sends you that, wont you give me the good of your prayers when you are grinning through the gallows."

The pursuers now came up, and found little difficulty in securing the Whitefoot Bryan Carroll, for it was he who now lay bleeding from a wound in the thigh. They were four policemen, and the leader of them now made inquiries who had fired that shot?

"It was the herb gatherer," answered he who was called Philip, "I saw her red cloak in the flash; she has just darted over the hill yonder."

(To be continued.)

ORANGEISM.

We have already, in our two preceding numbers, exhibited the causes which led to the Orange demonstration on the 12th of July last, and declared our opinion that this ancient body ought to be re-organised, stating some of the reasons which led us to this conclusion, under the existing circumstances of the country. It cannot be supposed that we are returning too often to a subject, which surpasses in interest every other that at present agitates the public mind in Ireland. The repeated notice that has been taken of it by the leading journals of all parties—the silent but certain progress which it has been making in the mind of all Irish Protestants—the modified, and, in some cases, laudatory language with which the Orange system has been spoken of by many who formerly regarded it with hostility—the manner in which, beginning almost spontaneously in the lower and middle classes, this revival of an ancient spirit, which men had supposed long since extinct, has made its way among all ranks, promising to embrace and amalgamate, in one powerful united body, the entire strength of Protestant Ireland—all this shows that the Orange demonstrations were not the mere efforts of a faction, but the sure tokens that a brave and warlike nation, the children of conquerors, and accustomed to look upon conquest as their birth-right—while they will gladly hail and assist every *honest* attempt to benefit, and civilize, and improve their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen—will resist, after the fashion of their fathers, all further aggression upon their own rights and liberties. They will show the Conservative government, that if they insist upon employing the power which they received from *them*, in a treacherous destruction of the friends that exalted them, it will be at the risk of a bloody civil war. The Protestant spirit of Ireland, is one that will not *bend* ere it is destroyed—it must be *broken*.

We shall now proceed to a very brief notice of the progress which has been made, since last we wrote, in the re-organization of the Orange institution, and shall conclude with a few remarks upon the true nature of this body.

On the 27th of August last, a meeting, attended by many of the most influential gentlemen of Ulster, was held in the Town Hall of Enniskillen, for the purpose of taking into consideration the subject of a re-organization of the Orange body. The result of that meeting was not allowed immediately to transpire. These gentlemen have begun cautiously, and they are resolved to act with energy. The resolutions which they passed are now before the public. The language of these resolutions is extremely temperate; but they go the entire length of a re-establishment of Orangeism, with such very slight alterations of the old system, as will accommodate it to the present laws.

As our readers have, no doubt, been already made acquainted with the transactions of this meeting, it is not necessary for us to enter upon a full detail of them. There is, however, in the first resolution, an expression which we wish to remark upon, as not conveying an accurate notion of the fact to which it is applied. It does not alter the

main features of the matter, though it may lead some into a misconception of the objects of this meeting. The resolution runs thus—

“Resolved—That the circumstances of the times render it absolutely necessary that a closer union should be formed amongst all classes of her Majesty’s loyal and attached subjects in this country, in order to preserve inviolate the legislative union, and the blessings of civil and religious liberty: and especially is combination and union necessary amongst all those who are ready to make common cause in upholding the religion of the Reformation.”

With one exception—a slight one, arising from inadvertence of the composer—what can be more true than the substance of this resolution? Is it not a melancholy sight to see the want of union that exists among Protestants, and at a time when their old enemy of Rome is so united and so violent in its efforts to destroy them. *Union* is required at this exigency: without it there is not the remotest chance of safety—but at present we are far from being united. Would that the true spirit of the gospel were once more so diffused throughout the Church, as to teach its members to deny themselves in every thing rather than that the body of Christ should be divided as it is! If it had been so—if it were so now—we believe that this political union, and the excitement necessary to produce it, would not have been called for. It is with extreme sadness that, under present circumstances, we are compelled to justify the re-organization of the Orange body; and while we attribute its necessity to the treachery of the Conservative government as a first cause, if it had not been for the existence of a secondary, but no less evil, cause, their treachery never could have been brought to act upon us. It is our divisions that have called down these evils, and no earthly power, other than a close and earnest union, can rescue us from them now. We therefore cordially acquiesce in the spirit of this resolution. We would, however, wish to see one expression altered. Why do they say “the religion of the Reformation?” We most deeply reverence those good men, who, under the guidance of the Spirit of the Most High, removed from the Church of these realms the usurpations and the heresies of Rome; but surely these men, so meek, so self-denying, would have grieved to know that the religion of their Master should be traced to them. Why not rather say, “the religion of Christ;” which, for so many ages previous to the Reformation, illumined and sanctified the churches?

With this single, verbal, exception, we gladly hail the resolutions of the Enniskillen meeting as a symptom that the gentry being roused to make common cause with the people in support of truth, a return is already taking place from Conservative expediency to the principles of honesty. Though the rest of the nation combine to act in opposition to the law of God, we do hope that the time has come when the Irish Protestants will repudiate such evil doctrines. We have already said that we would much prefer not to see these political organizations if it were possible to avoid them, but with an unchecked and unscrupulous foe at hand, it would be madness for the Protestants to remain any longer unprepared for the worst results. When the Repeal associations, and the “*Temperance*” processions, and the assassinations of our brethren, are completely put down by the power of the state, then we may give a very different advice; but at present, in pure self defence,

the Orange body must be re-organised, as the best association possible for this purpose.

We know that strong prejudices exist against this institution in the minds of many, and yet we do not think that they are as strong as some have represented them. It may be that in certain cases the Orangemen themselves, by an occasional forgetfulness of the principles on which their society was formed, gave encouragement to these misrepresentations. No men are *always* prudent: but in their readiness to obey the slightest wish of their Sovereign; in the fact that they *never* were the aggressors, but the attacked, when any collision took place between them and their opponents; and in the generally peaceful character of their members, exhibited in the absence of crime in the districts which they inhabit; in all these things there are grounds which ought to satisfy every reasonable mind, that these prejudices are unfounded. We shall, however, take the liberty of quoting at length from their book of "laws and ordinances," two passages, by which the real nature of this association will be seen better than by any arguments we could adduce.

This book is in the hands of the members of all the lodges; it contains no secrets; they are all well acquainted with its contents, and it is carefully studied by every person purposing to join the institution previous to his admission. The two passages follow one another, immediately at the commencement of the book. The first is as follows:—

"**OBJECTS OF THE ORANGE INSTITUTION.**—This institution is formed by persons desiring, to the utmost of their power, to support and defend his Majesty, the Protestant religion, the laws of the country, the succession to the throne in his Majesty's illustrious House, *being Protestants*, as well as for the defence of their own persons and property, and the maintenance of the public peace; and for these purposes the members hold themselves obliged, when called upon, to be at all times ready to assist the civil and military authorities, in the just and lawful discharge of their duty. They associate also in honour of King William III, Prince of Orange, whose name they will *perpetually* bear, as supporters of his glorious memory, and the true religion by law established in the United Kingdom.

"This is exclusively a Protestant association—*yet detesting an intolerant spirit, it admits no persons into its brotherhood, who are not well known to be incapable of persecuting, injuring, or upbraiding any individual, on account of his religious opinions; its principle is, to aid and assist loyal subjects, of every religious persuasion, by protecting them from violence and oppression.*"

Is there any thing unconstitutional or illegal in these objects? Were they not necessary at the time this institution was formed? Are they not necessary now? Would it not be *cruel* in Sir Robert Peel, after the confession that he could not put down the enemies of Protestants, to prevent their forming themselves into an association for *self-defence*?

We call the particular attention of the reader to the passage in *italics* (not ours). The Orangemen are accused of intolerance; does this exhibit anything of that spirit? And if it be said that their true character is different, we again return to the fact, that though they have always boldly defended themselves when attacked, they make no aggression, and the counties which they inhabit in greatest numbers are not only the most peaceful in Ireland, but are surpassed, in this respect, by none in the United Kingdom. In truth, they have been

plentifully slandered; but no slander can destroy plain facts. The other passage is this—

“**QUALIFICATION.**—An Orangeman should have a sincere love and veneration for his Almighty Maker, a firm and steadfast faith in the Saviour of the world, convinced that He is the only Mediator between a sinful creature, and an offended Creator. His disposition should be humane and compassionate; his behaviour kind and courteous. He should love rational and improving society, faithfully regard the Protestant religion, and sincerely desire to propagate its doctrines and precepts. He should have a hatred to cursing and swearing and taking the name of God in vain: and he should use all opportunities of discouraging those shameful practices. Wisdom and prudence should guide his actions; temperance and sobriety, honesty and integrity, direct his conduct; and the honour and glory of his sovereign and country should be the motives of his exertions.”

We commend the above passage to the study of those who join in the prejudices against Orangemen, as it may, perhaps, in many cases, be useful to themselves; and to the members of this institution, with a hope that none of them will be forgetful of these qualifications, and that they will not follow the example of that *few* who formerly, by disregarding them, brought discredit upon the entire body.

The restoration of Orangeism has already been attended with beneficial results in checking the progress of repeal. A short time back, a monster meeting of Repealers was appointed to take place at Killeshandra, in the County Cavan. They put forward a feigned object, but, if nothing had occurred to prevent this meeting, it would no doubt have had the effect of strengthening still more the designs of treason. The Orangemen of the county resolved to take the management of this monster evil into their own hands, and notice was given through the country that every Orangeman should come to the place armed and prepared to resist them. This proceeding may be objected to as not strictly legal; but desperate dangers justify desperate measures to prevent them, and it had the effect of doing more to check the agitation than was effected by “the state trials.” The magistrates and the government were forced from their lethargy; a large body of military was marched to the ground: proclamations were issued commanding both parties to absent themselves. The Orangemen had no desire to stir themselves, now that their object was likely to be effected by the proper authorities. They at once declared their intention of obeying, and the Repealers were compelled to follow their example. Lord Farnham and the other magistrates obtained well-merited praise for their exertions in preventing a *collision*; but the Orange body deserve no less praise for having prevented the *meeting*, which threatened still greater danger to the constitution and the peace of the country. We trust that this is only the beginning, and that the Orange institution will be the means of *compelling* the Government to take the agitation vigorously into their own hands and put an end to it for ever.

Loose Leaves from an Old Volume.

NO. I.—TRANSLATIONS FROM FRIEDRICH RUECKERT.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Restraint essential to Effortion.

Always the spirit of Man tends to the Infinite Farness,
 Knowing no bounds to its course, making no pause in its quest :
 Therefore from the beginning hath Providence placed it in harness,
 So that it be not lost in the vortical Void of Unrest.
 Thus remaineth for aye its personality single,
 Thus it ever preserveth its proper features and form,
 And, unchanged amid all wherewith it may chance to mingle,
 Melteth not into mist, as the Iris in face of the storm.
 Think not thy nature cramped by the limits that thus have in-fenced it,
 'Tis by their help that Art constructs and Labour delves :
 So the high beach doth breast the breakers that burst against it—
 Fancy the beach not there, and where were the breakers themselves?

A Mystery.

Yes!—true Poetry is wizard power ;
 'Tis the felt enchantment of the heart—
 But the Poet, what is He? Enchanted
 Or Enchanter? Master of his art,
 Or but Slave? Haunts he the Worldsoul's Tower?
 Or is he himself the Worldsoul-haunted?

Cry Again!

Because a chance hath overset
 Thy House of Cards thou grieve'st!—Why so?
 Since thou thyself art standing yet
 Thou hast no cause to sigh and cry so.
 Besides, thou mayest, if thou but will,
 Construct a nobler dome at leisure ;
 The Cards are on the Table still,
 And only wait the Builder's pleasure!

Large Development of Cautionness.

Where all speak *unâ voce*, there I doubt,
 Or if I yield belief, 'tis never hearty ;
 But where some contradict the rest throughout,
 My rule is this—to credit neither party.

Counsel of a Cosmopolitan.

Give smiles and sighs alike to all,
 Serve all, but love not any ;
 Love's dangerous and delicious thrall
 Hath been the tomb of many.

The sweetest wine-thoughts of the heart
 Are turned ere long to bitter ;
 Sad memories loom when joys depart,
 And Gloom comes after Glitter.

Why pawn thy soul for one lone flower,
 And slight the whole bright garland ?
 Clarissa's eyes, Lucinda's bower,
 Will fail thee in a far land !

Love God and Virtue! Love the sun,
 The stars, the trees, the mountains !
 The only Living Streams that run
 Flow from Eternal Fountains !

The Quietest Place.

Whoso towers aloft o'er others
 Must endure their envious hate ;
 Whoso stands below his brothers
 Still thinks his the unhappier fate.

Blest alone, through tears and laughter,
 They to whom, in wisest love,
 God gives no Before nor After,
 No Beneath and no Above !

The Fires of 1837.

Though Fire be blind, as the multitude say,
 For once 'twould seem to have seen its way
 Very clearly indeed—in fact to have made
 Its assaults with ominous tact and care.
 First, roaringly rushing to Russia, it laid
 In ashes the Autocrat's Palace there ;
 Decamping thence, it took France in its range,
 And left a Paris Theatre waste,
 Then travelled to England (with rather more haste
 Than good speed) and riddled the Royal Exchange ;
 And, finally marching to Belgium, found *one* vent
 More for its wrath in a Capuchin Convent.
 Germany only it wholly passed by,
 But I think I surmise the reason why—
 'Twas quite at a loss, I fancy, to find
What building reflected *our* national mind !

Death in Life.

The fresh young Green of the Spring it waited with joyousness,
To see its leaves attired in a brilliant golden dress.

And summer came, and strewed her purple and gold at will,
But under her gayest hues the Green lay shining still.

Then lo! the Sorceress Autumn, who looked both young and old,
She waved her wand aloft, and all was unmixèd gold.

But ah! from that hour the woods were stricken with swift decay,
And the leaves lay dead in the dells, till Winter swept them away.

Apply the moral, O, Man! If thy heart have lost its Green
No life remains in thy Gold—it is all appearance and sheen!

The Divining-Rod.

Yearnest thou to know and find
Where the Gold of Truth is glowing?
Use the true Divining-Rod!
Yearnest thou to know and find
Where the Streams of truth are flowing?
Use the true Divining-Rod!
The true, the tried Divining-Rod,
The Reason given thee by thy God!

An Evening Fantasy.

What is thy goal, O, Sun? Where stayest thou nightly? I wiss not!
Vainly I labour to fathom the mystery of thy travels—
Many knots, it is true, I have loos'd in my time, but *this* knot
Even for fingers like mine hath *too* many complex ravel.
Yet, this evening, O, Sun! this heavenly evening thou glowest
With such glory that I, a fatherland-lovingest German,
Blindly and wildly would follow thee whithersoever thou goest,
Though I should spend an age in the halls of the Dolphin and
Merman!

The Unit must lead.

Whole regiments of Cyphers by themselves are nought;
But place, by way of Chief, a Numeral at their head,
And lo! they swell to mightiest Millions.
So Mankind, left alone, are void of Will and Thought,
But march to all sublimest feats of soul when led
In harness by the world's Postillions.

The Poet also an Artist.

"Thou art a Poet: well and good:
But thou shouldst also be a Painter!"
Ye blockheads!—I am meek of mood,
But such remarks might make a saint err.

Know this, that Poets touch the heart
But by their power to paint emotion ;
 Theirs is the soul of Graphic Art,
 Or all Art is a baseless notion !

Cheer up.

Walk in light and talk with gladness !
 Bless the Lares of thy hearth !
 What is Sadness but a madness
 Which upbraideth Heaven and Earth ?
 Look at all things on their bright side !
 Sing with voice and lute and pen !
 Gloom and Silence, Nature's night-side,
 Are for Owls and not for Men.

The night is falling in chill December,
 The frost is mantling the silent stream,
 Dark mists are shrouding the mountains brow,
 My soul is weary : I now
 Remember
 The days of roses but as a dream.

The icy hand of the Old Benumber,
 The hand of Winter, is on my brain ;
 I try to smile, while I inly grieve ;
 I dare not hope, or believe,
 That Summer
 Will ever brighten the earth again

So, gazing gravewards, albeit immortal,
 Man cannot pierce through the girdling Night
 That sunders Time from Eternity,
 Nor feel this Death-vale to be
 The portal
 To realms of Glory and Living Light.

Strike the Balance.

Mine excellent friend, thou lamentest with tears
 That thy hopes have so often been slain—
 I call on thee now to rejoice that thy fears
 Have as often proved groundless and vain !

Wisdom and Folly.

They who go forth, and finally win
 Their way to the Temple of Truth by Error's multiplied stages,
 They are the Sages !
 They who stop short for life at some inn
 On the side of the road—say Momus's, Mammon's, or Cupid's,
 They are the Stupids !

Rest only in the Grave.

I rode till I reached the House of Wealth—
 'Twas filled with Riot and blighted health.

I rode till I reached the House of Love—
 'Twas vocal with sighs beneath and above!

I rode till I reached the House of Sin—
 There were shrieks and curses without and within.

I rode till I reached the House of Toil—
 Its inmates had nothing to bake or boil.

I rode in search of the House of Content,
 But never could reach it, far as I went!

The House of Quiet, for Strong and Weak,
 And Poor and Rich, I have still to seek.

This House is narrow, and dark, and small,
 But the only Peaceful House of all.

The Golden Age.

Oh, no, my friends, the Age of Beauty,
 The Golden Age is never gone :
 The world hath store of golden booty
 For Mankind still to banquet on.
 Behold ! the golden stars are shining
 Whose music toneth all night long,
 That Man may learn to cease repining,
 And love the golden sound of Song.
 And still the golden bandlet nightly
 Enwreathes the dear one's golden hair,
 Through whose rich clusters beam so brightly
 Her eyes, a hazel-golden pair.
 And still the golden Rhenish gusheth
 Where'er the golden sunlight falls,
 And still the golden goblet blusheth
 Through Europe's festal golden halls.
 Then trust me, friends, the Age of Beauty,
 The Golden Age, is yet alive ;
 The world hath store of golden booty
 In Eighteen Hundred Forty-five.

Literary Notices.

Reflections on the Endowment of the College of Maynooth, and on the Doctrine of Expediency. Respectfully addressed to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on his Grace's Charge delivered at St. Patrick's Cathedral, June 26th. By the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, A.M. Dublin, 1845.

THE writer of this pamphlet is a thoroughly straight-forward, uncompromising man, and though we might wish that at times he had been less carried away by his zealous anxiety to impress others with the feelings that strongly influence his own mind, we must ever admire his honesty of purpose. In these days of vacillation and "expediency," that man is truly valuable whose whole life is marked by a steadfast adherence to one fixed principle. We must, therefore, read with respect whatever comes from the pen of the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, even though we may not always yield our adherence to every thing he says.

In the work before us there is very little that we could find fault with; perhaps the style is not so concise as it might be; there are a few sentiments that we should wish a little modified, and one or two expressions we should prefer if slightly altered; but this is what, while mankind continue as they are, every man must think of every other man's opinions. In the present instance there is so much positively sound and admirable, so much powerfully written, as to banish from the mind of the reader all idea of fault-finding. We recommend this work to the careful perusal and study of our readers. It is valuable, not only as containing a complete refutation of the fallacies contained in the Charge of the Archbishop of Dublin, but also as ably exposing the false and ruinous doctrine of expediency, by means of which the "Conservative" ministry are endeavouring to govern this country.

We wish that we had room for large extracts, but if we are obliged by our limits to confine ourselves to one or two only, we console ourselves with the hope that our friends will peruse the entire pamphlet for themselves.

Remarking upon the distinction attempted to be made by his Grace between public and private morality, our author proceeds thus:—

"For what is this principle, my Lord? Are there two moral laws, one for men individually, and another for them in their collective character as a community? Does the standard of duty to his God vary as a man passes from his private to his public station? Does that which he confesses to be his duty to God in his closet, cease to be his duty to God when he goes into the cabinet? Is God to be acknowledged by him as the Supreme Lord and Master of his conscience in his secret chamber, and is he to deny his Master when he goes into the Senate? Is he to say that what is wrong in him before God in one position, is right before God in another? Nay, if a difference in man's obligation and responsibility to God is to be admitted, it can only be this,—that in proportion to the exalted station in which God has placed him, and the talents which God has committed to his charge, the more weighty must be his obligation and the more solemn his responsibility; and that when God has been pleased to raise him to a station of authority and power over others, he is bound to assert the supreme jurisdiction and will of his Lord over his fellow-man, as his rule and standard of duty in the nation, as it is his rule and standard of duty for himself. The Christian parent is bound to assert it over his children—the Christian master is bound to assert it over his household—the Christian ruler is bound to assert it over the nation, as much as the minister over his flock or the bishop over his diocese." P. 16, 17.

This is, every syllable of it, true. The statesmen who now govern this kingdom seem to have forgotten that, besides the duty they owe to their country, they shall also be obliged to render an account to God for their faithful adherence to his truth, and for the use they make of the power intrusted to them to advance or repress the religion of the Gospel. If they do not believe the doctrines of the Church they are hypocrites, who, under false pretences, have got possession of power to do evil; if they do believe these doctrines, and yet, for worldly motives, advance error and repress good, they are faithless to their God.

Another quotation which we shall make, is in reference to a statement of his Grace, in which he implied that the doctrines taught in Maynooth are not "seditious and dangerous."

"First, with respect to your Grace's hypothesis, 'if the statements be adopted, and the reasoning assented to,' implying, as is clear from the context, that your Grace repudiates the idea. I beg to meet this in the most explicit form I can, by stating to your Grace, as one of your clergy, that I adopt the statement, nay, more, I assert it to be unanswerably true; I assert that the doctrines inculcated at Maynooth, by the perversion of God's truth given as a commentary on the Scriptures, by the moral and dogmatic theology, and by the canon law inculcated in the college, are 'seditious and dangerous,'—'seditious' against the sovereign of these realms being a Protestant—'dangerous,' nay destructive to the civil liberties of the Roman Catholics themselves, and 'dangerous' to all that is dear to the Protestants of Ireland, and to the whole empire. I assert, moreover, that the Roman Catholic Bishops of this country have instructed their priests in doctrines as 'seditious and dangerous' after they have left Maynooth, as those which were taught in the College; I assert, further, that when political power was granted to them, they published a code of laws for the subversion of British law, for the subjugation of the Roman Catholics of Ireland under the despotic power of the Pope, and for the utter destruction of the religion, laws, liberties, properties, and lives of the Protestants of Ireland; I assert, my Lord, that the unfortunate Ribbonmen of this country, banded together by oath, are only carrying into effect the principles of those laws which are set up to rule them by their hierarchy, and which are given for their guidance to the priests. I assert, moreover, my Lord, that the efforts now being made by the Repealers, to dismember this empire, are nothing more than the regular systematic, organised effort to carry out the laws of Rome, set up over the Roman Catholics by their hierarchy, and I add that Mr. O'Connell, with all his talent or energy, is only enabled to carry on the plan of Repeal—which is not his, but the plan of his bishops—by the zeal and efficiency with which these bishops and their priests are carrying out the laws of their church in Ireland."—p. 55, 56.

While we cannot pronounce positively on the justice of the assertions in the previous part of this extract, it is evident to the entire nation that the concluding assertions are accurately true; how far they may be taken in evidence of the rest, it is for the reader to judge. The light, however, which every day is casting upon the designs of the Papacy, ought to make us pause before we disbelieve statements so often made, never disproved, and so exactly in accordance with the ancient character of Rome.

It certainly is greatly to be lamented, that previous to patronising a system against which such heavy charges, supported by such strong *prima facie* evidence, have been so frequently brought forward, that the government did not think proper to institute a full and searching inquiry into their truth or falsehood, if it were only to satisfy the public feeling on the point. In conclusion, we would earnestly recommend our readers to peruse this pamphlet for themselves, and trust that it may successfully aid in combatting that false, delusive, and infidel expediency by which our statesmen are now guided, and which, unless overruled by the mercy of Providence, threatens to bring destruction and ruin upon our country.

Rody the Rover; or, the Ribbonman. By W. Carleton. J. Duffy, Dublin. 1845.

THIS is the third production from the pen of Mr. Carleton, since the convictions of his latter years induced him to belie the professions of nearly the whole of his previous life. His history, we presume, is familiar to our readers. Having been early in life converted from Romanism by force of matrimony, he lived upon the kind-hearted credulity of Protestants, who, on the strength of his professions and writings, foolishly believed him in earnest, and assisted him, until even their patience was exhausted. Finding that he could no longer expect countenance or aid from them, he sought a new market for his wares; and "story-tellers" being of course, in request amongst the *Repeal* party, he deserted to their camp, and enrolled himself under their banners.

The first, "job" set him by his new patrons, was to blacken the Irish Protestant landlords—a task which he performed in *Valentine M'Clutchy*, in which all the Protestant characters but two, are represented as bad, and all the Papists but one or two, as excellent men; while the plot is, for the most part, utterly untrue. It did no harm, however, for the story was so improbable, that the book is now pretty well forgotten, except, perhaps, by the publisher.

His next work, "Art Maguire; or, the *Broken Pledge*," we have not read. We are disposed, however, to think that there may be some truth in it; at least it cannot lack reality from want of experience.

The last is the volume before us—"Rody the Rover;" or, as it might more properly be termed, "Ribbonism made easy." It is, in truth, a mare's nest of most surpassing magnitude. We have always understood that Ribbonism was of occult origin—difficult to come at, harder to exterminate. The first part of the problem is at last solved. Mr. Carleton has made the astounding and true-as-it-is-wonderful discovery, that the Ribbon system is gotten up by Protestants, with the connivance of government! Of course it is—the thing is as plain as logic can make it. "The patriot leaders," says Mr. Carleton, "denounce it—the Romanist clergy set their faces against it, there is no one else to attribute it to but the Protestants and government—ergo, they are the authors of it." One or two facts, to be sure, might have added somewhat to the weight of this satisfactory argument; if, for instance, the author had stated how many Protestants have been convicted of participation in this system; but Mr. Carleton don't like *facts*—we can perfectly understand his feelings on that point—and, in their absence, we have only his word and his story—both of them about equal in value.

Seriously, we are sorry for the author; he has been gifted with great talents, and greatly has he abused them. In their present exercise—though apparently well inclined—he will do no injury to his old friends, and no credit to his new ones, but he will incur the contemptuous pity of all who value gratitude, consistency, or principle, and will live to feel that even they "who love the treason, hate the traitor."

As to the book itself it would be unjust to deny it the credit of ability; anything from Carleton's pen—prostitute it as he may—must still retain some traces of his former power. The present volume is, however, even in this point of view, greatly inferior to anything that he has ever before written, and the gleams of intellect and talent which *do* here and there flash forth, only serve, by the contrast, to render more dark and disgusting the odious purpose for which they are employed.

Horæ Ecclesiasticae. The Position of the Church with regard to Romish Error, considered in a Charge delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese, in July, 1845.

By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, D. D., Lord Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore. Parker, London. 1845.

This little volume consists, as the title states, of a visitation charge delivered to the clergy of his diocese, in July of the present year, by the Bishop of Down and Connor, and contains his Lordship's views and opinions upon several of the points by which the church is at present unfortunately agitated and disturbed. After a most able review of the many doctrinal errors of the Romish Church, his Lordship next proceeds to a consideration of those errors of that church which "have of late years taken a modified form, and, as such, have found a receptacle in the bosom of our National Church, having been first put forward by some, and subsequently adopted by others, of those entrusted with her ministry." Against this "form of semi-Popery" his Lordship expresses the strongest condemnation, pointing out with great force their character, and the consequences to which they must lead: "that, whilst in some instances they have been limited to an ingrafting of formerly repudiated superstitions on the Church's teaching and usages, in others they have been consummated in avowed apostacy from the Church, and an open adoption of the Romish schism." Whilst, however, his Lordship forcibly points out, and reprobates these occasions of offence, he draws a plain and marked distinction between them and "certain sentiments and practices which have been censured as Popish, or semi-Popish, but which are, in fact, altogether unconnected with, and at variance with Popery, and are in full accordance with the doctrine and ordinances

of our National Church," and shows how unfounded and unjust, in many instances, has been the outcry raised by some (who were probably ignorant of the real character of the offence which they laid to their charge) against ministers of the Church, for strictly obeying the rules prescribed for them by the rubric. As we think that there is a tendency, in the present day, amongst a certain section in the Church to cry down, as Popish or Puseyite, everything which may not exactly square with their private notions of what is right and fitting, although explicitly held and taught by the Church of which they profess themselves members, we shall conclude this article with an extract, which we recommend to the serious consideration of such, and trust that it may have the effect of inducing right views upon this subject.

"This topic has been dwelt upon the rather, because it may perhaps supply the solution of a problem, which has more or less, I presume, engaged the thoughts of us all, and suggest a remedy for an evil, which I am sure that we all must have contemplated with pain and grief. The evil, to which I allude, is the spirit of disturbance which has lately manifested itself in some parts of the United Church, in the shape of public parochial meetings, the scenes and occasions as they have been made of flippant and noisy declamations, of injurious reports, of slanderous invectives, of contemptuous obloquy, and crimination, and even violent personal persecution against the clergyman who has been the object of them, with reference to his mode of celebrating divine service: when, as if there were no law for regulating the Church's worship, and no ecclesiastical superior to whom its administration was committed, some of the lay-people of a parish constituted themselves a sort of episcopal convocation under the archiepiscopal presidency of their churchwarden, or a sort of consistory of cardinals in council with their pope; and passed of themselves 'decrees, which were not to be changed, according to the old law of the Medes and Persians which altered not;' and which became the forerunners of the congregations abandonment of the worship, and separation from the communion, and renunciation of the minister of the Church, if he steadfastly persevered in doing what he conscientiously believed to be his duty; or which became the instruments of forcibly compelling the clergyman to change his lawful course of duty, as he believed it, for another, which neither his reason nor his conscience could approve. How offensive to Him who is 'the author not of confusion but of peace, as in all churches of the Saints,' such injurious treatment of his ministers, such violation of the laws, such resistance of the constituted authorities, such subversion of all good order and discipline in the Church; such 'unquiet, disobedient, and criminous' acts, (that I may use the phraseology of the Church in her Consecration of Bishops,) may be well deemed by a sober-minded and peaceable Christian, I shall not attempt to set forth at length; the subject indeed, although a sense of official duty has constrained me to notice it, is too painful to be enlarged on; and, if once the remedy can be applied, it were well for the evil to be buried in everlasting oblivion.

"Whence then has this evil arisen? The most kind and tender solution is, that it has arisen from some suspicion in the minds of the disturbers, that the objects of their dislike were of a popish character: for it is hardly to be credited of Christian men, that they should have so violated, not only the royal law of charity, but the decencies and courtesies of social life, merely in displeasure at the renewed or more strict observance of inoffensive ordinances, which they, however unreasonably, supposed to be obsolete, or at the more punctual and diligent practice of usages, lawful in themselves, harmless, and unblamable, which they, however unreasonably, regarded as antiquated and out of date. Nor is it readily to be credited, that persons, professing themselves to be Christians and Churchmen, should act thus unworthily of their profession, merely on account of the protraction of the service by the use of a particular prayer, whereby the service may be lengthened indeed to the intolerable extent of three minutes, more or less; but wherein they had been contented to acquiesce, for two or three or more, nay, in some instances for not less than twenty years, patiently enduring the lengthening of the service, until some graver cause of discontent should seem to have been suggested as existing in the character of the prayer.

"In this then, as well as in other cases, I am fain to find a cause in the suspicion of popery; and to this charge which has sometimes been put forward, though not specifically, but which comprises a definite offence, and admits a definite answer, I am desirous of attributing it, rather than to some more objectionable motive: such as the unstableness of a double-minded devotion; or the self-pleasing of sectarianism, hidden under the disguise of a partial episcopalian conformity; or a defect of sincere admiration and cordial affection for the Church's services; or an impatience of submitting to her authority; or a want of due reverence for persons and things sacred, and an inclination not to 'remember them which have the rule over them,' as the Apostle bids, and 'be subject for conscience' sake;' or a predilection for once admitted error, and a repugnance to its correction, when discovered; or an ambition to dictate and bear rule in matters ecclesiastical; or a thirst for popular influence, and popular display and applause; or the vanity of leading, or the weakness of 'following a multitude to do evil; or the waywardness of a wilful, the captiousness of a censorious, the pride of a domineering, or the turbulence of a factious spirit.

"Rejecting then the supposition of these or similar motives, and charitably assuming, that they, who have disturbed the Church's peace, may have been misled by the errors of some of her ministers to suspect error in others, who were in fact proceeding straight forward in the right way: assuming that a confusion of ideas, a want of a correct theological discernment, was the motive to the evil that we are deploring, what then is the remedy? The best, under God's grace, appears to be, the removal of such suspicion from the disturbers' minds, by proving to them that the conduct, which they have censured, is in strict accordance with the doctrine and discipline of our National Protestant Church, and cannot therefore be in accordance with the erroneous peculiarities of the Popish Church of Rome.

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OWEN TUDOR.

PART THE FIRST.

"Not we from kings, but kings from us."

THE motto of the Tudors, which we have selected also as that of the tale we are about to tell, suggests a consolatory train of thought for such persons as have the mortification to count no crowned heads in their pedigree. Of course, we are far from supposing any of our Irish readers to stand in need of consolation on such grounds. Erin, in the

"days of old,

Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,"

was blest with such store of kings that an Irishman must have strange luck indeed to be descended from none of them. Our own private opinion is that every Irishman, in those days, was a king, and reigned in peace over as many other Irishman as he could beat. Consequently, all Irishmen of the pure Celtic breed, are "from kings," and would, every man Pat of them, be worth a crown a piece this day, if their ancestors had not been over-persuaded by the Norman (whom, in their own exquisitely accurate way, they call the Saxon)—honey-tongued crown-solicitor that he was!—to disinherit them in his favour; in other words, like our own Saxon King James, to execute a constructive abdication, by running away. But, of our non-Milesian readers, the majority are, ten to one, not "from kings." This is annoying, no doubt; but it is an annoyance which all founders of royal houses have shared. Owen Tudor was not "from kings." He was not even of what, for Wales, could be considered an ancient family. Beside the pre-Adamite races of "the Principality"—a Caradoc—a Howel—his was little better than a house of yesterday, its generations being not very distinctly countable much farther back than the year One. Yet, from Henry VII. down, his blood flows in the veins of the sovereigns of England. How can the reader tell in whose veins *his* blood may, three hundred years hence, be flowing? The first half of the Tudor motto he can appro-

prince already; who can tell if his posterity may not, in the third or fourth generation, have a right to the whole? especially if heaven have blessed him with a fair presence and a light pair of heels! Let him who finds himself in possession of these two gifts see that he add to them, as a third, (since all good things are three) that of a due respect for old women, for to good looks, and good dancing, and to the good will and word of an old woman, Owen Tudor owed the honour of becoming the progenitor of a line of kings.

The knight of Plas Penmynidd was dead, and the widow and her son lived a hungry life on the meagre freehold, which dame Tudor could not even fee a labourer or two to till. Owen was a singularly handsome boy: the neighbours called him "the little king," so princely an air had he of his own, and with so gracious a dignity did he bear himself towards small and great. He was every one's favourite but his mother's, who would rather have had a son of brawnier mould, or, at least, one more disposed to work, for our little king would for no inducement take spade, or axe, or any one implement, either of house or field labour, in his hand, except at such rare times as he believed himself sure that nobody would pass by: to be seen at work was far more dreadful to him than to go without his dinner.

An old woman at this time frequently visited Plas Penmynidd, who travelled about from place to place, and bought up various articles of country produce, which, as it was supposed, she sold in some of the towns along the sea-coast. People less ignorant of the world than dame Tudor and her simple neighbours, might have guessed this personage to be something more than she passed for among them; they were, however, no such curious observers, and, when they saw the old woman, sometimes with her pack-horses, sometimes without, plodding her ways across their parish, no one knew whence, and no one knew whither, they said, "There goes old Sarah again," and never dreamed that there was anything mysterious about either her person or her proceedings.

Sarah took, like everybody else, a great interest in the young Owen, and advised his mother to make a priest of him, as he would not work, and had no money to live like a gentleman; in the ecclesiastical line, she said, his handsome person would make his fortune. The advice seemed good to dame Tudor, and the little king was sent to an uncle, named Oswestry, who was a hermit, and watched the miraculous well of St. Benno, at Clymag. At present this holy place is a desolation, but then there was a fair basin or tank of hewn stones, with seats about it; on one side the water ran out, on the other the basin was supplied by a stream running deep in a cleft of the rock, on the edge of which, at some distance, stood the hermitage. The grave of the saint, also, which a Puritan lord has since dug up and laid waste, was at that time kept in good order, and greatly venerated: the pilgrims used to pray at the grave, and then go to the water, in which they washed whatever parts of their bodies were affected with disease. The healing powers of the well were approved in all ailments, particularly in those of the eyes. Whoever, during the washing saw the saint's face in the water was cured, and such fortunate persons made gifts according to their ability, both to the hermitage and to the church at Clymag. The saint, however, disgusted, we fear, with the growing corruption of the times

—for even then the world was not so innocent as old people remembered it to have been—appeared less and less frequently, the consequence of which was not only that fewer people got healed of their diseases, but that fewer gifts found their way into the hands which were as ready to receive them as ever. St. Benno's chest, which stood in the church, presented a piteous spectacle when opened, and the hermit did not get enough to keep him in hair-cloth and whips. This induced Oswestry to take the good work into his own hands, which the saint seemed disposed to give up. With this view he had recourse to diving—swam unseen out of the brook into the basin, and there rose for a moment nearly to the surface. The cures now multiplied wonderfully : the pilgrims, as they stooped over the sacred water, beheld in its clear mirror a face which was not their own, and which, by an inference natural enough, if not exactly logical, they concluded to be that of St. Benno ; a religious terror seized them, in which seemed really to lie a sanative power, for they went away cured, or believing themselves so. Now, this work had become somewhat too trying for the strength of the holy man, who was no longer so young as he had been ; the young Owen Tudor was therefore a real God-send to him, and he lost no time in training the boy to perform the miracle in his stead. Owen, who took delight in nothing more than gymnastic exercises of all kinds, soon acquired an extraordinary proficiency in diving, and showed his bright young face to the invalids, who had never pictured to themselves a saint with so fresh a complexion, and so comely features. In winter, when there were no pilgrims, his uncle instructed him in all knightly accomplishments, fenced and danced with him, taught him to speak and to write French, as a language which he was likely to find more generally spoken in the world than Welch, and said he had plans for making a great man of him. From time to time Sarah appeared ; she had many secret conversations with Oswestry, and by all manner of presents stimulated the boy to diligence in his studies. Owen was no wise disposed to be idle, and made rapid progress in all that his uncle undertook to teach him ; his growth, too, was not tardy, and, after he had been some time at Clynag, Oswestry announced to him his purpose of going to France, and promised shortly after to send for him. Owen now remained alone at the holy well, healed such pilgrims as presented themselves, but found miracle-working very dull pastime, when not relieved with intervals of fencing, dancing, and speaking French. At length he received a letter by the hands of Sarah, directing him to go to his mother, and bid her farewell, as a long journey was before him. Owen was delighted, and felt little troubled by the thought that the next pilgrims who came to the well would see their own faces, instead of his, in the water.

But at home the little king found himself less at home than ever. Old dame Tudor seemed to him, after his intercourse with his uncle, who was a courtier and a man of the world, a very rude old dame indeed, nor did her style of dress at all correspond to his notions of what was elegant. He was happy, therefore, when a letter from Oswestry, accompanied by a parcel, was brought to him from Caernarvon ; it was dated from Paris, and announced to him that his uncle had procured for him an appointment as page to the princess Katharine, that a vessel was at Caernarvon, the master of which had instructions

to take him to France, and, that the parcel contained a handsome suit of clothes, which he was to wear in his new service. Dame Tudor cut him a vast slice of bacon from the fattest flitch she had, and, with this, a goodly cut of bread, and three kisses, sped him on his way. His luggage was no great load, but our little king had no idea of being his own porter, and, once out of his mother's sight, hired the first beggar-boy he met, for a scrap of bacon, to carry the small bundle which contained all his earthly goods, exclusive of the clothes on his back. Followed at an humble distance by this ragged squire, our hero now strutted on in his court dress; every five minutes, to the great admiration of the beggar-boy, he stopped to dust his shoes, and, when he reached the market-boat which was to convey him to Caernarvon, not a speck betrayed that he had used, up to this stage of the journey, the ignoble transport of his own legs; the illusion was perfect, when, turning round as he issued from the strip of wood that skirted the water's side, he called out, as if to somebody behind the trees—

"Jenkin, you'll have to walk those horses all the way home:—there's decidedly something wrong with the near shoulder of that chesnut mare. And mind that you have the Arab well broke for the countess's riding, against my return to the castle!"

The people in the boat made way, cap in hand, for the fine young lord, who talked so largely about Arabs and countesses. Owen hummed a French song as he walked towards the stern of the boat, and bestowed a few oaths on the sorry accommodation, as if it had been only a whim of his to travel by a conveyance so little aristocratic. The fair portion of his fellow-passengers conceived a sort of adoration for him, he was so handsome and so saucy, such a contrast to the rustic gallants, whose homage, before he appeared, had been so acceptable to them. One pretty-looking girl presented him with an apple, and received in return the gracious assurance that he would plant the pipe in his castle-garden, for a lasting memorial of the fair giver.

The landing place at Caernarvon is, owing to the shallowness of the water, very inconvenient: the boat cannot come alongside of the beach, and the passengers are obliged to land by means of a narrow plank, the vibration of which is extremely discomposing to persons unused to tread it. The girl who had given our hero the apple doubted not that he would offer her the support of his arm; and perhaps he would have done so, had not his attention been caught by an old beggar-woman, who, unable to maintain her balance on the unsteady bridge, stood in a state of alarm which the by-standers found highly comic, and promised every moment to crown the general delight by toppling over into the water. Owen, the most good-natured of mortals, sprang to her help, caught her by the arm, and led her in safety to the land. As he was about to leave her, a familiar voice spoke to him out of the rags; he looked under the cap of the beggar-woman, and beheld the features of Sarah.

"That was your first trial," said she, "and you have stood it well. But I have much to say to you, which must reach no prying ear. Follow me; I know a place where we can talk unobserved."

She led him through the crowd of the market to a shipwright's yard, where the piles of wood concealed them from all observation, but that

of the boy who carried Owen's bundle. Seating herself on one of the blocks of timber that lay scattered about, she now said—

"You will not fail to succeed at court, if you conduct yourself there as you have done here. Neglect no opportunity of doing a courtesy to an old woman; old women rule the world, because those who were their lovers or friends in youth, have gradually advanced to the highest places, and one attention from a young man gratifies them more than ten from an old. Believe me, I know the court."

"But who then—" here interrupted Owen. Sarah did not suffer him to finish the question.

"A second lesson," said she, "that I have to give you is, never appear to see through any one's disguise—take every man's mask for his face;—thus you will, if not make friends, at least avoid making enemies. You would like to know, for instance, who I am. Do not ask. If I am not what I seem, conclude that I have reasons for screening what I am. Suffice it for you to know, that the hopes of Wales, since Glendower's death, are anchored upon the coasts of France. This you do not understand, but you will. And now I have four rules to give you for your guidance at court—

"Let nothing abash you;
Let nothing fret you;
Let nothing disgust you;
Let nothing provoke you."

Follow these, and you may call the world your own. One more—never despise a trifling gift—you don't know what it may be worth to you; but aim only at what is great, and the people at court will say you have a great soul. And therefore accept these knee-buckles as a good omen of the illustrious order of the garter. I have nothing else just now to give you, and you want them too, for I forgot to put up a pair with your clothes. Take care of them: who knows what golden prize those golden tongues may one day win you?"

Owen felt abashed to receive the handsome knee-buckles, and be able to offer no present in return. But he thought of Sarah's first rule, and subdued the feeling, and, as he imprinted a kiss of thanks upon her withered hand, he thought of rule the third. She now showed him the French vessel which was to carry him from his native land; he thought of rule the second, stifled a rising sigh, and went on board. The ship was called "*La Belle France*," and would, no doubt, by any other name have smelt as villanously. The captain, to make up for his wearing no shirt, sported an immense frill and ruffles—of paper. He congratulated his passengers on the good table they would have during the voyage, his cook having served his time in the royal kitchen; with that he set before the new-comers what seemed a fricassé of fairy pantaloons, but in reality consisted of frogs' hind legs, and heret the beggar-boy was seized with a kind of horror, and ran away. As for Owen, he thought of his court rules, eat the frogs' extremities without being disgusted, and heard the boastings of the captain without being provoked.

Arrived at Paris, Owen was conducted to the house of his uncle Oswestry, a stately mansion, with the arms of the Tudors emblazoned on a huge shield over the door. The hermit, who wore a rich lutestring doublet, and had a sword at his side, received his former acolyte with

great civility, but as a perfect stranger, and Owen, calling Sarah's precepts to mind, neither called the chevalier Oswestry "uncle," nor reminded him of the merry days they had spent together, when they wrought miracles, and lived on the offerings of the devout. The chevalier had even the effrontery to exhibit to his nephew views of Plas Penmynidd, its east aspect, its north aspect, and all its aspects, and to speak of it as one of the most magnificent castles in Christendom, all which Owen heard with much gravity. Oswestry now took him to the palace, and presented him to the *gouvernante* of the princess Katharine; he kissed her hand, thought he had seen it before, and looked up—into the face of Sarah! He longed to throw himself on her neck, but she gave no signs of recognition, and Owen preserved an unaltered countenance; he felt that he was on his probation—for what, he could not tell.

The *gouvernante* smiled approvingly as she scanned the person of the handsome page, and remarked to Oswestry that something might, doubtless, be made of him. She then told him to follow her to the apartments of the princess. Katharine, dressed as a shepherdess, holding a gilded crook, and leading a lamb by a silken band at her side,—such was the costume of a shepherdess in those days at the court of France,—carolled a pastoral song as she walked up and down the chamber. She had dressed herself in this way for a festivity which the court was then holding, and the object of which was to exhibit the whole action of a favourite romance of that time, through its whole beatific length of thirteen volumes. Already, with edifying patience, the royal circle had declaimed and gesticulated its arduous way as far as the middle of the third volume, albeit the festivity had not yet lasted more than ten whole days. The princess nodded carelessly as the page was presented to her, and continued her walk and her song without bestowing any further notice upon him. But no sooner had the *gouvernante* left the room than she began to declaim in a most energetic manner, and, as if by accident, laid her crook once or twice so vigorously across Owen's shins, that he had need of all his manhood to suppress a roar. She then made him stretch out his arms as wide asunder as possible, gave him a plate of fruit into each hand, and, sitting down to her *escriptoir*, seemed to forget not only his presence but his very existence, till his arms dropped from very exhaustion:—the fruit rolled about the floor, and Owen was rated for an awkward lout, and sent out of the room in disgrace.

The next day the princess felt—she said—not quite well: she lay on a sofa, and her physicians came to her with their long beards and longer faces, felt her pulse, prescribed physic, and told her to keep very quiet. The physicians went, the physic came. The princess looked at the physic and handed it to her page.

"Drink that," said she.

Owen obeyed, thinking of rule the third.

"Now," said the princess, "dance."

Owen danced. Katharine sprang up from the sofa and danced with him. She praised him, said she had never seen so good a dancer, and declared she would never dance with any one but him for the future. In the mean time, his sensations were becoming profoundly uneasy: his whole internal economy was in the most alarming perturbation:

strange, gripping agonies racked his frame, and he began to entertain serious apprehensions that he was poisoned. A grave mirth sat in the looks of the princess as she watched his rueful efforts to appear at his ease, and she danced with an air of enjoyment that filled him with despair. At last, his pale cheeks, and the sweat that stood on his brow, perhaps on a sudden inspiring her with a movement of pity, she cried—

“Was ever so wicked a youth? He heard the doctors tell me to keep very quiet, and yet how he dances—dances as if he would never have done, and I must dance with him! There!—leave my sight, and let me not see you again to-day?”

A thousand such caprices of his mistress had the unfortunate “little king” to bear. One of her favourite amusements was to make him render her some of the services of a lady’s maid, and, as he was certainly less expert in such offices than in managing a horse or handling a sword, he found himself often, for his awkwardness, rapped on the crown with the slipper he had just drawn off, or pricked in the hand with the pin he had failed to fix in its place. He had a sad life of it, and could not at all times closely observe Sarah’s fourth rule: the provocation was too poignant and too unceasing to be endured without an occasional stirring of impatience. However, when Katharine saw that he was really angry, she gave him sweetmeats, and, what was far sweeter to him, sweet words; and the thought of resigning his service, which at moments would fully possess him, was banished again, and the lease of his patience began to run afresh.

In another point of view, Owen’s service was really not worth having: the court was deplorably stingy; the most of the pages stole what they could lay their hands on, and were avowedly open to bribery and corruption. Owen, had he been capable of such practices, had no opportunity for them; Sarah’s eye was everywhere. When the princess and her cousins had danced him of an evening half dead, (for his reputation as the best dancer was established), he had to sit up at night to wash his only shirt, that he might appear again, next day, fit to be seen. His uncle laughed at him when he asked for support, told him that was court-life, and he must just accustom himself to it like the rest. In short, he thought himself very unhappy,—and yet a time was to come, when he should feel that this period, with all its misery and its annoyances, had been the happiest of his life.

In the meantime, a whispering, a mysterious agitation, was spreading through the court, like the influenza. Parties were forming themselves; one half of the lords and the ladies was not on speaking terms with the other. The imbecile king, the dauphin, the grantees of the realm, had each their adherents, who did nothing, but talked the more. The very pages had their conflicting politics, and, as they least understood the matters in dispute, were naturally the hottest in disputing: the fencing-school became a field of battle, and, though the weapons used there were not deadly, they were sufficient, when sport became earnest, to engross, upon the body of a political opponent, a very legible protest against his sentiments. The princess alone seemed indifferent to the disputes that were going on, and rubbed Owen’s fingers with ointment, when he brought them home from the fencing-school, benumbed by blows of the foil. As for him, he could not make out what the different parties differed on, and the whole ferment was a riddle to him.

One morning the *gouvernante*, her eyes blazing with wrath, screamed at him as he carried in the breakfast—

"They have concluded a treaty at Troyes! I will stay no longer at court!" And in the vehemence of her indignation she threw the whole breakfast on the floor.

"I will not marry the king of England," cried the princess; "the wild king! the debauched king! the tavern king! the highway king! I will not marry him! no, no, no, I will not, I will not, I will not," exclaimed she again and again, running round and round the room as she spoke, so that Owen's brain ran round in sympathy,—“and if he come too near me!”—and running at the astonished page with a pin in her hand, she ran it into him without mercy.

After this scene things became more quiet: Katharine busied herself at a knightly dress, which she intended as a disguise; for she had resolved, at the instigation of Sarah, to make her escape from the court with the dauphin. Unfortunately, she bestowed too much time on this dress, and delayed till the secret of her intended flight got wind. Oswestry and the *gouvernante*, whose share in the project had become known, were no where to be found.

"I shall have to marry the odious king after all," sighed the princess, and bid her page place lights before the great picture of King Henry, which was that day come from England. She regarded it a while and said,—

"Heavens! if he should turn out to be still uglier than his picture!"

She then made Owen take a piece of chalk, and draw over the golden armour in which Henry was represented, a long white nightgown, and about the head a white kerchief, such as she understood the king (a confirmed valetudinarian) wore.

"Ay!" said she, "so will he look, the grim skeleton—pale death in his white shroud!—so will he look, the ghost of a bridegroom, when he takes his poor bride in his arms!"

"But they say he's a handsome man," urged Owen.

Katharine was provoked: she gave him a box on the ear. Owen's hand moved instinctively towards the hilt of his little sword; then, remembering that it was a woman who had struck him, he reddened, and tried to put on an air of disdain, but the tears stood in his eyes. Katharine gave him a kiss, and said,—

"He is at all events not so handsome as thou, and I am very sure he does not dance so well as thou. I will get thee an army and a kingdom, and thou shalt marry me."

Jestingly as her words sounded, hot tears streamed down her cheeks as she spoke them; then, sighing and laughing in the same breath, she seized the two hands of the page, and flew round the room with him in a wild Welsh dance, which he had taught her in the earlier days of his service. In the whirl of the dance, a part of her dress caught in one of the buckles, which Sarah had given him as a présage of good fortune at Caernarvon. Owen would have loosed the buckle, but the princess prevented him. Holding both his hands, while all traces of levity at once disappeared from her features, she said in a serious tone,—

"Owen Tudor, this was the last of my merry days, and perhaps of thine too. Our dances are danced—we shall soon be parted—heaven knows if we shall ever meet again. But, see, it is not without a

meaning that that golden tongue at this moment holds us together. It is an omen, Owen Tudor,—and so must thy tongue, true as gold, now bind thee to me for ever. Swear that thou wilt never love another woman—that thou wilt be faithful to me to thy last hour—even though thou shouldst never see me more!”

Owen, who had disobeyed no one command of Katharine's to this time, would not begin to be undutiful now, when his service was so nearly at an end: he swore as the princess bid him, but scarcely knew what he said: he was bewildered, wonder-struck, and that less by Katharine's words and acts than by his own feelings, for a dim consciousness, in this moment, for the first time stirred in his heart—that, for all her tyranny, he did not, at bottom, hate her. People seldom seal such oaths as Owen had just sworn, otherwise than with a kiss; and such sealing kisses are seldom unaccompanied by a straining of breast to breast. Katharine and her page were, on this occasion, not among the exceptions: they kissed, and fell into each other's arms. Owen liked all that better than having his ears boxed, nevertheless he thought, like a child as he was, “How long must I hold her this way? A minute longer, and my frill will not be fit to be seen.”

The frill was saved by King Henry of England, who was come over to surprise his bride and his kingdom, and at this moment entered the room unannounced.

It was fortunate for the lovers that the great picture, which had preceded the great original but a few hours, stood directly before the door of the room, as the heroic Plantagenet, armed cap-a-pie, and clattering like a cart-load of iron, strode in. Thus he was heard before he either was seen or saw. Owen bustled down on his knees, and busied himself in gathering up some flowers which had been thrown about while he was dancing with the princess: Katharine stepped hastily forward to comfort the stranger who so unceremoniously, and with such a warlike din, entered her apartments. Her mantle, which was not yet disengaged from the page's buckle, glided from her shoulders as she advanced, and Henry was dazzled with the beauty which she, poor heart, was far from intending thus to parade. He involved her in an embrace which a she-bear would perhaps have thought tender, and squeezed her against his mailed breast, the iron coldness of which seemed to her an emblem of the life to which a loveless marriage was to introduce her. Her fingers clutched spasmodically; it would have relieved her unspeakably to give him a box on the ear, but reasons of state forbid, and poor Katharine, for the first time in her life, was politic: meanwhile, Henry entertained no doubt that he was making as rapid a conquest of her heart as he had done of her father's kingdom.

At length his eyes fell on his portrait, with the improvements it owed to the page's chalk. Katharine hoped he would be angry, but he was flattered: he thought he perceived here an intimation that his royal *fiancée* would rather see him in the habiliments of domestic life than in the more imposing garb of war; and he swore, as he proceeded to disencumber himself of his armour, and to make himself perfectly at home, that this was the last night he would lie down a bachelor.

Meanwhile Owen, having finished gathering up the flowers, and taken the opportunity, while apparently so employed, to undo the

buckle in which Katharine's mantle had caught, now stood at an humble distance, and thought in his heart, "What use in hating the Plantagenet? Had my spear at this moment unhorsed him, would that make Katharine mine?" The next day he, with the rest of the household, was dismissed with rich presents, in order to give the English servants, whom Henry had brought with him, no occasion of quarrels or jealousies. "I have done with the court now," thought Owen, "and may fret myself as much as I please; I cannot live without seeing the princess:—would to heaven I had never seen her!"

He did his best, however, to bear up against his grief, but it was too much for him; he fell sick and took to his bed. A priest came to see him, who was surprisingly like his uncle, but Owen did not venture to notice the circumstance. The holy man probed our page's conscience deeply, put it to him if he had not given up a sacred calling, to follow after the world and its vanities, and exacted of him a vow that, in case he got well, he would return to the sacred charge he had forsaken.

"You will have no more need of these worldly gauds," said the priest, pointing to the gay page's dress, which hung by Owen's bed: "that they may lead you into no temptation, I will take them with me, and I will send you, in stead, a hair-shirt, in which you can make your pilgrimage."

Owen, thanks to youth and a good constitution, recovered, and, as soon as he was able to travel, putting on his hair-shirt, set out on his pilgrimage. He found St. Benno's well looking just as he had left it, but he soon perceived that the resort of pilgrims to that sacred place was considerably fallen off, in consequence of the fact that for a year past no invalid had seen any face but his own in the water. However, from the period of Owen's return, the reputation of the well began gradually to increase: the miraculous face at intervals appeared, and the people, connecting this circumstance with the return of the young hermit, conceived a high opinion of Owen's sanctity, in compliment to which, as it seemed to them evident, the heavenly Benno condescended again to show himself. It was, nevertheless, with a heavy heart that Owen discharged his functions: the glimpse he had had of another life made the monotony in which his hours now passed insupportable to him, and his only moments of happiness were when, in dreams, he again danced with Katharine, or felt the weight of her tiny hand descend upon his ears.

Gleanings from the German.

SHEAF THE THIRD.

GOETHE.

I.—History.

The greatest advantage we derive from history is the enthusiasm it excites in us.

II.—Shakspeare.

It is dangerous for growing talents to read Shakspeare; he compels them to re-produce him, and they imagine they produce themselves.

The very best of Shakspeare's dramas are here and there wanting in facility; they are something more than they should be, and for this very reason indicate the great poet.

III.—Originality.

"Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt."

He only could speak thus strangely who thought to be an Antiochthon. But he who thinks it an honour to be sprung from sensible ancestors will at least allow them as much sense as himself.

The most original authors* of the present day are so, not because they produce anything new, but only because they are able to say the same things as if they had never been said before.

Hence it is the best sign of originality if one knows how to display a captive thought to such advantage that no one can easily find out how much lies concealed in it.

How many ideas first originate from universal civilization, like blossoms from the green branches. In the rose season we see roses blossoming everywhere.

Properly speaking everything depends upon ideas; where they are, thoughts too make their appearance, and after they cease, thoughts cease too.

IV.—Disputed Authorships.

Among the many strange absurdities of the schools none appears to me so ridiculous as the controversy respecting the genuineness of old writings—of old works. Which is it then the author or the work that we admire or censure? It is the author only we always have before us;—why should the name trouble us when we expound a work of genius?

Who will assert that we have Virgil or Homer before us while we

* Coleridge makes a somewhat similar observation in the following aphorism from his *'Aids to Reflection.'*—

"In philosophy equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission."—*Vol. I. Aph. I.*

read the words that are ascribed to either? We have the writer before us—what more then do we need? In truth, I think, that the scholars who go so laboriously to work in this unessential matter are not much wiser than a certain very beautiful lady who once asked me with the sweetest possible smile—"Who then was the author of Shakspeare's Plays?"

V.—Art and Science.

Art and Science are words that are frequently employed, and the difference of which is seldom accurately understood; the one is often used for the other.

The definitions, too, that are given of them do not please me. I have found Science somewhere compared with Wit—Art with Humour. In this comparison I find more of imagination than of philosophy; it gives indeed an idea of the difference of both, but not of the properties of either.

I think one might call Science, the knowledge of the universal—abstract knowledge. Art, on the other hand, would be the application of Science. Science would be Reason, and Art its mechanical exercise; whence it might also be called practical science. Thus, in fine, Science would be the theorem, Art the problem.

Perhaps an objection may be made that Poetry is deemed Art, and yet that it is not mechanical. But I deny that it is an art; neither is it a science. Art and Science are acquired by thinking; poetry is not, for it is inspiration: it was conceived in the soul at the very moment it became active. It ought neither to be called Art nor Science, but Genius.

There is no *patriotic* art, and no *patriotic* science; both belong, as does every supreme good, to the whole world, and can only be advanced by the free, universal, reciprocal operation of all contemporaries, with a steady regard to what remains to us of the Past, and what we know of it.

VI.—Literature.

Literature is the fragment of fragments; the least of what has been said and done was written; of what has been written, but the smallest portion has remained.

VII.—Superstition.

Superstition is the poetry of life, therefore it is no injury to the poet to be superstitious.

VIII.—The Bible.

Properly speaking we learn from those books only which we cannot judge. The author of a book of which we can judge must learn from us.

Hence the Bible is an eternally effective book, because, as long as the world endures, no one will come forward and say:—"I comprehend it in its entirety, and I understand it in its parts." But we say modestly, it is reverend in its entirety, and in its parts it is applicative.

There is, and will be, much contention concerning the good and bad results of the diffusion of the Bible. To me it is quite clear that its effects will be injurious as heretofore, when used dogmatically and phantastically; beneficial as heretofore, when received didactically and affectionately.

The Koran says—"God hath given to every people a prophet in their own tongue;" thus is every translator a prophet among his people. Luther's translation of the Bible has produced the greatest effects, though criticism has never ceased to run it down, and to find fault with it to the present day. And what else then is the gigantic business of the Bible Society than to present the gospel to every people in their own language and idiom.

IX.

In order to learn that the sky is every where blue, we need not travel round the world.

X.—Truth and Error.

It is as certain, as it is wonderful, that Truth and Error spring from the same source. On this account it is that we often dare not strike a blow at Error through fear of harming Truth at the same time.

XI.

In all times it has been only individuals who have wrought for the good of science, and knowledge, and truth—not the Age. The Age it was that poisoned Socrates; the Age that burned the Hussites, and in this respect all Ages have been alike.

XII.—The Leaning Tower of Bologna.

The leaning tower is a disagreeable sight, and yet it is highly probable that it was designedly so built. I explain this folly to myself in the following manner. In the times of the municipal disturbances every large building became a fortress out of which some powerful family raised a tower. By little and little the tower building became a matter of fancy and distinction, every one wished to make a show with his tower, and when, at last, perpendicular towers became quite common, and every day affairs, somebody built a sloping one. Architect and proprietor have both gained their purpose; you look at the numerous straight towers, but you single out the crooked one. I was afterwards on the top of it; the courses of brick lie horizontally. With good binding cement, and iron clamps, one may build mad stuff enough.

XIII.—The Coliseum by Moonlight.

Of the beauty of a walk through Rome beneath the light of the full moon no one that has not seen it can form any idea. The Individual is swallowed up in the great masses of light and shadow, and only the greatest and most universal pictures are presented to the eye. For the last three days we have had the brightest and most splendid nights,

and we have enjoyed them well, and to perfection. An especially beautiful sight is presented by the Colliseum. It is closed at night; a hermit dwells in it in a little chapel, and the beggars nestle in the sunken vaults. On the level ground they had lighted a fire; a gentle current of air wafted the smoke first towards the arena, so that the lower part of the ruins was covered, and the immense walls loomed darkly above it. We stood at the iron bars and beheld the phenomenon, while the moon stood high and bright. By little and little the smoke penetrated through the partitions, gaps, and openings, and the moon lighted it like a mist; it was a delicious sight. Thus lighted up should be seen the Capitol, the fore-court of St. Peter's, and other great streets and squares. Thus, sun and moon, as well as the human mind, have here quite a different business from what they have in other places—here, where masses of monstrous size, and yet of elegant forms, ever meet their glance.

The World Surveyed in the Nineteenth Century; or Recent Narratives of Scientific and Exploratory Expeditions, (undertaken chiefly by command of Foreign Governments). Translated and (where necessary) Abridged. By W. D. Cooley. Vol. I. "Parrot's Journey to Ararat." Longman and Co., London, 1845.

This volume is the first of a forthcoming series, the object of which is to render accessible to the English reader, through the medium of translations, "the narratives of scientific voyages and travels published abroad;" which, containing as they do, "a large mine of valuable information, practical as well as scientific," have hitherto been altogether closed against him by the barrier of a foreign language. Such a design, if adequately carried out, cannot fail to be of essential service to the cultivation of one of the widest and richest fields of human inquiry—geographical science. "No study," as the editor of this work truly observes, "is more delightful, or practically more useful, than that which makes us acquainted with the earth and its inhabitants;" no subject, either of science or philosophy, embraces so extensive a range of observation and thought. In it is contained the history of civilization, since it enables us to trace in their results the gradual development of man's powers and faculties through every stage of their progress; it familiarizes us with all the wondrous phenomena of nature—the various localities of the globe whereon we dwell—the myriad tribes of animated beings by which it is inhabited—the innumerable forms of vegetable organization wherewith it is clothed—and then, leading us from earthly things to those on high, exhibits to our astonished gaze the farthest stars of heaven as they sweep on, troop after troop, a countless multitude, through the infinite depths of space. Nor does geography confine itself merely to the observation and description of the phenomena of the universe, it directs its inquiries into the agencies by which they are produced, and seeks to investigate those "inherent everlasting laws" whereby they are regulated and sustained. In no

branch of science, consequently, are the contributions of mankind at large so necessary to its formation and perfection as in that of geography.

An undertaking, therefore, which promises, if properly conducted, to add considerably to our store of knowledge upon this subject, is entitled to a cordial welcome at our hands. And certainly the volume before us speaks strongly for the judgment which presides over the plan; a more interesting or spirit-stirring subject could scarcely have been selected for a *coup d'essai* than "a Journey to Mount Ararat." Associated with some of the most striking incidents in the history of our race—the supposed locality of man's first happy abode—the witness of his fall and punishment—the resting place of the ark—this lofty mountain has stood for upwards of four thousand years, a mighty monument alike of the wondrous power, and still more wondrous mercy of the Almighty. Through ages it has been regarded with veneration equally by Jew, Christian, and Mahommedan, and even to the Pagan it has been an object of superstitious sanctity. Numberless are the traditions and legends connected with it, all tending to prove the impossibility of reaching its mysterious summit. Many attempts had been made from time to time to effect this object, but, up to the period of the ascent narrated in this volume, they had all uniformly failed; and it was the popular belief that human foot would never be permitted to tread its sacred head until the consummation of all things.

Dr. Friedrich Parrot, professor of natural philosophy at the university of Dorpat, in Livonia, had travelled through the Crimea and the Caucasus, in the year 1811, in company with M. Von Engelhart, and standing one day upon mount Kasbeg, during a snow-storm, had discovered through "a momentary break in the clouds" what appeared to him to be "the silver crown of Ararat." Fired with this glimpse, a longing seized him to attempt the hitherto impossible achievement of ascending to its top; but owing to the hostility then raging between the Persians and the Russians, he was unable at that time to carry his desires into execution. The impression made upon him, however, continued uneffaced; and when, by the peace of Turkmanshai between Persia and Russia, (in February, 1828) the boundary of the Russian empire was extended beyond the Araxes, and the "imperial eagle soared over Ararat," his "long-suppressed aspiration after the mysterious mountain," returned on him with renewed force; and fearing lest the expected peace should restore the recent conquests to Mahommedan rule, and thus render them as insecure to Christian travellers as during open war, he determined to proceed at once upon the enterprise, accompanied only by M. Von Behagel Von Adlerskron, a mineralogist, and pupil of professor Engelhart, who was to assist him in taking levels with the barometer. Meanwhile he had received a pressing solicitation from two medical students of the university, M. Julius Hehn, and M. Carl Schiemann, for permission to accompany him at their own expense, with the object of making collections in botany and zoology. Professor Struve also suggested the addition to their party of M. Vassili Fedorov, for the purpose of making astronomical observations on the route; and having proposed to the authorities that the cost of the necessary instruments, as well as his share of the expenses, should be defrayed out of the imperial treasury,

the emperor, before whom the project was laid, and who entirely approved of it, advanced the money necessary for that purpose, and ordered a *feldyüger*, or military guide, to accompany the expedition. Thus the number of the party consisted in all of six individuals. We may here mention, as an honourable trait in the character of Alexander, that, on their return, he ordered the entire of their expenses to be reimbursed to the travellers, and conferred upon Dr. Parrot the order of St. Anne.

Owing to the delay occasioned by procuring the instruments required for their journey, the departure of the travellers from Dorpat did not take place until the 30th March (old style,—11th April, according to our reckoning) 1829, at eight in the evening. This was rather late for their contemplated researches in natural history, as in these countries, exposed to the scorching heat of the sun, vegetable life becomes in a manner extinct, even so early as the month of June, from the combined influence of the sun's rays, and the aridity of the atmosphere and the soil; while the active animal kingdom seek a protection against the heat and drought, either by burrowing in the earth, or retiring to the cool and inaccessible retreats in Caucasus and the mountains of Asia Minor.

They reached New Cherkask on the 10th (22d) of May. Notwithstanding his anxiety to arrive as soon as possible at the object of his journey, Dr. Parrot determined to devote a few days of the time still at his disposal to a short detour which would lead him into the Kalmuck steppe, to the eastward of New Cherkask, for the purpose of collecting information as to the mysterious course of the Manech, a river involving many important questions connected with the relative levels of the Black and Caspian Seas. The entire of the vast plain stretching along both sides of this river, from Cherkask to the borders of the Caspian, is inhabited principally by the Kalmuck Tartars. Of this unsophisticated people, Dr. Parrot has collected a good many interesting particulars, which, as they are not generally known, we shall extract for the benefit of our readers. Their mode of life is systematically nomadic, and they cling to it with all the inveteracy of habit.

"So great," says Dr. Parrot, "is their attachment to a roving life, that I was assured by one of their priests that it would be looked upon as a sort of violation of religious principle if they were to attempt to provide a supply of hay in summer to secure their horses and oxen from the danger of perishing of hunger in the winter, because it would seem an approximation to habits to which their national practices are too obstinately opposed. One article indispensable to the nomadic life of the Kalmuck is his *kibitka*, the light, portable, but durable and secure house of the steppe, which, in the space of a single hour, may be removed from the waggon, erected, and arranged for the reception of the inmates by a couple of men. A regular circle is first described upon the ground, having a diameter of 17 feet when intended for a dwelling of the humbler class; somewhat more when designed for the *kibitka* of a person of higher rank, or for that in which their religious ceremonies are performed. Upon this area is next placed a broad piece of lattice work, formed of flat willow rods, about the thickness of the thumb, and scoured at the points where they cross each other with thin leathern thongs, yet in such a manner that the whole may be readily struck and rolled up, and, upon erecting it again, may be extended or contracted: in which latter case it would consequently stand higher. At the point where the two ends approach each other, a splice is left, to which a light double door of thin neat boards is fitted, and where it is fastened by a strong and flat rope. A funnel-shaped skeleton roof, of long round wattles, is attached to the

upper part of the upright frame by means of thongs or cords, and ends above in a circular aperture of about three feet in diameter, where it is strengthened by a firm wooden rim, having holes for the reception of the wattles of which the roof is composed. Several braces are next passed over the entire roof to ensure its perfect stability. The entire structure, roof and side walls, are now covered with unsized felt, which is made to fit accurately and smoothly by the aid of a number of straps by which it is confined; a cover of felt is likewise attached to the round opening in such a manner that it is not necessary to climb the roof when it is required to close it, as this may be readily effected by drawing a rope across. In the centre of the floor is a place where the fire is made, which affords light and warmth to the entire apartment; here, too, the cooking is carried on, and their brandy distilled. This last is an extraordinary preparation, a kind of animal spirit, distilled from fermented milk, their usual beverage, in a copper vessel, provided with a head and worm, from whence it is drawn for daily consumption; this liquor they call *arraca*, and, when rendered purer and stronger by a second distillation, it becomes *dan*, which is a pungent, clear spirit, with a disagreeable empyratic flavour of the milk. The residuum of this distillation is carefully preserved and mixed with flour, so as to form a sort of hasty pudding, to which they give the name of *budan*; besides this, they indulge themselves in the use of butter, fermented mare's milk, a refreshing drink in summer, and curdled milk of a very disgusting taste, which is dried in the sun upon felt cloths, and stored up as an important article of food for the winter. If to these articles of diet we add the flesh of their cattle, especially the sheep, which they eat boiled, roasted, and baked, we shall obtain a tolerably fair idea of the requisites of a Kalmuck larder."

They make no use whatever of vegetables, the herbs of the steppe, or fruits; probably because they would require cultivation, which would interfere with the independence of their roving life. They find their flocks and herds sufficient for the supply of all their wants; of the hair, or fleece, they make cushions, felt cloths, ropes, and lines; the skins they convert into articles of dress, while of the leather, rudely dressed, they construct their kibitkas, harness for their cattle, and canteens of every size, called *berba*, made of leather pressed. By means also of his flocks and herds the Kalmuck contrives to provide himself with linen cloth, cotton stuffs, salt and meal, which he gets in exchange for camels and horses, reared by him in considerable numbers, and which are of a light, swift, and hardy breed.

The life of the Kalmuck is an inactive and monotonous one, his migration from the winter to the summer pastures constituting the most important event in it. They profess what the author calls the religion of Buddah, but, from his description of their tenets, it is evident, that, although similar in name, their Buddhism differs essentially from what we know of the doctrines of that creed in India. As it is, their religion is a sort of pantheism, not at all easy to comprehend; rejecting the principle of one Almighty Being, the creator of heaven and earth, it nevertheless asserts the essential identity of God with the material world, neither placed above it, nor existing before it, but proceeding with it out of *immeasurable space*. Among all animated beings, of which there are good and bad, there is, according to their creed, a consecutive subordination of rank, the several gradations of which must be passed by each in long intervals of time; the highest place is that of Buddah, by whom, however, we are not to understand any individual impersonation of the deity, but merely the attributes of the divine nature, which it is the destiny of every being to attain, according to the measure of his works.

But even these doctrines, vague and wild as they are, do not prevail universally amongst the Kalmucks; here and there they are found strangely intermixed with various tenets which have been derived from the Christianity and paganism which surrounds them, while, with regard to the fundamental tenet of all religion—the belief in the existence of a Divine Being—the ideas of the generality of them would be found contradictory and unsettled. Nor is this to be wondered at; they not only have no religious instruction, but are without any regular performance of religious worship even on the Sabbath; their priests are both few and profoundly ignorant, while the smallness of their temples (which are merely kibitkas of a somewhat larger size than the rest) effectually prevents a tithe of the people that might attend from taking part in the worship; they content themselves therefore with the assurance that the lamas and gellongs (their high priests and officiating ministers) are offering up the prayers enjoined by their ritual for the welfare of the Kalmuck community. The following is a description of one of their temples:—

“Here, hang a number of distorted representations of their divinities on the walls; there, is reverentially preserved a brassen idol, cast for their principal god, who is generally represented as a female, like many others among them, and often with four or six arms, and similar hideous deformities of shape. In another place lie piled in chests their sacred writings, obtained from Mongolia or Tibet, and which are intelligible, or rather legible to none but the initiated; that is to say, their high priest or lama, and the officiating minister or gellong. Their religious service, too, judging from what I had an opportunity of observing, is in no respect more elevating. The priests seat themselves in the kibitka with their legs bent under them, and the soles of their feet turned upwards, or, as the Mongolians express it, in sceptre-fashion, so as to be ranged in two lines opposite to each other from the entrance. In this posture they remain as immoveable as statues, and chant or sing their prayers on a sort of rosary, interrupted from time to time by the harsh discordant tones of a peculiar kind of brassen cornets, accompanied with the clang of kettle-drums and cymbals, and the deep but clear bass notes of two straight wooden trumpets, six feet long; which latter, however, I only saw introduced in the elegant stone church built at Astrakhan, by the Kalmuk chief whom I have already mentioned. As for the laity of even the same khatun only taking a part in the daily worship of their gods, they are effectually precluded from that, by the smallness of the kibitka in which it is performed; much less can the inmates of those khatuns which are six or twelve miles distant, catch the sound even of the music. As the constitution of their church teaches no distinction between Sundays and weekdays, their prayers are limited to a short formula, which they repeat as a sort of charm or spell upon every important occurrence, and without any very clear conception of its import.”

From the investigations which he was able to make in the course of his journey along the Manech, Dr. Parrot came to the opinion that there probably existed, at one time, a communication between the Black and Caspian Seas; but that it was interrupted, at some unknown epoch, so as to leave behind a low and level tract, now intersected by the Manech—“a slender thread of water, stretching nearly from sea to sea, being all that remains of the ancient channel; just as we often observe a body of water, after long continued showers, subside into two adjacent depressions, but still leaving similar lines of communication, where we may sometimes even perceive traces of a current.” This is the general opinion of travellers through these level regions; but as yet no complete examination of the intermediate coun-

try has been made, so as to enable us to arrive at any certain conclusion upon this interesting subject of inquiry. In Dr. Parrot's case, unfortunately, he was obliged, when he had already passed the middle of the tract lying between these two seas, to give up the further prosecution of his journey, in consequence of the intelligence that the steppes abounded with robbers, which rendered it dangerous for him to continue it. As far, however, as he was enabled to penetrate, all the appearances presented by the country indicate that it was at one time overflowed by some great body of water.

"More than once," says Dr. Parrot, "as we roamed over this interminable plain, upon our Kalinuk horses, with the broad vault of heaven over our heads, have I figured to myself this sea, as its waves once flowed high over our path. But I was still more powerfully impressed with the wasting away of ages, when, at the conclusion of one of our excursions, we turned our horses through the Manech, which here divides into two branches, not more than two feet deep, flowing through a number of little lakes and pools, and over the soft loamy soil—an eloquent testimony of the early world, and well fitted to awaken, in the mind of the passing traveller, many a serious reflection on the changes of the earth, and all that exists upon it."

Being disappointed, as we have said, in his attempt to trace the Manech, Dr. Parrot once more turned his face to the south, and resumed his progress towards the final goal of his journey. He rejoined his companions at Mozdok, from whence they set out to make the passage of the Caucasus. This they were obliged to do under the protection of a military escort, owing to the number of the freebooters by which the passes are infested, who equally find security and refuge in the thickets of the plains and the forests of the hills. We cannot, however, follow the author through the details of his journey over this romantic region, where, to quote his words, "whoever once makes this journey will not easily forget the sublime impressions produced by the scenery on the road: the steep and towering heights near Daliel and Lara, boldly crowned with villages and robber-holds; the chilling gloom of the rugged passes; the roar of the Terek, as it sweeps along its stony bed; the softer slopes of the valleys between the Kasbeg and Kobi, dotted with Georgian and Ossetian cottages; and the majestic head of the Kasbeg raised proudly above all."

At Vladikavkas, the travellers had the honour of an interview with prince Khosref Mirza, the son of, probably, the greatest anti-Malthusian in existence—being "one of 380 children and grand-children of the male sex alone, descendants of Kajar Fet Ali, the present Shah of Persia, who was the parent of eighty-six sons, and fifty-three daughters, as early as the year 1826, and regarding whose family, instances can be adduced of its having been increased by *twenty members in a single week!*" How shocked poor Miss Martineau must be, should this account by chance meet her eye. How deplorable to find such lamentable ignorance of the first principles of political economy, on the part of this (in one sense at least) "father of his people!"

Our author describes the southern declivity of Caucasus, where the road penetrates into the valleys of the Aragvi, as "warm, rich in a luxuriant growth of trees, well cultivated, thickly peopled, and adorned with many interesting ruins, partly the remains of churches, partly of proud-looking hill forts, with their towers and out-works, all exciting

an almost irresistible curiosity to investigate their origin, date, and the history of their founders." This Dr. Parrot was unable to do, owing to want of time; but he expresses his conviction that such an investigation would result in the discovery of "many a relic of the classic ages."

On the 5th (17th) of June the party reached Tiflis, the capital of the Russian dominions beyond the Caucasus. To hear of Tiflis, or to have visited Tiflis, never fails in Europe to excite a degree of interest, which, from the description of it given by our author, can neither be justified by distance, nor by any striking peculiarity which that city possesses. From its geographical and local position, it, indeed, ought to be one of the most delightful spots upon the earth, and undoubtedly would be, were it not that the mountains among which it lies, and which might otherwise contribute the most to render it agreeable, are totally divested of wood, and consequently deprived of the inestimable advantages of cooling and fertilizing rivers and fountains. There is but one poor rivulet which trickles down from a mountain on the south side of the city, and distributes its scanty store amongst the vineyards in the town, into which it is permitted to be turned for an hour or so, under the superintendence of the police. The surrounding mountains, therefore, only serve to concentrate the rays of the sun, which would otherwise be kept off by the cool winds from the north and east, and give rise in summer to fiery blasts, which strike the inhabitants like the air from a furnace, and produce certain diseases of the biliary organs, which are said to be here endemic. Indeed, beyond the prestige of antiquity which surrounds it, and the historical associations connected with it, Tiflis seems to possess but little to recommend it to strangers. The Georgians themselves are described as remarkable for personal beauty, well-made and active. They possess great energy of character, and good natural abilities, but neutralize all these advantages by their evil and selfish habits, and their addiction to drunkenness and idleness. The women are of surpassing loveliness, but prematurely impair their beauty by the immoderate use of cosmetics, of apparel prejudicial to their health, and by their reckless licentiousness. Amongst all classes, according to Dr. Parrot, a total want of industry, activity, and domestic feeling is every where apparent; and though cleanliness and love of order have, in a few instances, gained a footing amongst the higher class, it is yet only as objects of imitation and luxury, not of necessity and habit. In all the arts and knowledge of civilized life, the Georgians are extremely deficient; they still adhere to their primitive agricultural instruments, and defective system of cultivation, and to their ancient cumbrous and unsuitable mode of dress. In some points, indeed, they have borrowed from Europe, though evidently little to their advantage. Thus a coquettish Georgian lady will wear a French capote, instead of the veil of the olden time; while, in their houses, the sloping-tiled roof of the North has superseded the well-contrived flat roofs of clay, which used to be the place of exercise and recreation. Dr. Parrot, however, looks forward to great results from their connexion with Russia, into whose arms, he says, (*credat Judæus*!) that the Georgians voluntarily threw themselves, in order to escape from the horrors of intestine feud and commotions, under which they have suffered for now upwards of fifteen

hundred years. He tells us that the time is near when "the streams poured over the land from the pure fountains of an exalted beneficence shall be no more wasted on the ungenial soil of selfishness and hardness of heart"—when the bearer of the Russian sceptre "will be richly indemnified for the enormous sacrifices made for Georgia, by the blessings of a prosperous nation." In what those "enormous sacrifices" consist, our author does not tell us, and we confess that we are not able to discover. As to his anticipations they still remain to be proved. Hitherto it is plain, even by Dr. Parrot's own showing, that nothing has been effected amongst the Georgians in the way of education, since he states that reading and writing are entirely unknown throughout the country; and we greatly fear that the Russian adventurers, who yearly resort to the provinces, are not likely to aid much in the moral regeneration of the people.

When our travellers reached Tiflis, they learned the discouraging news that the plague had broken out in Erivan, and the neighbouring towns which lay on the route to Ararat, and that it had carried off 3000 persons since February. They were therefore compelled to suspend all further progress, and to wait at Tiflis until its fury should subside. They occupied themselves during this period in making a series of astronomical observations on the weather, which are detailed at length in the work, and in short excursions into the environs of the city, as far as the oppressive heat would allow; in the course of which they collected many facts bearing upon the topography of Tiflis. Dr. Parrot also, during the same delay, made an excursion, under a military escort, into the province of Kakheti, "an interesting and agreeable strip of country, stretching onwards from the Aragvi, in a south-easterly direction, between the Kur and the high ridge of Caucasus, for about 100 miles." It is famous for its wine, which is duly—unfortunately sometimes unduly—prized throughout all Georgia as the very best, though our author considers the best as bad enough, being "destitute of the true aromatic flavour of wine," and incapable of being kept for more than five or six years. However this may be, there is certainly enough of it drunk beyond Caucasus to afford a knowledge of its properties. We extract the following description of their mode of keeping it, both here and in every other district of Georgia, as curious and interesting.

"They have no casks, but keep it in earthen jars and leathern bottles. These latter are made of the skins of goats, oxen, and buffaloes, turned inside out, clipped with the scissors, washed and rubbed over with mineral tar, or, as it is called, *naphtha*. The openings are closed with a sort of wooden bung, except at the feet, where they are only tied up with a cord. The wine is drawn at one foot, merely by opening or closing the noose. It is a very strange and whimsical sight for the new comer to see oxen and buffaloes full of wine lying in the wine-booth, or about the streets with their legs stretched out. These skins, however, are very convenient for home use, or for carriage, for they may be found of all sizes, some very small—the skins of young kids—holding only a few bottles; at the same time these latter come very rarely into requisition. The Georgian who has a mind to enjoy himself with his family and two or three friends in a little country party, is not likely to content himself with so slender a provision. The usual wine measure in retail trade is what is called the *tunge*, which contains just five of our ordinary bottles; half a *tunge*, however, is sometimes sold, but it is by no means thought in Georgia a proof of extraordinary intemperance for a man to drink two *tunges* of wine in the course of the day."

It might be supposed that the naphtha on the hairy side of the skin would give a disagreeable flavour to the wine, but this, Dr. Parrot says, wears off when the skin has been sometime in use, and many connoisseurs in Kakhetian wine consider that this very flavour renders the wine not only innoxious but wholesome. Our limits, however, compel us to pass over many interesting details, and to take up the thread of our author's narrative at his departure from Tiflis.

On the 1st of September the party left that city to resume their journey, and set out for Echmiadzin; their course lay in a direction parallel with the river Abaran, which "is obliged to find a passage for its waters through a perpendicular chasm in the volcanic strata of the tract to which it gives a name." From this they continued their route into the valley of the Araxes, a partially cultivated plain of twenty or twenty-six miles in breadth, in which the far-famed monastery of Echmiadzin, with its dependant establishments and villages, is situated.

"This is the seat of the patriarch of the holy synod, and dignitaries of the Armenian Church, the centre from which issue the radiations of its influence, and towards which the fruits of gratitude and veneration are so copiously reflected from every point of the earth in which its members exist, that the splendour and riches of this metropolitan residence might, under ordinary circumstances, speedily vie with those of the Roman papacy itself. But the sovereigns of Persia have never forgotten to avail themselves of the resources of this mine of wealth, on which they have practised their extortions, either under cover of the law, or as prompted by accident and caprice."

Satisfied, however, with exacting from time to time heavy contributions from the resident patriarch, archbishops, and archimandrites, the Persian rulers have in other respects always shown great policy in the treatment of their Armenian subjects, and which contrasts favourably with the bigotted conduct pursued towards them by the Turkish government in the provinces of Asia Minor. Thus the breeding of hogs by the Armenians within the precincts of their monasteries is connived at by the Persians; they are suffered to have regular churches, church processions, and church costume. The Persian generalissimo of the army at the time of Dr. Parrot's arrival in Armenia, Hussein Khan, encouraged the keeping of the Christian churches upon a respectable footing, and even attended their worship with every mark of reverence and devotion. This liberality is ascribed by Dr. Parrot—following Tavernier—to something superior in the followers of Omar over those of Ali.

On the 8th of September our author entered Echmiadzin. When at Tiflis he had procured a letter of introduction from the Armenian Archimandrite there to Father Joseph the manager of the domestic affairs of the monastery; this he presented on his arrival, and was most hospitably received and entertained for several days. The following is the description of this seat of the Armenian papacy.

"The wall, by which Echmiadzin is surrounded, forms nearly a square, and is, as far as I remember, (for I must confess that my delight at finding myself in the vicinity of Ararat, made me neglect much that was interesting in the monastery,) about 30 feet high, built of brick, merely dried in the sun, like those used in the fortifications of Erivan, with loopholes and towers at the angles, and on each side

a wall, with two main and three smaller approaches, and having a circumference of about a mile and a quarter. The buildings for the horses, and other cattle, are partly against the northern and partly against the southern wall. At some distance within the wall, from which they are separated by open courts and gardens, stand several lines of houses, of one and two stories; these contain the residence of the patriarch, (on the west,) the archbishop, archimandrites, deacons, and their servants, the strangers hall, library and schoolrooms; though at the time of my visit there was no school. Besides these, there are enormous granaries within the circuit of the walls, as well as the grand refectory, a low gloomy sort of passage, furnished with tables and benches along each side, both of stone and calculated for the accommodation of more than 100 persons. Here the whole body of the monks, with the exception of the patriarch and a few very old archbishops, take their three frugal meals, (as they are said to be,) in common. Proper places are also set apart for a bakery, baths, and a market or bazaar, as it is called; here buying and selling, and many different trades, are carried on by persons who live in the adjacent village of Vagarshabad, and only remain in the monastery while at work."

In the centre of the monastery, surrounded by an exterior wall as if it were a fortress, stands the chief edifice of all—the grand metropolitan church—venerable for its antiquity. Its architecture is poor, but large and massive.

"Built of hewn stone, and representing in shape an enormous die: from the middle springs a low tower with a conical roof; at each of the four sides too there is a projection which bears a much smaller tower; so that the entire is in the form of a cross.....The position of the cathedral is such that it has one side presented to each of the four quarters of the earth; the high altar being opposite to the grand entrance and on the east."

The interior is ornamented with pictures relating to sacred subjects, but worthless as productions of art, with carpets, gilded and plated ornaments, utensils for religious ordnance chandeliers, and lamps, all oddly intermingled; but above all, it is especially rich in relics, which Dr. Parrot takes some pains to describe. It is withal rather gloomy inside, the windows being not only small, but walled up in many instances, ever since the period of some of the early wars. Our author and his party attended the celebration of high mass at the Cathedral on the morning after their arrival, at which the patriarch and the other dignitaries officiated. He describes the ceremony as highly solemn and imposing, though the effect was somewhat marred by the singing, which was devoid of harmony, melody, or fervour. After the service they went to pay a visit to the patriarch, and were conducted into a large but dreary-looking apartment, in the upper story, containing no furniture but two rows of seats, placed opposite to each other, in the middle of the floor. Here they saw the patriarch, whose name was Ephraim, seated upon a chair, set apart for him, at the upper end of the line, with the archbishops and archimandrites, right and left below. His proper title is *Catholikos*, which, though usually translated *Patriarch* by Europeans, properly speaking implies no particular eminence, but is also given to the archbishops of some large and distant sees, as those of Jerusalem and Constantinople. He was ninety-three years of age, had travelled much—as far even as India; and had gained a high veneration for his virtues. Learning is, however, at a low ebb in the monastery. With the exception of Deacon Abovian, who subsequently accompanied our author in his ascent of Mount Ararat, the librarian, and the archimandrite Manuel, all the European languages were totally unknown to the members of it. The study of the ancient languages

in like manner wholly neglected ; not one in the community being able to understand one of the Greek or Roman classics, although several of the works are preserved in their library. Altogether the picture drawn by Dr. Parrot of these monks is by no means a favourable one ; while the religion, of which they are the ministers, has degenerated into little better than a miserable superstition. Their only literary occupation was the study of the history of their country ; if, indeed, it can be deemed a literary employment for an Armenian monk to read the histories of his nation in the Armenian tongue without the least idea of intelligent criticism, and to receive with blind submission every absurd legend and worthless tradition as positive and undoubted truths. They have, however, some ancient manuscripts of great historical value, which trace back the origin of their nation to Haigh, a descendant of Japhet, who emigrated into the countries about Mount Ararat at the time of the building of the tower of Babel, and became the founder of the kingdom of Armenia ; whence the people call themselves not Armenians but Haigh. Dr. Parrot gives some interesting and minute details connected with their history for which, however, we have no room.

On the 10th (22nd) September, our author and his companions, bidding adieu to the patriarch, his twelve bishops and archbishops, more than forty archinandrites, and the host of deacons, set forward once more on his journey towards the holy mountain. They had received an addition to their party at the monastery, in the person of the young deacon Abovian, already alluded to, whose services were kindly placed at their disposal by the community, for the period of their visit to Ararat. As a member of the monastery, and specially deputed by it, he was to introduce them to the other Armenian establishments, and to recommend them to their attentions ; and was also to serve as their interpreter—an office for which his acquaintance with the Armenian, Russian, Tartarian, and Persian languages rendered him peculiarly well qualified. The young man himself had earnestly besought permission to accompany them, and, in the course of the subsequent journey, in every respect, by his earnest thirst after knowledge, his modesty, self-denial, and pious feelings, won the esteem and regard of the whole party. They were also accompanied by a hired guide, and a couple of volunteers. We must pass over all the intervening narrative of their journey, until their arrival at Arguri. This is the place, according to tradition, where Noah, after he came out of the ark, and went down from the mountain, had “ builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings upon the altar.” (Gen. viii. 20.) The exact spot is alleged to be where the church now stands ; and it is of the vineyards of Arguri that the Scriptures speak (Gen. ix. 20,) where they say, “ And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard.” Hence the name of the village, from the Armenian words *argh*, he planted ; and *urri*, the vine. Here our travellers had designed to fix their head quarters ; but on their arrival they found it afflicted with the plague. Fortunately there was a little Armenian monastery on the northern slope of Ararat, above Arguri, called St. James, which had luckily been spared by the plague, and thither they accordingly started, and reached it towards evening on the 11th September. On entering the court-yard, they were met by “ a venerable old man, of tall stature, and a countenance

expressive only of subdued passions, peace of mind, and dignified resignation. His head was grey, exempt from the obligation of tonsure since the downfall of the Persian sovereignty, and covered with the pointed capuchin cowl of blue Indian stuff; his beard was long; his eyes, deeply set and large, spoke only of chastened longings after a better world." He was clad merely "in a plain and worn gown of blue serge, with a pair of common slippers, and woollen Persian socks." This was the venerable superior—the archimandrite of St. James's—Varthabed Karapet, who, "with a hollow and weak voice," hospitably welcomed the strangers to the monastery. Here, at a height of 6350 feet above the level of the sea, our author and his party, consisting in all of seventeen persons (including six Kossaks and four soldiers) took up their quarters. The accommodations were certainly not of the most comfortable description. A long chamber, on the eastern side of the church, which contained a fire-place, at first served for their common bed and sitting room, but subsequently they procured an additional chamber, adjoining the cell of the archimandrite, which they converted into a bed-room, and reserved the former for their kitchen.

"Our furniture consisted of the blankets, pelisses, cloaks, and chests, brought with us. Our dinner table was a singular piece of basket-work of split wood, interwoven; not quite so high as an ordinary stool; it was too tottering for a work-table, so we preferred writing on the knee, or lying on our baggage, or, in case of nice work, on one of the stands of our instruments. Whoever did not like to eat standing, might seat himself on a big stone, which lay there at his service. All these dwellings round the church, are made with thick clay walls, and are covered in common with a perfectly flat roof of strong plaster, under which, in the middle of each apartment, is a prop; the wooden support of the ceiling in our room answered well for the hooks, whereon we hung our clothes."

The rooms being too dark and narrow for the various and important instruments which they had brought with them, a small tent was pitched in the middle of the court, in which the instruments were arranged according to their respective uses, and there, for the purpose of watching them, Dr. Parrot established his night quarters. Provisions they procured from Arguri and the villages round about, with which, and the addition of wild hogs shot by their Kossaks amongst the reeds on the Blackwater, (a river in the neighbourhood) and the game supplied by the exertions of M. Schiennann, they managed to get on tolerably well. At first they were badly off for the most important article of daily subsistence—bread.

"The Armenians make use of a kind of bread which, whatever may be its good qualities in other respects, wants the flavour and the strength requisite for the European palate and stomach. The *losh*, as they call it, is a thin cake, an ell long, half an ell wide, and about as thick as the blade of a knife, rolled out of weakly fermented dough; being spread on a leathern cushion, it is pressed against the inside of the heated oven, to which it adheres; in two or three minutes it is baked through, and here and there burnt a little; it is then torn off to make way for another. The oven used for baking this bread is of a peculiar kind; a pit in the chamber or porch of the dwelling, wide at the bottom, narrow above, well coated with fine plaster, and heated with wood, such is the oven, which has at least this advantage, that it takes up no room, being covered over when not in use. This *losh* is the bread universally used amongst the Armenians, and it serves for many purposes which elsewhere no one would expect from bread; for example, at meals the table is covered with it, and every one partaking has a whole *losh* set before him as a napkin, with which, preparatory to his eating it, he can wipe his mouth."

When sour milk is part of the feast, a piece of losh is broken off, folded up so as to make a spoon; it is then dipped into the bowl, and so milk and losh are swallowed together. Raw and preserved roots, and stalks of edible plants, which are always to be found upon the tables of the Armenians, are wrapped up in a piece of losh, a bit of meat and fish added thereto, and the whole collection, in all its length and breadth, despatched at once."

This losh, though not a bad thing when eaten in the way above described, by no means compensates for the want of the ordinary European bread; but here arose the question—how was the latter to be procured? In the monastery there was neither trough, oven, or table, or anything that would answer in lieu of them; however, by the ingenious contrivances of their Kossaks these difficulties were ultimately overcome, and they succeeded in making an extremely well-tasted and wholesome bread of good rye meal.

We must, however, reserve our remaining space for the main incident of the volume. Passing over, therefore, much interesting information, which will amply repay perusal, we shall come at once to the narrative of our author's attempts at ascending the mountain. Early on the morning of the 12th (24th) September, Dr. Parrot and M. Schiemann, accompanied by one of the Kossaks and a peasant from Arguri—a hunter—set out from St. James's for Mount Ararat. They directed their course first to a deep ravine in the mountain, and then along its left declivity, till they came to a spot where there were two small buildings of squared stone, standing near each other, one of which was formerly a chapel, and the other a holy well, famed for its miraculous virtues, and to which pilgrimages are made from the most distant quarters. From this chapel they ascended a grassy eminence, which forms the right side of the chasm, but suffered so much from the heat, that their Kossak was completely overcome, and they were obliged to send him back. So fatiguing and tedious was their progress, that it was nearly sunset before they reached the boundary of the snow, where they resolved to encamp for the night. They had now attained a height of 12,360 feet; "their bed was the hard rock, and the cold icy head of the mountain their only stove." Their unfortunate guide, who had neglected to prepare himself for this contingency, and who had nothing but his summer clothing on, would have been quite frozen, had they not wrapped him up like a parcel, in some sheets of grey paper, which Dr. Parrot had brought with him, for the purpose of drying plants. At break of day they renewed their journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon found themselves on a slope, which continues all the way down from the very summit. This slope they found, on nearer approach, consisted altogether of sharp angular ridges of rock, stretching downwards, and having considerable chasms between, in which the icy covering of the summit disappears, while forming glaciers of great extent. Several of these rocky ridges and chasms filled with ice, lay between them and the side of the mountain which they were striving to reach. This they succeeded in passing, as also the first glacier, but with so much difficulty and fatigue, that their remaining attendant completely lost heart, and turned back in fear. There remained, therefore, only Dr. Parrot and M. Schiemann, who continued to push on in spite of all obstacles. A second glacier, and a third ridge were crossed in like manner, and they then found themselves

on the borders of the ice, which continues without interruption from this point to the very summit, and at an elevation of 13,954 feet above the level of the sea. Now came their crowning difficulty. All that they had hitherto undergone, was trifling, compared with the labour which they underwent in climbing this sea of ice. Though the inclination of the ascent did not amount to thirty degrees, so great were the inequalities, that they found it impossible to ascend in a direct line. They therefore continued their course obliquely upwards on the slope, till they gained a long craggy ridge, which stretches up towards the summit. This they succeeded in accomplishing by the aid of their iron-pointed staffs, with which they cut regular holes in the ice, and sustained themselves, when on the point of losing their footing. By the time they had reached nearly the farthest end of the ridge, and an elevation of 15,400 feet, or about the elevation of Mount Blanc, it was three o'clock in the afternoon, and yet the snowy peak of Mount Ararat, still towered in the sky far above them. To reach it, therefore, before nightfall, was impossible, and it would have been equally impossible to pass the night on the summit without shelter and food. They therefore determined on descending. This proved to be even more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, and at one time had nearly proved fatal.

"Satisfied with the result, and with having ascertained that the mountain was by no means wholly inaccessible on this side, and having made our barometrical observations, we turned about, and immediately fell into a danger which we never dreamt of in ascending. For, while the footing is generally less sure in descending a mountain than in ascending it, at the same time it is extremely difficult to restrain one's self, and to tread with the requisite caution, when looking from above upon such a uniform survey of ice and snow, as spread from beneath our feet to the distance of two thirds of a mile without interruption, and on which, if we happened to slip and fall, there was nothing to prevent our rapidly shooting downwards, except the angular fragments of rock which bounded the region of ice. The danger here lies more in want of habit than in real difficulty. The active spirit of my young friend, now engaged in his first mountain journey, and whose strength and courage were able to cope with harder trials, was yet unable to withstand this: treading incautiously, he fell; but, as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to strike my staff before me in the ice, as deep as it would go, to plant my foot firmly on my excellent many-pointed ice-shoe, and, while my right hand grasped the staff, to catch M. Schiemann with my left, as he was sliding by. My position was good, and resisted the impetus of his fall; but the tie of the ice-shoe, although so strong that it appeared to be of a piece with the sole, gave way with the strain; the straps were cut through as if with a knife, and, unable to support the double weight on the bare sole, I also fell. M. Schiemann, rolling against two stones, came to a stoppage with little injury, sooner than myself; the distance over which I was hurried, almost unconsciously, was little short of a quarter of a mile, and ended in the debris of lava, not far from the border of the glacier."

In this disaster, the tube of the barometer was broken to pieces, and the chronometer opened, and sprinkled with Dr. Parrot's blood, but he himself fortunately was not seriously hurt. They found their attendant *yüger* waiting for them at the foot of the glacier, passed that night "in the region of grass," and on the following morning they reached again the hermitage of St. James. They took especial care not to acquaint the Armenians with their unlucky falls, as they would not have failed to consider them as a punishment from heaven upon their rash attempt to arrive at the summit, since all the Armenians are firmly persuaded that

Noah's ark remains to this very day on the top of Mount Ararat, and that to ensure its preservation no human being is allowed to approach it. Undismayed by the disastrous result of this first attempt, and his narrow escape from destruction, our author resolved upon another and more deliberate effort to reach the summit. For this purpose he hired attendants and beasts of burden, provided food, and got ready an inscription on a strong leaden plate which he intended to take with him, and to fasten on a cross to be erected on the highest point.

On the morning of the 18th (30th) September the party (now consisting of the three travellers, the deacon Abovian, four Armenian peasants, three Russian soldiers, and a driver with oxen, carrying provisions, warm clothing, &c.) set forward once more.

They commenced the ascent on the north west side of the mountain, where the way, though longer, is less precipitous. Their way lay at first over ground covered with withered grass, they next came to a sandy and volcanic tract, then to a stony region, and at last, very unexpectedly, to a considerable plain nearly horizontal, and well covered with grass, which, like a carpetted step, interrupts the stony tract on the north west side of the mountain. Here they gladly rested for some time after their fatiguing ascent of five hours. From this plain, which has an elevation of 11,500 feet above the level of the sea, the mountain rises abruptly, and on mounting a little higher the desolate stony region re-commences, and lasts until the margin of ice appears. This they reached about six, p.m., and then stood at an elevation of 13,000 feet; here the night was passed. Up to this point they had succeeded in urging the oxen, but to drive them higher was hopeless, and they were therefore turned loose. At half past 7 o'clock the following morning they renewed their journey, and in about two hours gained the limits of eternal snow.

"For an instant we halted at the foot of the pyramid of snow which before our eyes was projected with wondrous grandeur on the clear blue sky; we chose out such matters as could be dispensed with, and left them behind a rock; then, serious and in silence, and not without a devout shuddering, we set foot upon that region which, certainly, since Noah's time, no human being had ever trodden. At first the progress was easy, because the acclivity was not very steep, and besides it was covered with a layer of fresh snow, on which it was easy to walk; the few cracks in the ice, also, which occurred, were of no great breadth, and could be easily stepped over. But this joy did not last long; for, after we had advanced about 200 paces, the steepness increased to such a degree, that we were no longer able to tread securely on the snow, but, in order to save ourselves from sliding down on the ice beneath it, we were obliged to have recourse to that measure, for the employment of which I had taken care to equip myself and my companions, namely, the cutting of steps. Although that which is called ice on such mountains, is, in reality, snow converted into a glacier—that is to say, permeated with water and again frozen, in which state it is far from possessing the solidity of true ice—yet, like this, it does not yield to the pressure of the foot, and requires, where the slope is very rapid, the cutting of steps. For this purpose some of us had brought little axes, some bill-hooks, while others, again, made use of the ice-staff. The general rule in the ascent was, that the leader should only cut the ice, just enough to allow himself to mount, and that each as he followed should enlarge the step; and thus, while the labour of the foremost was lightened, a good path was prepared for the descent, wherein much firmer footing is required than in ascending."

The cross which they had brought with them for the purpose of

planting on the top of the mountain, proved, as might, one would think, have been anticipated, no small incumbrance to them in their laborious ascent. Arrived at the region of perpetual ice and snow, they were compelled to cut steps for themselves in the icy precipice before them, and, after scaling crags and slipping over ice-peaks, they at last reached a nearly horizontal plain of snow, still considerably below the summit. There still remained, at least, full three hours work before they could gain the top, daylight was fast drawing to a close, and, to crown all their difficulties, there arose just then a strong humid wind, betokening a snow-storm, which damped their courage and took from them all hope of being able to reach the summit. Dr. Parrot, therefore, determined to erect the cross here, on a spot where it might be seen from Erivan, and then to descend. Reluctantly he came to this resolve, but there was no remedy; and he could only console himself with the prospect of another and more successful attempt. Having erected the cross with all due formality, the party began the descent, which, happily, they accomplished without accident.

Shortly afterwards, on a favourable change taking place in the weather, Dr. Parrot, no ways discouraged by his former failures, resolved to seize this opportunity to make a third attempt to accomplish the great object of his expedition. On this occasion he was unaccompanied by his brother travellers, who had set forth on a botanizing ramble into the neighbouring country. Having made the necessary arrangements, he started on the 8th of October, accompanied by the Deacon Abovian, two soldiers, a gentleman from Dorpat, and a peasant, and reached again, at half past five o'clock, the lower border of snow, where they passed the night amongst the large masses of rock which lay scattered about. Although at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet, they passed the night almost in comfort, the result, partly, as Dr. Parrot considers, of eating profusely of onion soup, which he strongly recommends to all mountain travellers. On this occasion his perseverance was at length rewarded, and on the following day he enjoyed the triumph for which he had so laboriously wrought. The following is his own narrative of the achievement.

"At the first dawn we roused ourselves up, and at about half-past six proceeded on our march. The last tracts of rocky fragments were crossed in about half an hour, and we once more trod on the limits of perpetual snow nearly in the same place as before, having first lightened ourselves by depositing near some heaps of stones such articles as we could dispense with. But the snowy region had undergone a great, and for us by no means favourable change. The newly fallen snow which had been of some use to us in our former attempt, had since melted, from the increased heat of the weather, and was now changed into glacier ice, so that notwithstanding the moderate steepness of the acclivity, it would be necessary to cut steps from below. This made our progress a laborious affair, and demanded the full exertion of our strength from the first starting. We were obliged to leave one of the peasants behind at the place where we spent the night, as he complained of illness; two others tired in ascending the glacier, stopped at first only to rest, but afterwards went back to the same station. The rest of us, without allowing ourselves to be detained an instant by these accidents, pushed on unremittingly to our object, rather excited than discouraged by the difficulties in our way. We soon after came again to the great crack which marks the upper edge of the icy slope just ascended, and about ten o'clock we found ourselves exactly in the place where we had arrived on the former occasion at noon, that is to say on the great plain of snow, which forms the first step downward from the icy head of Ararat.

We saw from a distance of about half a mile the cross erected on the 19th September, but it looked so uncommonly small, perhaps owing to its black colour, that I could not help doubting whether I should be able to make it out, and to recognize it with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction of the summit we had before us an acclivity shorter but steeper than that just passed over; and between it and the furthest pinnacle there seemed to intervene only a gentle swelling of the ground. After a short rest, we ascended with the aid of hewn steps the next slope (the steepest of all), and then another elevation; but now instead of seeing immediately in front of us the grand object of all our exertions, a whole row of hills had developed itself to our eyes, and completely intercepted the view of the summit. At this our spirits which had never fluctuated so long as we supposed that we had a view of all the difficulties to be surmounted sank not a little, and our strength, exhausted by the hard work of cutting steps in the ice, seemed hardly adequate to the attainment of the now invisible goal. Yet, on calculating what was already done and what remained to be done, on considering the proximity of the succeeding row of heights, and casting a glance at my hearty followers, care fled, and, 'boldly onwards!' resounded in my bosom. We passed without stopping over a couple of hills; there we felt the mountain wind; I pressed forward round a projecting mound of snow, and behold! before my eyes, now intoxicated with joy, lay the extreme cone, the highest pinnacle of Ararat. Still, a last effort was required of us to ascend a tract of ice by means of steps, and that accomplished, about a quarter past three on the 27th September, (9th October,) 1829, WE STOOD ON THE TOP OF ARARAT."

He describes the summit as a gently vaulted, nearly cruciform surface, of about two hundred paces in circuit, which, at the margin, sloped off precipitously on every side, but particularly towards the south-east and north-east. Formed of eternal ice, without rock or stone to intercept its continuity, it was the austere, silvery head of "Old Ararat." The height, by the barometer, was 17,210 feet above the level of the sea. The view, though dimmed by a haze, was nevertheless glorious. The mercury, in the barometer, stood at nearly seven degrees below the freezing point. Our author did not discover any remains of the Ark, but the following is his opinion upon the subject:—

"Should any one now inquire respecting the possibility of remains of the Ark still existing on Ararat, it may be replied that there is nothing in that possibility incompatible with the laws of nature, if it only be assumed that immediately after the Flood the summit of that mountain began to be covered with perpetual ice and snow, an assumption which cannot be reasonably objected to. And when it is considered that on great mountains accumulated covering of ice and snow exceeding 100 feet in thickness are by no means unusual, it is obvious that on the top of Ararat there may be easily a sufficient depth of ice to cover the Ark, which was only thirty ells high."

We have now followed our persevering traveller to the object of his expedition, but our limits forbids us from accompanying him any farther. We must, therefore, take leave of him here, but we do so most reluctantly, so full of amusement and instruction have we found him. We most heartily recommend him to the intimate acquaintanceship of our readers, assured that whether they seek only amusement, or more solid information, they will find food to gratify either taste in the narrative contained in this volume.

M. DE LAMARTINE.

HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

Oh, earth ! the day declines along the hill,
 Where, by the gloom unwarned, I linger still ;
 When shall these eyes, around now sadly rolled
 On gathering shades, oh, when shall they behold,
 And hail the deathless glory of that day
 Nor cloud can veil, nor night can snatch away ?
 These thirsting orbs that pine for genial light,
 They were not made for thy chill realm, oh, night ;
 Why, exiled from the balmy day's domain,
 Why should they own thy dark alternate reign ?
 Still would my tireless spirit walk abroad,
 Still gaze insatiate on the works of God.
 High swells my heart, but worship still can teach
 Its heaving springs a higher, holier reach.

God of the day, God of the night—supreme
 O'er every hour alike—the subtle beam
 Bid Thou my pathway be ; vermillion drest,
 Why speeds you light cloud toward the west ?
 It seeks, far off, thy home of living light,
 To thy blest abode it springs,
 With sunshine on its wings,
 Whither darkness cometh not,
 Where no bond of sleep is wrought,
 To chain or dim the soul's pervading sight.

Yet not unbeauteous to Hope's gifted eye,
 The solemn wonders of the midnight sky—
 Yon sunless waste is eloquent as day,
 To tell thy presence, Lord !—to testify thy sway.

These sparkling choirs, all marshalled by thy power—
 This azure deep, whence rains their beamy shower—
 These glorious beacons through the realms of space—
 These stars that come and go in endless race—
 All, all, I comprehend—their wondrous song
 My soul interprets, while the accordant throng
 Tells how the gorgeous heavens, how all we see,
 Teems with vitality—is filled with Thee ;
 That whatsoever immensity contains,
 Thy power hath made it, and Thy power maintains.

These golden waves—these seas of azure light—
 These crowding worlds that mock the wildered sight,
 What are they, Lord, wide o'er the concave spread,
 But dust that springs beneath Thy awful tread ?

In solemn silence, night, unfold
 The mystic volume of the sky ;
 Ye stars, in your bright orbits rolled,
 Wend on in voiceless harmony ;
 Break not the awful trance, ye winds—
 All sounds of earth be still—
 Spread out thy waves, oh, Sea !
 Spread out thy subject waves to be
 The mirror of thy God, who binds
 And heaves them at his will.

Know you his name? in vain, in vain
 Her thousand voices nature blends—
 Stars ask of stars that ask again,
 " What potent law our courses bends ?"
 Billow to billow cannot tell
 Who rules them, and can wake or quell—
 Would the red lightning teach the blast
 Whose breath dismays, whose bolt is cast ?
 Back stars—earth—man, from the stupendous theme,
 Be mute, 'tis not for you to speak the Eternal's name !

Lord ! how the loftiest temples reared by art,
 Confine, oppress, my struggling heart ;
 Bow down, ye powerless walls, bow down.
 To heaven—to heaven my swelling thoughts aspire ;
 Dread One, thy dwelling is etherial fire !
 Great Architect, the shrines of art
 Confine, oppress, my struggling heart,
 Bow down, ye powerless walls, bow down.

Space is thy fitting shrine, Omnipotent !
 Throughout yon boundless spangled vault
 The stars that gem the firmament,
 Have from thy brow their radiance caught,
 Enkindling in their flight—
 To being at thy word they sprang,
 And pendant by thy power they hang,
 Poised in yon deep of light ;
 Whence, paling mid the host of heaven,
 They cast to earth a sicklied gleam,
 A faint, cold phantom of the beam,
 Thou, Lord ! to them hast given.

The sea its waves doth cast,
 At the foot of its dread king ;
 Thy presence speaks the blast,
 With a shudder of its wing ;
 The thunder, hurled from cloud to cloud,
 Avenging, tells of Thee aloud ;

The light, the storm, thy head surround,
 With crown of triple radiance bound.
 Moon wonders at thine eye—

Thou art the breath of day—
 To Thee gives night her sigh—
 And the fond earth faints away,
 As the name she loves to hear,
 Comes with music on her ear.

Lord! what am I that I thy power should praise?
 An atom in immensity!

A speck upon time's boundless sea!
 A shade, once past, no more to be!
 'Twere marvel did'st Thou hear while thus
 My worthless voice I dare to raise,
 Were not thy mercy marvellous.

Lord! I am nothing, but for Thee I yearn—
 Lord! man is nothing, could his soul not learn
 To scale the heavens with love.

Thou wilt not spurn the meanest thing
 That bends before thy throne,
 Nor scorn the feeblest while they sing,
 Whose accents are thy own,

And hoping, trembling, float above.
 When the mist ascendeth light,
 On the pinions of the morn,
 Wail to Thee amid the night,
 And, with day-break, swell new-born.

Father of Light! throughout yon blue expanse,
 With radiance inundated by thy glance—
 Curbed by thy hand where the harsh thunders grate—
 Whence, pitying, Thou surveyest my lowly state—
 My soul's unswerving faith, in words, in sighs,
 Shall to thy feet for answering mercy rise,
 From fainting echo on to echo hurled,
 From star to star remote—from world to world,
 Like voices o'er the waters—nor shall cease,
 Till to my burthened heart, dread Lord! thou whisper peace.

THE THREEFOLD PREDICTION.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL NARRATIVE.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."

—*Shakspeare.*

It was the evening of the 28th of June, 1824. I had finished my afternoon's cup of coffee, and was seated alone in my study, boring myself, if not to death, at least to death's image—sleep—over an old volume of pseudo poetry. Sixteen times (if I am precise in anything it is in numbers, to which I attach a magical signification rather different from that of Pythagoras,) had I nodded over one particular line—

"Wenn ich aus Bett und Kammer will,"

but, by some strange fatality, always felt unable to advance beyond it. It was of no use trying the seventeenth time. I would not be made a dupe of after this fashion again. I flung down the book, got upon my legs, and began to make the tour of the room. Yet the circumstance was highly annoying. "Kammer will!" I soliloquised, "Kammer will! What is there in these two vocables, one a noun, the other a verb, thus to magnetise me? Let me pause, perpend, and ponder. Ah, Eureka! I have it! Once more present, though only to the mind's eye, stands before me, as last I saw him, my estimable friend, the Baron von Kammerwill!"

"The Baron von Kammerwill," cried my man-of-all-work, Gregory, as he abruptly opened the door.

"What do you mean, you incarnation of impertinence," I demanded, "by playing echo to your master?"

"Nay, doctor, rather what do you mean?" said the baron, coming forward, while he held out both hands to me.

"How, baron!" cried I, "is it possible? My dear friend, I sincerely rejoice to greet you again! But how is it that you are in Vienna? Captain Steglitz—you know the captain—informed me that he had left you permanently settled in the Isle of France."

"In verity, doctor, I myself expected that we should summer there; but—but Fate and Fanny have willed the event otherwise."

It was evident that the baron spoke this under the influence of some painful impression, for he sighed, as I thought, involuntarily, and there was a perceptible tremor in his tones.

"Pray, take a seat," said I, "you have very opportunely arrived to assist me in pronouncing judgment on some untried *Johannisberg*. The baroness became home-sick, I presume?"

"Not exactly that. This is a splendid *Salvator*," said the baron, taking up from the table a picture which had been sent to me for inspection the preceding day by a Jew.

"I hardly think it genuine," observed I, "for, if you notice, that brigand in the background is committing the blunder of dying without any apparent wound."

"I am afraid, doctor," said the baron, "that there are too many in the same plight and condition. It is just my poor Fanny's case at present."

"What!" cried I, "have I heard you aright? Do you mean to tell me that the baroness is dangerously ill?"

"No," was the reply, "I merely mean what I have already intimated, that she is—or conceits herself—dying. And truly the change that has occurred in her within the last two months is marvellous. You remember the peculiar richness of colour which distinguished her features—since the beginning of the year it has disappeared, and given place to a marble pallor; she does not consume an ounce of viands in the twenty-four hours, and sleep is almost a stranger to her eyes: then, her lamentations over our child, when we assemble in the saloon, morning and evening, are really heart-rending. I believe it to be one of the most distressing and perplexing cases that medical skill has ever been called on to deal with. And, to confess to you the truth, doctor, I have been induced to pay you this visit at least as much in the hope that your valuable services may prove of advantage to Fanny, as with the desire of renewing an acquaintanceship which circumstances alone, and not any wish of mine, interrupted."

"The diagnostics you have mentioned, baron," said I, "are not of the most favourable order; but they may, after all, turn out mere trifles. Pray, to what do you attribute them?"

"Concerning their cause," replied the baron, "you can scarcely be more in the dark than I myself am. If I question her on the subject, she maintains a mournful silence, or at best puts me off with an evasive answer. From what I know, however, of her singularly delicate nervous organization, and consequent susceptibility to influences emanating from the invisible world, I should be inclined to suspect that she has had some preternatural warning of an impending calamity, perhaps, but of course my judgment may be at fault here."

"*Fancies* she has had," said I, correcting him.

"*Has* had," returned the baron quietly. "I cannot boast of that boundless faith in the freaks of Fancy which you medical men seem to make a part (if not the whole) of your religion. My conviction is, that in nineteen instances out of twenty, these things are stern realities. You smile, but you forget, my good friend, doctor Grosstrotter, that you and I have not met before for nine years, and that I have spent seven of those in India, Egypt, and Persia."

"Well, and what of that?" said I. "A man, I suppose, may dine and sup as often as he pleases in Bagdad without swallowing the wonderful lamps and enchanted talismans of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Our mercantile acquaintance, Ingelmann, has now been some fifteen years in Morocco; yet I will stake my head against that of Maugraby himself, that he has never yet, even in dreams, had a glimpse of the mysteries of Dom Daniel. Surely, baron, you were not—excuse me—weak enough to give credence to the idle tales narrated to you by the Moonshes and Darweeshes of the east?"

"My weakness or strength of mind with regard to what I merely *hear*," said the baron, "remains to be yet tested. The Moonshes and Darweeshes are not very fond of indulging in loquacity, and certainly never made a confidante of me. When I spoke of my residence

abroad, I alluded to what I had seen. I have seen a Fakeer, who had been, to my own knowledge, seven months in the grave, restore himself to life, when disinterred, by the mere force of his own will. I have seen another raise himself into the air, and glide to and fro over the heads of a hundred persons. I have seen at Rosetta a magician metamorphose himself into a camel—and that at noon-day, and in the presence of a multitude of spectators."

"He must have first metamorphosed those spectators into jackasses," I said, with a laugh. "But, pray pardon me,"—for I perceived that my guest grew graver than before—"pardon me, I am really very rude. I will go the length of admitting that the arts of the so-called magicians of the east have little or nought in common with those of our European sleight-of-hand men. Still, however, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that jugglery of some sort or another is always at the bottom of the exhibitions of both classes of charlatans. I am so convinced of this that if I were personally to witness the illusions you describe, I should disdain to throw away a minute's time in trying to invent a theory for them. Let me mention, by the way, something that recently happened to myself. Last year I was at Breslau; and there being at the time a *Hellseherin* in the establishment of a certain Dr. Muff there, I went, at the earnest solicitation of a friend, to visit her. You know, of course, what a *Hellseherin* is—one of those women who make voyages to the moon and dog-star, and treat you to descriptions of those regions much more *vraisemblables* and less entertaining than the accounts furnished of them by the venerable baron Munchausen. Well, Dr. Muff placed me *en rapport* with her, and then bade me ask her any question I thought proper. I requested that she would have the goodness to tell me what sentiment was then passing through my mind. She said, after a short pause, 'You have just mentally uttered the words, *King Sardanapalus is fabulously reported to have built the cities of Anchialus and Tarsus in a single day.*' This *was* the actual fact, neither more nor less, and I frankly acknowledged as much to her mesmeriser. I left the house, however, soon afterwards, without entering into or listening to any discussion on the matter."

"And what is your explanation of such a phenomenon?" demanded Kammerwill.

"I have none to offer," said I, "I have never given myself the trouble to attempt explaining it. I went to Dr. Muff's, predetermined to think vital magnetism sheer quackery and humbug, and when I left the room I dismissed the affair from my thoughts."

"But is not this negligence on your part very unphilosophical, my friend?" inquired the baron.

"We sceptics in the marvellous are generally unphilosophical persons," said I. "The subject has no attractions for us, and we do not care to examine it: *le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle*, in our opinion. We are too lazy to investigate, and too ignorant, perhaps, to investigate with any prospect of success."

The baron regarded me for a few moments with an expression of countenance in which wonder seemed blended with a slight degree of contemptuous compassion.

"And have you never at any period of your life," he asked, "been carried out of yourself by an emotion of divine enthusiasm? Have

you never felt as though some spirit too mighty for your nature had taken possession of you, and was working within you for development and deliverance?"

"Once, and once only, had I such an experience as you speak of," was my reply, "though in truth I am wrong, for the impulse which then mastered me was certainly less divine than diabolical. The story is a long one, but I will make it very short. Fourteen years ago I formed an attachment to a young lady; and I flattered myself that she returned my passion. I dangled at her heels for some months, and then made her a proposal in due form. Thereof came the *éclaircissement*. She calmly told me that I was making a fool of myself, and added that she had always regarded me as a friend, but that our friendship must cease if I conceived her capable of doing such a ridiculous thing as marrying. (She did the 'ridiculous thing,' however, two years afterwards, but this *en passant*.) Most suitors would have felt grief rather than wrath at such a repulse. But I am—or was—of a peculiar temperament. I was transported with rage. The hurricane of passion that uprose within me, and swept away before it all my better feelings, was terrific. I threatened her, cursed her, devoted her to all the infernal gods. What I particularly said I cannot recall—my words, indeed, were not my own, but rather those of some evil demon—I only remember that I concluded thus—'Hope not to escape me! I tell you that you shall not! Go whither you will—bury yourself in wildernesses—make your home among icebergs—ascend to the loftiest peak of the Andes—grovel in the lowest cavern of Siberia—you must at last stand face to face with me, and dree my vengeance—FOR I AM YOUR DESTINY!' Next day, as I need not assure you, I felt heartily ashamed of my folly, and made her an humble apology, which she was graciously pleased to accept; and many a laugh we had afterwards together over my vaticination, especially on one occasion, when, with an arch glance at me, she asked a certain aeronaut, who was on a visit at her father's, whether he would have the kindness to convey her in a balloon a mile or so above the highest peak of the Andes. The strangest result of the adventure was, that I was altogether cured of my attachment; and not only so, but I have ever since—from twenty-four to eight-and-thirty—looked upon every individual of the sex, maid, wife, and widow, with the coldest indifference. The tempest that so tore up my feelings by the roots, seemed, *en revanche*, to have cleared the unhealthful atmosphere of my soul after a wonderful manner."

"Is the name of the damsel who treated you thus cruelly a very profound secret?" inquired Kammerwill, with a smile.

"To be frank with you, I would rather not disclose it," said I. (And the reader will doubtless appreciate my delicacy, when I acquaint him that the fair one in question *was none other than the Baron's own wife*, for whom, in her days of spinsterhood, and while she as yet bore the unaristocratic appellation of Spannmärk, I had made the sacrifice of my first and last affections.) "But Baron, Baron, we are losing time that may be very precious. What if I accompany you now to your hotel, and judge for myself of the state of your lady? By the way you have not, after all, informed me why you conclude

that she fancies herself in danger of death. Is this mere conjecture on your part?"

"Alas, no!" sighed my friend. During the last week of our sojourn in the Isle of France, she repeatedly implored me to allow her to come home and die in her native city. I at first thought she was only hypochondriacal, and laughed at her apprehensions, but her entreaties became hourly more impassioned, and I was obliged to yield to them. From the moment of our departure, her communicativeness wholly ceased, while her gloom and despondency appeared to deepen. It is all a mystery. Time, perhaps, and your skill, Doctor, may throw some light on the matter. As to any visit by you to-night, I thank you for the offer, but it is out of the question. I left the poor sufferer enjoying the first tranquil slumber that I believe she has had for two months; and when she awakes she will expect to see me by her side. I slipped out of the house, in fact, by stealth, and would not for worlds have her to know that you and I have been talking her melancholy condition over. What I would suggest is that you should call in upon her to-morrow, and make what excuses you please for your intrusion. Here is our address, but I shall not be present. You can claim the privilege of an old acquaintance, you know; or else—but you are a man of the world, and I need not tutor you. Does this plan meet your approbation?"

"Yes, I think it will do," said I. "To-morrow morning shall find me at your domicile; and, whether my visit prove agreeable or the contrary to your spouse, made it shall be. *Au reste*, never doubt that I will bring the affair to a successful issue. I have the largest imaginable confidence in my own address and dexterity. To baffle a physician of fifteen years' practice is, let me assure you, no easy task on the part of any patient, man or woman. Give yourself, therefore, as little uneasiness as may be: the danger appears formidable, perhaps, to your inexperienced eyes, but before mine, believe me, it dwindles into very Lilliputian proportions indeed."

"You cheer me much," said the Baron, opening and offering me his snuff-box. "To-morrow, then, in the forenoon?"

"Between ten and eleven," said I.

"Not a word of our conference, Doctor."

"*Pas un syllabe, mon Baron!*"

I took up my lamp from the table, accompanied the Baron to the outer door, shook him by the hand, and bade him Good-night. Once more abandoned to solitude, my speculations naturally reverted to the interesting conversation that had passed between us. What, I asked myself, could be the nature of the mysterious malady under which this unfortunate lady was labouring? Her husband's hypothesis of a supernatural apparition, I, of course, rejected with instant contempt. Was it not, however, possible that her imagination had been morbidly wrought on by some phantasy of the brain?—that her's was but one of those numerous cases of monomania with which the medical practitioner is so familiar, and which are all essentially the same in their origin and character, though varying in the phenomena they present, according to the idiosyncrasy of the monomaniac? I fervently hoped so, for the only other idea which suggested itself to me—that she had

become the victim of one of the fiercer and darker passions, as hatred, love, grief, or tormenting remorse for some real or fancied transgression—was so productive of pain to my feelings, that I would not allow myself to harbour it. But granting that I might be permitted to contemplate her condition under the most favourable aspect which it could assume for me, was it to be expected that she would confide to a physician what she had refused to reveal to her husband? Most readers perhaps, would feel inclined to answer this question in the negative; but I had sufficient acquaintance with the habits of my female hysterical and hypochondriacal patients, to be quite aware that the majority of them, though mute and immovable as marble statues in the presence of their own kindred, often freely poured out the innermost secrets of their souls to comparative strangers. Upon an impartial review, therefore, of all circumstances, I saw no reason to despair of the success of my undertaking.

My slumbers that night were less refreshing, and my dreams more troubled than usual, though when I awoke in the morning I could not give definite shape or outline to any one of the images that had flitted through my mind. A bowl of Ruffell's matchless coffee somewhat helped to restore me. I made a rather careful toilet, and thereafter, at a quarter to eleven o'clock, armed with my gold-headed cane, repaired to my friend's hotel in the Kaiserstrasse. Having obtained the requisite initiatory directions from the porter, I scaled the spacious staircase, and proceeded to the apartment of the Baroness. My slight premonitory tap at the door with the ensign of my authority remaining unresponded to, I lifted the latch, and without further ceremony walked into the chamber.* The first object that arrested my attention was the Baroness herself, who appeared to be half-sitting, half-reclining on an ottoman opposite, her head being supported by a triple tier of Indian-muslin-covered pillows. One hand shaded her half-closed eyes, while the other listlessly held a book, in which, however, she did not seem to be reading. Her dress was strikingly tasteful, and ornamented with amethysts and cornelians; and a glittering band of gold and pearls cinctured her luxuriant tresses. But oh!—what a change had her beautiful features and figure undergone since I had last seen her!—such a change, that I at first found some difficulty in recognising her: it seemed almost impossible to me to believe that in the languid and emaciated spectre before me, I really beheld the woman whom I had once known as the gayest, the most blooming, the brightest-eyed, and lightest-hearted of her sex! I stood a few moments rivetted to the ground, and gazed on her intently; but as yet she gave no evidence of any consciousness of my presence. Could it be that her sorrow, whatever it was, had so overcome her, as to have rendered her insensible to the influence of external agencies? Poor sufferer! my feeling for thee at that moment was one of unmingled commiseration! I drew nearer to her, and taking the hand that rested on her pale brow, gently pronounced the words—"Fanny!—Baroness!"

The spell was broken. She looked up at me, and faintly smiled.

"Ah, Doctor Grosstrotter!—you?" said she, with more animation

* The reader must here please to recollect the almost unbounded freedom which characterised social intercourse on the Continent a quarter of a century ago.

than I had anticipated. "I positively never heard you entering. Indeed, I believe I have been half asleep. And is it really you, Doctor? Pray, sit down. What an age it is since I saw you before! You are very much altered. I hope you do not wear a wig—one's own hair always looks so much better. By the way, in this book—it is a translation of Byron's *Manfred*—something is said about persons who—who grow grey before their time—old in their youth, I think. But why do you retain my hand, Doctor? Ah! I see! I fancy I can guess to what it is that I owe the favour of this visit. Frederic has been with you—am I not right?"

Her breath became quicker and shorter as she spoke the last words. My object in taking her by surprise was accomplished. I perceived her weakness, and resolved to take immediate advantage of it.

"I accidentally heard of your arrival in town," said I, "and have availed myself of the privilege of an old friend to inflict my company on you. What is more, I am determined to continue the infliction as long as I please. I must hear the whole history of your life and adventures by shore and sea for the last nine years. Besides, I am not without a suspicion that I may prove of some service to you, fair lady, in my doctorial capacity."

"I do not understand you, Doctor," said the Baroness. "I am in good health."

"Ay, in perfect health," returned I, "if I am to judge by this gay attire, and those dazzling brilliants. But you should remember that we medical men are accustomed to look more at the individual, and less at the apparel than the rest of the world."

"Really, Doctor, this is very strange. I assure you I feel no pain whatever."

"If I did not clearly divine your intention, my fair friend—which is, to lead me astray—I should answer, 'So much the worse!' But you cannot impose on me. I tell you that you are ill, and seriously ill. Your features, your voice, the sighs that mingle with your breathing, would suffice to convince me of this, even if your feeble and irregular pulse did not betray you. Whither has fled that bloom of complexion which no *vinaigre de maille* could have produced, and on which I so often complimented you? Why, instead of the former oval contour of your countenance, do I now see nothing but sharp and startling outlines? You tremble. Is the fault, then, in yourself? Ah, Baroness! this will never do. You are no angel, though I once deemed you such—and if you persist in living exclusively upon ethereal diet, you will soon share the fate of a mere mortal. I would almost hazard a guess that you have been trying to do without food or sleep for the last three months."

"You are mistaken," she replied hurriedly—"it is but two months since I—my meaning is—I—"

"There it is, now!" said I. Out comes the truth! You acknowledge, then, that you have been two months in this languishing state."

"Oh, Doctor, do spare me!" she piteously exclaimed. "Surely one may lose one's appetite, and sleep, without being exactly unwell—and may occasionally feel depressed, and yet not be—not be—"

She pressed her hand to her bosom, heaved a deep sigh, and fell back as if quite exhausted. Now was the critical moment for me:

now must I make a merciless use of my power. It was obvious that her disease was purely psychical, and had its seat either in the heart or the imagination. To shape my interrogatories so as to enable me to discover which of these two I had to deal with was of course a policy dictated by common sense.

"Believe me, my dear, Madam," said I, "that I am truly afflicted by your condition. Be, however, of good cheer: I have strong hopes that I shall be of service to you. Your ailment, I perceive, is of a moral order: well, you are aware that you see in me one who can sympathise with you under any circumstances. Look upon me no longer as the mere physician, but as the sincere friend also. Deal ingenuously with me, and make me an unreserved disclosure of what it is that weighs on your mind. I am not one of those physicians who believe that the druggist's laboratory comprehends all possible remedies; I know that there are also balsams for the heart, and that hope and consolation are in some instances worth all the elixirs that Sydenham or Boerhaave ever concocted. Nay, now, turn not away thus—I am here to be of benefit to you—I am confident that I can be so—and I will take no repulse from you."

"You mean kindly, Doctor," she said in a low tone, "but you are giving yourself trouble to no purpose. Human power can help me nothing. I must be left to my fate."

"Your fate!" I exclaimed. "And what is your fate? Wedded to a husband who loves you—encircled by bands of friends—mother of the fairest and fondest of daughters—what can your fate be, if not the happiest that——."

She interrupted me with sudden and passionate vehemence—

"Oh!" she cried; "there is the barb, the javelin that rankles deepest! My husband—my child—that I must leave them, and leave them to unavailing woe! Not because I am cut off in the summer of my life do I grieve, but because I am taken away from *them*, and because I too well know what anguish they will endure after I shall be gone!"

My heart bounded with joy as I listened to these mournful words, for I now saw that my patient was merely labouring under some illusion which I flattered myself I should be able speedily to dispel. I again addressed her, in a more cheerful tone—

"My dear Madam," I said, "you place me quite at my ease. I honestly confess that I apprehended something much worse. Your case is far from being an uncommon one. I have met a great many similar to it, and, I am happy to say, have been uniformly successful in my treatment of them."

"My case, Doctor?" she cried. "Why, what can you possibly know about it? You speak with marvellous confidence on a matter concerning which you are totally in the dark!"

"At present," said I, "it is sufficient for me to know that you are the victim of some hallucination. You imagine your life in danger, and you brood over this phantasy until it threatens to undermine your constitution. We term your malady monomania, or fixed idea. It requires to be subdued in a peculiar manner; but leave the cure to me. You are now in my hands, and must not presume to have a will of your own."

"You rave, you rave, Doctor!" she exclaimed. "If there be hallucination here it is your's alone. The fiat has gone forth against me: my sentence is pronounced; it is written on my forehead, and no power on earth can erase the inscription!"

"Who besides yourself has dared to make such an announcement?" I demanded. "Sentence!—what?—can it be possible?—is your life threatened? Dear lady, I beseech you, let me know who the wretch is that for his own vile purposes has been playing on your credulity. I will seek him out at once and drag him with my own hand before the bar of that justice he has so infamously outraged!"

The Baroness listened to me with visible impatience: she now turned her face towards the wall, and would not even deign me a reply. In vain I remonstrated, in vain pressed my inquiries and entreaties. I was beginning to succumb to the notion that I had not only failed to make any impression on her, but had exasperated her into more uncompromising hostility to me—and felt rather at a loss what course to pursue, when—but not until after the lapse of several minutes—she resumed her former attitude, and spoke:—

"Doctor, we do not understand each other. Your total ignorance of my position makes you take a false view of it. I believe I have nothing left but to reveal all to you. I will do so on one condition—that you swear not to breathe a syllable of my disclosures to Frederic while I live. Here is a letter from which he will learn every thing after my decease."

She drew a packet, sealed with the Baron's arms in black, from her bosom, and gave it into my hands.

"Of course," she said, "I did not intend, when I wrote this, that any one should be my confidante, but you I believe I can trust."

I proffered her the most solemn assurances of secrecy. She seemed satisfied, and proceeded thus:—

"I need not inform you, Doctor, that until very recently Frederic and I occupied a villa at Port Lewis in the Isle of France. You have never seen the Isle of France, but of course you have read *St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia*, the scene of which is laid in it?"

I nodded assent.

"That exquisite romance, though long in our library, fell first into my own hands only last Spring. Oh! how well I remember the day—and the night that followed it! It was a bland, airless afternoon: the Baron had gone to spend the evening at a friend's house; and I sat alone in my chamber. I had sent my waiting-maid up stairs for a book, and she had brought me down this. Here it is, Doctor; the identical volume"—and the Baroness as she spoke, drew from beneath her pillow a gorgeously bound and illustrated copy of the work she had named.

"The description of the scenery must have been highly interesting to you," I observed.

"O, yes—I was so familiar with every spot! And the pastoral and patriarchal habits of the islanders a century ago—how they charmed me! But what chiefly wrought on my feelings was the character of Paul. I fancied I had known the dear youth from childhood—and, like Virginia, I loved him as a brother—a younger brother. I read on in a sort of rapture, which, however, as I approached the darker

parts of the narrative, gave way to a tender and quite indescribable melancholy; but when I reached the closing scenes—the return of Virginia from France *towards* the home she was never more to see—the melancholy shipwreck of the St. Géran, and the untimely fate of the hapless maiden herself—followed by the deaths of Paul, the two mothers, and the negro Domingo—I burst into tears. It was long before my emotion exhausted itself, and then a species of stupor seemed to creep over me; my eyes closed, and I sank back in my *fauteuil* and slumbered. This was between seven and eight in the evening; and I remember that I awoke as the time-piece was chiming the last quarter before eleven. Now pray mark me, Doctor!”

“I am all attention,” said I.

“On looking up, I discerned an object opposite me, which, notwithstanding the clear light shed by the lamp through the room, I at first took to be a deception of the senses. It was a man, or the figure of a man, standing by the wall, and leaning against an upright coffin, which was covered with black velvet. His head was bare; and his face, which was inexpressibly pale, and looked like a piece of sculpture, inclined towards his breast. From his neck to his knees he was clad in a somewhat soiled nankeen smock-frock, fastened by a girdle round his middle; but the lower part of his person seemed enveloped in mist. I gazed, rubbed my eyes, and gazed again, but the apparition continued stationary. Singular as it may appear, I felt little or no terror: amazement in fact held all my faculties captive. I stood up, and accosted the figure with a fervour and boldness to which I am ordinarily a stranger. “Man or spirit, or whatsoever thou art,” I exclaimed, “why art thou here, and what wouldst thou with me?” In lieu of reply the appearance lifted up the pall from the coffin, and made me a sign to draw near and read the superscription on its lid. I obeyed, but imagine, if you can, what my sensations were when these words, graven on the silver plating, met my inspection—

For the mortal remains
of
FRANCES, BARONESS VON KAMMERWILL,
(born FRANCES SPANNMARK),
who departed this life
at midnight
on the 30th of June, 1824,
aged 31 years.

Overcome with the utmost horror, I sank upon the ground and lapsed into a state of insensibility, which however lasted but a few minutes. When I recovered all traces of the phantom had disappeared, and I heard Frederick's footsteps on the stairs. I instituted strict inquiries among the servants next morning, whether any stranger had been seen in or about the house on the preceding evening, but, as I anticipated, no one seemed to know anything about my mysterious visitant. And now, Doctor, am I not justified in regarding this event as supernatural? Do not even you see the interference of a Divine Power here?”

“In very truth, most gracious lady,” I replied, “I see no such thing. Why, a mere child could explain the philosophy of your illusion. Only

reflect for a moment. Here were you, a woman of strongly-marked nervous temperament, dosing yourself with horrors of all sorts from the pages of a romance, at night, in the solitude of your apartment. You actually sobbed yourself to sleep. What wonder, then, that you should wake into a state of *intersomnium*——”

“Pardon me, Doctor, for interrupting you,” said the Baroness. “I know what you mean by that term, but you are mistaken—I awoke into a state of complete vigilance.”

“Pardon *me*,” said I, “I know better. Your complete vigilance did not occur until after your swoon. No one ever sees ghosts when broad awake. Such hallucinations as yours always take place in the intermediate region between sleep and waking, which is the especial domain of imagination. From thence it is that this freakish and fantastic power brings forth creations various, according to the slumberer’s condition of mind and body. Had you been reading Jacob Boehmen instead of Bernardin de St. Pierre I have no doubt that, like Mohammed, you would have been rapt that night into the seventh heaven.”

“Ah, doctor!” sighed the baroness, “you may theorise as you please, but you cannot argue away one’s experience. Allow me to communicate to you another fact, confirmatory of this vision, though perhaps it may only provoke you to smile at my simplicity. When very young I consulted a gipsy about my future fortunes, and, among other remarkable vaticinations which have been since realised, she made me the following—‘*Beware of the numbers 30 and 31, for they will be fatal to you!*’ Now, take this announcement in conjunction with the superscription on the coffin-lid, and is not the coincidence most striking?”

“Mere accident,” said I. “If I were disposed to be jocose, I could assure you that the same numbers are giving myself some uneasiness just now, for, as it happens I have half a dozen bills for thirty ducats each, and each payable at the end of thirty-one days, to meet within a short period, and everybody knows that I am no Cræsus. Anything can be done with numbers, they are playthings in the hands of your magicians and diviners.”

“But, doctor, it is a positive truth that my dear aunt, Adelheid, had something of a similar warning before her death, which happened precisely at the time predicted.”

“Of course, of course,” I replied. “The wonder would be if it did *not* happen at the time predicted. I could fill a book-case with old wives’ tales of soothsayings and warning, all of which were fulfilled, and for the best of reasons—because they fulfilled themselves. To mention a single instance. You may have heard of the late Professor Meyer, of Halle. One day in February, 1786, he was sent for by one of his pupils who lay dangerously ill. The young man told the professor (who was his physician) that he should certainly die, as he had had a dream notifying his decease to be at hand. ‘I wrote down the particulars,’ he added, ‘on the morning afterwards, and laid the document in a drawer, of which this is the key; you will find it there when I shall be no more.’ On the 4th of March the student died. Professor Meyer opened the drawer, and found in it the following narration—‘I dreamed that I was walking in the churchyard of Halle, and admiring the numerous excellent epitaphs cut on the grave-stones there.

Passing from one to another, I was attracted by a plain tomb-stone, the inscription on which I went to read. With surprise, I found on it my own two forenames and my surname; and the 4th of March was mentioned as the day of my death. My anxiety increased, and I tried to make out the date of the year, but could distinguish only three figures, 178—, the fourth figure being covered with moss. I picked up a stone to clear the moss away, and just as I had discovered the cypher 6, I awoke with fearful palpitations.' Now, here, as you see, my good madam, was a dream that produced its own fulfilment."

"As I do *not* see, my worthy doctor."

"As you ought to see, my excellent Baroness. I must plainly tell you that the only danger to be apprehended in your case arises from your own feebleness and credulity. If you could summon up sufficient courage to despise and laugh at omens, visions, and spectra of all denominations, which are but so many out-births of a distempered fancy, and firmly resolve to decline a visit from king Death at least before three score and ten, there would be no fear of you whatever. Come, lady, do arouse yourself, and make an effort to act as I recommend, and you yourself will be astonished at the change it will operate in you."

But I might as well have been preaching to the east wind. The Baroness only shook her head mournfully, and relapsed into silent despondency. I resumed an argument, with the continuation of which I shall not fatigue the reader, and talked for another hour, all with no result. The poor lady seemed infatuated. When I had concluded she told me that she had merely to repeat what she had said in the beginning of our interview, that I was throwing away my labour. She added, that she was so persuaded of the inevitableness of her doom, that she had that morning made her final confession and communion. This intelligence was almost enough for me: of course she had revealed all to her spiritual director, and if *he* had failed to convince her of her delusion, or worse, had confirmed her in it, what could I expect to accomplish by my reasonings? I was, perforce, obliged to abandon as chimerical, the notion of making her a convert to my psychological views. Rather in a dejected mood, I at length, after lingering as long as I decorously could, took my leave, and proceeded, with slow steps and downcast visage, homewards.

I had not walked far along the crescent before a parlour window in my vicinity was flung open, and my ears were assailed by the clear sharp tones of a waggish young friend of mine, Theodore Groller, a painter and dramatist, who had been recently banished from Prussia for a lampoon on the government.

"Ha, doctor!—so? There you are—almost—not quite—as large as life. What's the matter with you to-day? You look as if you had been breakfasting on some of your own medicines, and hadn't taken them in homœopathic doses neither. Walk in this way: Mohl, and Roddmann, and I want to have a word with you."

"A word and a blow," said Mohl, coming out on the threshold, and slapping me on the back. "Step in."

I entered the parlour.

"Tell me, M.D.," said Groller, "which letters, by the way, the pompous tone and bearing of you gentlemen of the gold-headed cane

justify me in declaring must be the initials of *Magnificus Dominus*—tell me: are you engaged for Saturday?"

"Engaged?" I asked.

"You know," interposed Roddmann, "or don't know, that it is a standing joke with Groller to say, when a man is engaged, that he is engaged."

"Ah!" said I. "Why, no, I am not at this moment engaged, but another minute, I presume, is likely to see me behind the bars."

"Really, I think we shall make something of you at last," observed Groller. "We want you to join a party."

"I eschew politics," was my reply. "Do you mean the party of my country?"

"No, not *the* party of the country, but a party *to* the country."

"To the Elysian fields," said Roddmann.

"For," remarked Mohl, "your chance is so slender of being able to visit them hereafter, that you may as well seize every opportunity that offers of seeing them here."

"I understand, mein Herr Mohl, you have a habit of talking to yourself," said I. "Mein Herr Mohl, you are very droll."

"Yes," chimed in Roddmann, "Mohl is droll; but Groller is droller."

"And what is Roddmann? He's an odd man," said Groller.

"I can scarcely say the same of you," returned Roddmann: "I take you to be a man beside yourself."

"And Mohl is my *Doppelgänger*," said the painter. "He serves me as a sort of second shadow on sunless days, when I can't see my own."

"Small wonder that you should have no shadow for yourself," observed Mohl, "for you put all that you can beg or borrow into your pictures. Peter Schlemihl, it is rumoured, intends to take an action against you for having purloined his. One may say of each of your landscapes what Addison's Cato says of eternity—

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it."

While this encounter of wits was going on, a sudden, and, as I conceived, a lucky thought occurred to me. I have since that day often questioned myself as to the origin of the impulse that then swayed me, but have never been able to account for it satisfactorily to myself. It seemed the quick, silent, lightning-like suggestion of a spirit alien from my nature—and yet there was assuredly nothing in it which the most deliberate prudence need have hesitated to sanction. The reader will presently understand my meaning.

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "I have accepted your invitation, *sans phrase*, though certainly a member of my profession may incur a grave responsibility by taking a holiday. Now, will you, in return, do me a favour in kind?"

"We will do anything for you, doctor Groestrotter," answered Groller solemnly, "except swallow your physic."

"Groller knows," remarked Mohl, "that we have enough to do to swallow his moonshine. Doctor, have you seen '*The Fatal Folly*'?"

"We will talk of that by-and-by," said I. "At present I thank you. You will, then, dine and sup with me to-morrow evening at the Baron

von Kammerwill's rooms in the Eagle Hotel, Kaiserstrasse. The Baron himself shall invite you this day. Is it settled?"

"*C'est une affaire finie*," said Groller.

"Mohl, however, must take care not to get very opaque on the occasion," said Roddmann. "The baron will sometimes expect him to say something to the purpose."

Roddmann, I should apprise the reader, here alluded to a peculiarity in the constitution of Mohl, in virtue of which this latter worthy regularly became, or affected to become, deaf, or partially deaf, after imbibition of his second glass of wine.

After a few minutes' further chat—of that sort which we Teutons designate by the felicitous term, *schnickschnackerei*—I bade adieu to my young friends, and hastened home. There I found the baron already awaiting me, and all anxiety to learn the result of my visit. Pledged as I was to secrecy with respect to the special details of my patient's case, I still considered that it would not be consistent with my duty towards her husband to withhold from him such a general idea of her situation as might in some degree serve to shew him that her illness was far from being so dangerous as he might be disposed to imagine. In point of fact he had conjectured, as it now turned out, more than half the truth already; and I could scarcely be said to communicate to him any information that he did not possess before. I was even bold enough to intimate this to him.

"When I acquaint you, baron," said I, "that the health of your amiable lady is considerably out of order, and that she is suffering from psychical derangement, I put you *au fait* of but little that you do not know: I merely give you an assurance of something, the existence of which you had previously more than surmised. It happens, however, that beyond this I am not yet at liberty to impart to you anything. I see that you look at me with surprise and suspicion;—but quiet yourself. Thirty-six hours at furthest will not pass before an unreserved disclosure of this mystery shall be made to you."

"Thirty-six hours?" said Kammerwill. "That is a short period. Do you promise me this?"

"Positively." I took out my watch. "It is now one o'clock on Monday afternoon: by the same hour on Wednesday morning, as my skill enables me to announce to you, the Baroness's malady will have reached its crisis, and be brought, I venture to assert, to a favourable termination."

"I think I understand you," said the Baron, after a pause.

"But in the interval you must consent to be guided by me. Not a syllable must be breathed to my patient that could even remotely tend to betray your participation in the secret of her complaint. Recollect, and act accordingly: she must not know that you have seen me at all. In the present shattered state of her nerves I could not answer for the effects of the shock that might be produced on her by any attempt of yours to elicit from her a premature *éclaircissement*."

"You shall be obeyed in this, Doctor."

"And also, let me hope, in what I am about to propose. The Baroness's mind must be agreeably occupied. We must prevent it from brooding over the one idea that torments it. You have many gay acquaintances in this pleasant capital: invite some half-dozen of

them to dine and sup with you to-morrow. Me, for 'auld lang-syne' sake you may also ask : and I will bring with me two or three friends of my own—but perhaps the invitations to them had better proceed from yourself."

"Just as you wish," said Kammerwill. "Give me their addresses, and I will despatch cards to them forthwith.....Thank you. Groller—Theodore Groller? Is not that the author of the new play, *the Fatal Folly*?"

"The same," said I. "A gifted young man, not yet two-and-twenty, but, as I can but too plainly perceive, not long for this world."

"Consumptive?—phtisical?—is it so, Doctor!"

"Yes," said I, "but the symptoms are not yet developed. Two or three months will bring them out."

"With what confidence you do prophesy, Doctor! And yet, infidel that you are, you will not believe in other people's prophecies!"

A loud knocking at the outer door, at this moment, probably saved both of us from a discussion which would have been as profitless in itself as it might have proved unentertaining to the reader. On looking out at the window I saw below the carriage of the Countess Rebekka Schilhauser, a somewhat faded dowager, who, having nothing else to do, was apt, for the benefit of doctorkind in general, to occupy herself twice or thrice a week in practically solving the problem, rather more interesting to benedicts than bachelors, how a woman can manage to be alarmingly unwell, while her health nevertheless remains perfect. My apologies to the Baron followed as a matter of course; and, after fixing the hour at which we were to meet again on the morrow, we separated.

But what an epoch for me was that day!—and I may add the next also. Has my reader ever noted that before the occurrence of any great calamitous event in his life, he lost, as it were, all control over his own thoughts and faculties, and felt as if his spirit had been whirled out of its proper orbit into another, altogether strange to it, and within which it found nothing but unwholesome excitement and feverish agitations? If he have ever had such an experience he will be able to sympathise with me in my multiplied disasters and mischances during those two days. The truth of the adage, that misfortunes, when they come, come in battalions, was now made painfully manifest to me. I thought it quite enough that I should lose a letter of credit for a hundred florins, which I cast into the fire, while I carefully put up in my desk the blank envelope that had enclosed it! But an Iliad of woes lay before me still. My favourite parrot being seized with a desire to leave his attic and see the world, began his tour by travelling over the tiles of a crazy old house adjoining, and my man Gregory, following the fugitive, tumbled through the roof and fractured his leg, which I was obliged to dress, and without a fee. Then I nearly shaved off my chin on Tuesday morning—put sugar into my egg and salt into my coffee-cup at breakfast, as if, like poor Dr. Stark, I were desirous of dietetically experimenting myself out of the world—wrote three letters and mis-directed two of them—threw down and broke a valuable porcelain vase which I had had for ten years—and, scandalous to relate, actually committed the folly of discharging my tailor's account!

"Ah, Sir!" said Barbara, my house-keeper, "you see it *was* a bad thing after all."

"What, Bab?" I asked.

"Having the horse-shoe removed from the threshold, Sir. I heard a great traveller that once lodged at my mother's say that the horse-shoe is nailed to people's doors all over the world; and he told us the reason why. In the old times, said he, King Solomon got a certain ring from heaven, and half this ring was gold, and half was iron; and the gold, said he, used to attract the good genies, and the iron used to drive away the evil genies. But, said he, in the course of time, when men grew too wicked, the good genies all left the earth, and then the gold was useless and the iron was broken off from it, and it was what they call semicircular, said he, that is, much in the shape of a horse-shoe, and as the common people may be could often get horse-shoes where they couldn't get half-rings, they gradually came to use the horse-shoe instead of the half-ring everywhere, and to fasten it to their doors to keep the evil genies from entering. And he said, Sir, that to this day even, when the Arabs see a cloud of sand in the desert they think it is raised by the flight of the evil genies, and they cry out, 'Hadeed! Hadeed!' that is, 'Iron! Iron!' to frighten the genies away."

"Upon my word, Bab," said I, "you know more about this horse-shoe superstition than all our antiquaries. But now, my good dame, mind me. I am going out to dine, and may not come back to-night. Take care of the house meantime, and if you can't keep evil genii out of it, at least, don't let thieves into it. Gregory, you know, poor fellow, is unable to move—so I commit every thing to you?"

The guests, with one exception, a phrenologist, who did not make his appearance until the dessert, were already assembled when I reached the hotel. My first care was to deposit within a small press in a private room, where the good company had stowed away their gloves, cloaks, hats, bonnets, &c., a portable medicine-case, containing two phials, numbered and labelled, which I had brought with me, from a notion that circumstances might render it expedient for me to make use of extreme remedies for the restoration of the Baroness. This precaution taken, I entered the dining-saloon, where I was warmly welcomed by the Baron. Besides the Baroness, there were four ladies present; two of them sisters, young, graceful, and pretty; the third a stiff spinster, named Glubb, with a neck about the length and circumference of a walking-stick; and the fourth a *spiritual* girl, Mademoiselle Ravallière, the daughter of a French imperialist, and a particularly distant relative of the Baron. Among the gentlemen were a one-eyed Bavarian officer of high rank, and a certain Herr Schmallwitz, a metaphysician, who told us that he was preparing a refutation of Kant's *Reine Vernunft*, on what he called "paradigmatical grounds"—a phrase, the applicability of which in this instance, I confess, I did not understand. A conversation was going on between him and Roddmann on this topic, as I entered, somewhat after my time, and was continued until Groller put an end to it by one of those brief and *piquant* illustrative anecdotes, which, though related in a breath, leave behind them more than the impressions of volumes, and invariably beget a deep admiration of the narrator's tact and talent.

From that moment this extraordinary young man was the life and soul of the company. He ate little, and drank nothing; yet I had never witnessed such exuberant extravagance of spirits as his. I was delighted to observe that the Baroness, pale and languid as she was, nevertheless appeared entertained by his brilliant sallies, though a little reflection might have taught me that her politeness would have led her to assume a show of pleasure on the occasion, whether she felt it or not. Mohl's blunders, too, the consequences of his real or assumed deafness, were of the happiest order; and, on the whole, I thought I had reason to felicitate myself on the success of my stratagem. The Baron himself, it was evident, shared my sentiment, for, at eight o'clock, when his lady had retired, he took me aside, and expressed to me his complete satisfaction with the progress of events so far.

"So far, Baron," said I, "yes; but much remains to be done. It is important that your lady shall not be left to herself. She appears at present calm; but the deepest stillness, we know, is that which precedes the earthquake."

"Has it occurred to you that an opiate might be of service in this case?" asked the Baron. "Anything that would set her to sleep, and take her beyond what you call the critical hour?"

"I had at first such a notion," I replied; "but I now fear that she is too weak to bear a remedy of that kind. I have, however, at hand a composing-draught, which allays the agitation of the nerves without inducing slumber, and perhaps I may feel called on to administer this. I have also by me a phial of laudanum, a few drops of which I may possibly add to the other medicine, but not unless I see a pressing necessity for doing so. I have a distrust of narcotics, their operation is so various according to the constitution of the patient."

"Persuade her to come down if you can in the course of the evening," said the Baron. "Your friends and the phrenologist are at present taking the ladies out for an hour's promenade in the garden. By the way, Doctor, you should look sharp after Groller—if I am anything of a physiognomist the very spirit of wicked waggyery and mischief is breathing from every line of his countenance to-night. Depend on it, he is on for some wild *escapade* or another."

"Pooh, pooh," said I, "you do not understand him. He may be frolicsome, but he is not mischievous. Besides, you know," added I, smiling, "I can hardly be expected to look after two patients at once."

"True, true, I had forgotten," said Kammerwill; "Fauny is your first care. Well, I suppose we shall have you down to supper?"

"Circumstances must decide," I answered, "but do not detain me now a moment longer. The minutes are precious."

The Baron pressed my hand in silence. I proceeded to the apartment of the Baroness, who rose up from the sofa as I entered, and received me with greater amenity than I had calculated on.

"Doctor," she said, "I am glad you are come. I want to ask a favour of you. I have been glancing through the pages of this book again, but my eyes are weak this evening, and the letters appear double; will you be good enough to read it for me? I *must* go through that delicious history once more."

"*Paul and Virginia*," said I. "What! from beginning to end?"

"Even so, Doctor."

"I fear that it will affect you too much," I observed; "but I have no objection to commence the story and go on reading as long as you remain tranquil."

And I began—and read on, and on, and on, and hour after hour wore away, until the clock struck eleven. Looking up, I then perceived that the baroness was struggling with her tears. I laid the volume aside, and exerted myself to calm her; but my endeavours appeared only to augment her agitation. She wept, sobbed, wrung her hands, and seemed utterly inconsolable. Another half hour elapsed, and this distressing scene still continued, when, for the first time, and apparently with an effort, she spoke to me, but only to request that I would leave the room.

"Go, Doctor," she said, "the hour approaches, and I must meet it alone. The little time that yet remains to me I wish to spend in prayer. Go, I thank you for your kind attentions—I—Leave the room, Doctor, I entreat, nay, command you! I must not kneel down to my devotions with a disturbed mind—and I will be calmer when you are gone."

"No, Baroness," I replied, "you deceive yourself, you will not be calmer when I am gone. I will obey you, however, but on one condition, that you take the prescription I am going to offer you. It is a soothing draught, and will exercise an immediate quieting influence on your nerves. Nay, not a word, this is surely a mere trifle to request of you. Excuse my momentary absence."

I went down stairs, opened the press, and drew from the medicine-case a small jar-phial, labelled *No. I*, and which contained a composing draught whose efficacy in stilling the tumults of the nerves I had on many occasions proved. For a moment I deliberated whether in this instance I should not mix with it a few drops of laudanum from the other jar, but my prejudice against narcotics prevailed, and I suffered the dangerous tincture to remain untouched.

"This," said I to the Baroness, as I re-appeared in her room, "will, as I have already assured you, prove of the greatest service to you in the present excited state of your mind. Here is a cup; will you allow me to pour out the draught for you?"

"Not now—not yet, Doctor," she answered: "I will take it, but not yet. You speak of my excited state of mind: I tell you that I cannot pray unless my mind *be* in some degree excited. Anxiety, it is true, interferes with devotional feeling, but I have now weaned my thoughts wholly from this world. I wish to pray. Leave me. If it will satisfy you I pledge you my solemn promise that *I will take this draught when the clock shall strike twelve*, provided I live so long. And now, farewell!"

"Will you at least permit me to send up your daughter, Louisa, to you?" I asked.

"She is not in the house, Doctor," said the Baroness. "Her cousin called here to-day and took her to the country until to-morrow. Perhaps the separation was providential—I believe it to be better for both of us. Once more, farewell, and may you be as happy as you deserve to be!"

Slowly and sadly I retraced my steps to the saloon. Supper had been served; and the Baron met me with smiles; but I remarked that

Groller was not present. The phrenologist, as I entered, was experimenting on the cranium of the one-eyed Bavarian officer, which, he protested, exhibited a development of faith and veneration altogether unprecedented even in Bavaria.

"The owner of such a head," said he, "is necessarily a religious man. Now-a-days he will pique himself on his rigid Catholicism, but he would also have been a pious worshipper of the—the—" he looked at Mohl, who sat opposite him—"household Penates of Greece in ancient times."

"Ahem!" said Mohl, leaning forward; "how sold potatoes and grease in ancient times?—is that your question, mein Herr? I presume you mean potatoes and butter?"

When the general laugh which this excited had subsided, the Baron inquired of me in a subdued tone how matters were going on above stairs.

"In twenty minutes," said I, looking at my watch, "the danger will be over. Remain quiet. Everything is proceeding just as it ought. But what has become of Groller?"

"He is in the garden, I believe," said the Baron, "we expect him here every minute."

Half an hour, however, passed away, and Groller did not make his appearance. The Baron then laughingly declared that he would go out and drag him in; "and after that," he added in a whisper to me, "we must have Fanny down to supper."

When the Baron had gone out, Roddmann rose from his chair, and, lounging over to where I sat, tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and told me that he would be glad to have a minute's conversation with me in private. I accordingly conducted him into an adjoining cabinet.

"What I am about to mention to you," said he, "I did not choose to state in presence of the Baron, lest he might have been offended. Groller is gone up the Danube in a boat, and will not be back. I fear that something may happen him, for, as you see, there is a thunder-storm coming on, and he no more knows how to manage a boat than a two years' old child. As he was pushing off I jocosely asked him when he purposed re-visiting the earth, (meaning *terra firma*) and his answer, given in his own madcap way, was, 'In a thousand years!' There is another matter, which concerns both you and him: I fear he has been playing off one of his practical jokes on you. I had stepped into the wardrobe room for my hat, before our promenade, and found him and Mohl putting on their muffers, which they had taken out of a press there, and heartily laughing at something or another that was to happen to you. 'How surprised the doctor will be,' said Groller, 'when his next patient, instead of going off, like all his former ones, actually gets well on his hands—and how little he will suspect that the recovery will be owing to his having gulped down *the drainings of the wrong gallipot!* Now, he will claim the whole credit of that cure, though it will really belong to us.' I hope, Doctor, you left nothing in the press that he could have *desarrangé*, or, if you did leave any thing, that you can rectify the disarrangement—that is, supposing such to exist."

I listened, at first in a sort of stupor—then with a fierce incredulity, which in another moment gave place to the most horrible of all

suspensions. I took out my watch—it was more than a quarter past midnight. Without uttering a word, I hurried into the wardrobe-room, opened the press, and lifted the remaining phial to my lips. Oh, eternal Powers! it was the composing-draught—that draught which I fancied I had left with the Baroness. The dreadful truth burst on me like a thunderbolt—that mad young man had wantonly transposed the places and labels of my medicines! I rushed up stairs—Roddmann, Mohl, and the other guests (the Baron was still in the garden) following me—and burst into the Baroness's room. It was too late—all was over—she lay stark dead on the sofa. She had swallowed two ounces of quintessential laudanum. Yes! *I had been her destiny!*

Frenzy seized upon my faculties at the sight—an ocean of fire seemed surging up from my heart to my brain—I reeled—I fell—I remember no more. Five weeks afterwards I was but beginning to recover from the delirious fever that seized on me that night.

My melancholy tale is ended. The Baroness's letter had been found on my person and given to the Baron, and I was informed that he had sailed for the Indies with his daughter. Groller was never afterwards heard of: it was conjectured that when he was informed of the catastrophe of which he had been the author, he fled to some remote country. Mohl boldly stood his ground—but was never suspected. The whole blame was flung on me, and, though I was pitied, my medical reputation received a mortal wound. I, too, shortly afterwards quitted Vienna, and have ever since resided at Presburg.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.*

To those who agree with Carlyle, that “biography is the most universally pleasant, universally profitable of all things,” this volume will be doubly acceptable, containing, as it does, the personal history of a man remarkable both for his mental character, and his eventful career. Disciplined by early privations, and strengthened by youthful struggles, his mind acquired acuteness without losing its simplicity. By his varied career his feelings were deepened without being blunted, and his heart remained honest and true, even in a nation whose characteristic motto is “*point d'argent, point de Suisse.*”

Heinrich Zschokke was born March 22, 1770. His mother died seven weeks after his birth;—pressing him fervently to her bosom, she passionately exclaimed, “My poor boy, why cannot I take thee with me into the grave?” and his father followed whilst he was yet a child. Thus bereft of the watchfulness of the one, and the guidance of the other, and of the tenderness of both, he was cast upon the charity of his relations; and, as he did not thrive so well as others upon the meagre pedagogy to which he was submitted, they counted him deficient in intellect, never suspecting that it was the dark shadow of their own coldness which had fallen across him. As all accounted him stupid, he

* London: Chapman and Hall. 1845.

began to fear there was truth in the opinion, and was wretched, until by degrees the clouds broke, and some gleams of light and warmth found their way to his little heart. All these experiences are told with great simplicity, and may recall many a childish feeling to others. In due time he was prepared for, and admitted to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and his earnest mind was deeply affected.

"In my room I implored on my knees, in repeated prayers of anguish, the grace and forgiveness of God, and with scalding tears of contrition repeated my vows of improvement and reformation. I resolved henceforward that Christ should be my model, my master, the object of my love, the guide of my life.

"The church now ceased to be a mere terrestrial meeting-house to me; it became the Holy of Holies, the House of God, my Father's House. Not in vain I beheld its lofty spires, proudly rising above the dwellings of man, and uniting the heavens and the earth: for ever they beckoned to me with irresistible force, pointing for ever to One above, Eternal and Almighty! The majestic storm of music bursting from the organ above, was the divine language of higher worlds; the sweet and solemn old melodies of the hymns were the reverential responses of worshipping humanity. The ancient vaults and sweeping aisles, the Gothic columns and pointed arches, which rose so proudly over my head, seemed the creations of superhuman power, the divine hieroglyphics of a strange, holy, and exalted language. Heaven and earth, to my enraptured imagination, seemed fused together in the awful presence of the Deity; and all which had been, and all which should be, the generations of the past and the generations of the future, all knelt together, weeping, praying, exulting, and blessing, around the throne of the Highest and Infinite Being!"

From this time his education progressed rapidly, though in a desultory manner. He dipped deeply into all kinds of books: "with insatiable hunger I devoured whatever chance or curiosity threw in my way, without choice or discrimination; poetry, astronomy, philosophy, geography, history, theology, and fiction." The effect—though only temporary—upon his religious feelings may be anticipated; having no true foundation, the contrast between his own glowing heart and the metaphysico-theological niceties and quibbles he found in the dusty folios, led to a misty kind of scepticism, whose antidote was that it rendered him miserable. From such a state, in God's mercy, one is sure to emerge, and perhaps the better for our deeper insight.

Being in peril of expulsion from school for a fault he did not commit, and his guardian refusing him permission to enter the university, he took the bold step of emancipating himself by flight, and, with some difficulty, obtained a situation as tutor. This he retained for some time, but life and its varieties were too tempting, and he exchanged his occupation for that of poet to a band of wandering players.

"In November, 1788, as I wandered towards the shores of the Ucker, in company with Burgheim's caravan of the priests and priestesses of Melpomene and Thalia, life seemed to me like a merry unmeaning carnival game. I played all sorts of school-boy tricks and practical jokes. I sang, danced, and jested all day long. The men went in one van, the women in another; a third conveyed the wardrobes and properties. We often travelled on foot, in merry troops, nearly all day long. The mad harum-scarum way of life of the company pleased me well enough; I entered heartily into the spirit of it, and was foremost in every thing. In the villages and inns at which we stopped for the night there was no want of tricks and jokes, which now terrified and now convulsed with laughter the peaceable inhabitants. Every little incident and occurrence was parodied and illustrated, sometimes wittily, sometimes stupidly, by old rhymes and scraps of quotation, from theatrical parts. The merry abandonment of the motley crew, which, although

full of levity, never exceeded the bounds of morality and decorum, never ceased until our caravan arrived at its destination, on the shores of the Uckermark. I would gladly have travelled round the world in this way.

"Without, however, allowing my regained tranquillity to be disturbed by misanthropy or melancholy, I withdrew myself gradually, with disgust, from this rabble of lazy apprentices, runaway wives, prodigal sons, sentimental girls, worthless students, &c. I remained, however, on very good terms with Burgheim, and continued uninterruptedly, for his sake, my miscellaneous dramatic labours; curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandees of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small publics, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama. Many leisure hours still remained to me for the cultivation of my natural passion for reading. I rummaged through the libraries of all the little towns we visited, not without occasional danger to life and limb, as, on one occasion, I narrowly escaped being buried under the ruins of a crumbling old church-choir."

For two years this life continued, during which he had acquired additional knowledge of books, men, and things, but, above all, a power of adapting himself to circumstances. It was now time for the university, and, having obtained the consent of his guardian, he entered that of Frankfort. Strengthened, rather than injured, by his roaming life, he devoted himself heart and soul to his studies, and in a short time distinguished himself among his contemporaries; and after graduation was appointed "private teacher," and read lectures to his pupils.

"Of the three next years which I spent at Frankfort as academical private teacher, I have little to relate. They were poor in events though fertile in enjoyments. I began my lectures before a numerous assembly of students. I changed the subject of my lectures every half-year; discussing in turn secular and ecclesiastical history, natural science, critical theology, æsthetics, and moral philosophy. It may easily be imagined that the applause and sympathy with which my young hearers honoured me, was drawn forth by the breath of my lips, whose flame was ever of the thinnest. But I prudently confined myself to corners of learning which other professors had either entirely overlooked, or displayed in a very barren and narrow-minded way; and, perhaps, my views had some freshness to my youthful auditors, on account of the charm of novelty which they still possessed for myself."

But his doubts, visionary as they were, and *because* they were visionary, still tormented him, and he sought in vain a solution of them from books. Action was in fact their only solvent, and ultimately in action he found their cure. Restless and unsatisfied, weary of a life wherein he could discern neither harmony nor object, he determined to travel, and in May, 1795, he set out for Berlin and Leipzig. We must not omit to state that he had acquired some fame by his play of "Abellino," of which (as is not uncommon) he seems in after life to have felt rather ashamed.

"After I had traversed Saxony, Franconia, and Swabia, I reached the shore of the Lake of Constance, behind whose broad mirror towered into the heavens the giant-piles and summits of the Alps, with all their towers of icy peaks and fields of silver, lighted up by the declining sun. The sight of these glorious mountains affected me as never a natural prospect before had done. Amidst my silent awe and admiration arose the thought, "This rocky fortress of freedom—has she not a corner to spare for me?" And when, on the 3rd of September, I arrived at Schaffhausen, and amidst the most beautiful environments, the falling Rhine thundered his greetings to me, then I exulted in a tumult of delight; throwing

myself eagerly on the ground, I kissed the dear adopted soil, and amidst speechless tears panted forth secret fervent prayers to Heaven."

He was not as yet allowed to settle in his adopted land, though his heart remained constant in its affection for it. After passing the winter in Zurich and Berne, he set off to visit Paris, anxious to witness the illustration it afforded of "liberal principles." He had been rather bitten by the prevailing mania, but his heart was too sound, and his head too clear, not to discern the rottenness of the "republique one and indivisible," and to abhor the maniac antics of the "singes-tigres" who then governed that unhappy country. But he gives a pleasing description of one acquaintance he made, and which we must extract.

"But the man whom I visited with more delight and frequency, than any other of the notabilities of Paris—whom, indeed, I began to regard as a model for imitation, was an old philosopher, more fame-worthy than famous; the German Diogenes of Paris, Count Gustav von Schlaberndorf. He was upwards of sixty; lean and tall with ragged hair, and a worn-out dressing gown of indescribable colour; a hermit of his charcoal fire, which he scarcely ever quitted. He lived in a dark room, in which dusty furniture, books, papers, &c., were mingled together, in learned confusion, as in the study of Walter Scott's Antiquary. And this man, who had lived through all the phases of the Revolution in Paris, as a philosophical spectator, who had suffered persecution and imprisonment, and had escaped the guillotine only by chance, preserved, in the serene haven in which he dwelt, far from the tumult of rising and falling factions, as much coolness and self-possession in his views of the men and events going on around him, as if centuries lay between him and them. He seldom left his "sanctuary;" yet he was always perfectly well acquainted with the events going on around him, and with their hidden springs and causes. I often found in his room, travellers from all countries, statesmen, party-leaders, and men of letters of all factions. Without seeking influence, he had obtained it, like Socrates, by instructive conversation, and a profound knowledge of men and things. The master of a large fortune, he observed a niggardly frugality in personal expenses, and a princely liberality towards every needy human being. His wonderful knowledge, sagacity, and penetration, and the noble elevation of his thoughts and principles, soon won my utmost admiration and respect. He called me his *Philosophe pleureur*; for he had discovered my inward maladies, and understood and felt for every secret wound, as if he had experienced them himself. He knew how to touch them, in the course of his gay and easy conversation, with the lightness, skill, and certainty of the ablest physician, yet every healing word seemed thrown out merely at random.

"This noble old man soon captivated my feelings, with a power quite irresistible and unexpected. I spent my time entirely between his room and the galleries of the Louvre, where I passed whole days in gazing on the miracles of the chisel and the brush. Never before had I witnessed the transfiguration of nature through the power of poetical genius; never before contemplated in such perfection the beautiful ideals of human art. Paris and Schlaberndorf destroyed my dreams of republican felicity. In the old Swiss aristocracies I had seen more withered formality hold together only by the united selfishness of nobles, ecclesiastics, and civic dignitaries; in the French Republic, nothing but a caricature of freedom, formed by the juxtaposition of anarchy and despotism. The huge superscriptions of the public buildings expressed the condition of the world-capital with bitter satire. "*Liberté Egalité*!" was every where the word; but beside the desecrated names grinned out the mocking addition, "*ou la mort*!" through the thin veil of white paint recently drawn over it. Freedom and equality, guarded by cavalry and infantry, with loaded cannons and files of troops before the gates of the Directorial palace itself, was the most impious of lies. My whole heart yearned to quit this city of splendid misery and miserable splendour. This wish became yet more fervent, as I sat alone one sunny morning in the gardens of the Tuileries, fanned by the young leaves and early blossoms of the spring. I longed for the peaceful solitudes of the Alps, where man, though rude and uncultivated, is yet

man, and looks up with veneration to the splendours and glories of God's universe, instead of the gilded ant-hills of human invention called palaces.

"Giving myself up to this silent train of thought, a voice within me seemed to cry, "Up, up! and on to Rome!"

I sprang up. I staid no longer in Paris than was necessary to buy and pack up a select assortment of fine drawings and lithographs for my future studio. I bought these treasures at a cheap rate, as they had mostly been acquired still more cheaply by their present owners, through the plunder of châteaux and galleries, I then bade farewell to friends and acquaintances, and set off, not for the south of France, as I had at first intended, but for the Swiss frontiers, in order to compare together all the democratic mountain districts I could find, and to choose the valley for my future home. Laugh, reader, to thy heart's content, at the plans and visions of the incorrigible dreamer; but remember that his was still the April season of life, when showers and sunshine, warmth and snow-drifts, follow one another in rapid and easy transition."

We have thus slightly sketched so far our hero's life. Hitherto he had been a learner under various kinds of discipline, book and tutor discipline, and life-discipline; he must now become an actor on life's stage, and, if his career be extraordinary, not less so has been his preparation. He seems at all times to have cast himself upon the current of life with trusting confidence, but without special design; he was ready to go anywhere, to do and to be anything for which he was fitted, if only he could benefit others; he sought neither station, nor honour, nor emolument himself—they were thrust upon him. He seems to have been equally at home as schoolmaster, newspaper editor, deputy, or governor. The reality was what he valued, the shell or outward wrapping went for nothing.

The plan of travelling to Rome was interrupted by an invitation to take charge of the school of Reichenau, which, from a hope of usefulness, he accepted, and held until the breaking out of the troubles consequent on the French revolution. Zschokke took part with the French party of Switzers against the Aristocrats and Austrians, and was summarily banished from the Grisons.

"It was early one bright morning in August, 1798, that I floated from Reichenau, on a large raft of wood, down the broad bosom of the Rhine, whose young impetuous current will not there brook the constraint of ship or boat. On both sides of the river the masses of the Alps, with their icy peaks, their forests, villages, and ruined castles, fled by me like a dream, and joined those beautiful visions of the past, those joys which I had found, or created, or cultivated with toil and anxiety, and had now, perhaps, lost for ever. I floated towards a future whose dreary background was lit only by lurid flashes of lightning. Whilst I sat on my trunk, borne down on the light wooden raft, driven an exile from the land which but a short time ago had welcomed me to its bosom as an adopted son, I was seized, instead of melancholy, with a strange inclination for immoderate laughter. In order not to be taken for insane by my companions, I mixed up all sorts of jokes with our conversation, as an excuse for laughing. Yet this was very far from that laugh of despair which would have been natural to many in my case. No, the ups and downs, the caresses or cuffs of Dame Fortune, who had first given me every thing, and now treating me like a whimsical spoilt child, taken every thing away again, had a very comic appearance in my eyes. I stood now where I did before; I was again a wanderer among men who belonged to nobody, and to whom nobody belonged. Now as before I was wandering towards new adventures, with more curiosity than fear; nay, rather with a proud exultation in feeling myself guiltless of the change of events, still master of myself, and of my old contempt for the tricks and teasings of circumstances. I was still gay in disposition as in those boyish years when I ran out into the wildest storms, and

leaped, and danced, and shouted, amid the wind and lightning, feeling myself more mighty than the tempest.

"A few hours afterwards we came in sight of the little village of Regatz, lying on the Swiss shore, in an open inlet of the mountains, opposite to the jagged, rocky comb of the Falknis. On the shore I observed some well-dressed men, walking in a leisurely manner up and down, who eyed me as curiously as I did them. I soon recognised some of them. They were companions in misfortune, exiles, the chiefs and partisans of the unsuccessful liberal party; there was Tschärner, Meyer von Trimmis, and a number of others. The raft came to land. They all pressed towards me, welcoming me, and stormed me with questions as to the latest news in Chur. They then led me through the village to the public-houses where they were staying. Lamentable as was their present position, for they were all of wealthy and distinguished families, were separated from their property, business, and friends, and in great trouble for those whom they had left behind, yet the involuntary huddling together of so many, and the confused common house-keeping of the friends, had so much novelty and amusement in it, that I could not lose my good-humour. I seemed to be once more among the wandering players of Burgheim's merry troop, on their way to Prenzlau; yet the happy gaiety of those votaries of Theopis was wanting here. The present actors, who had played their parts in the drama of revolution, little to the satisfaction of their audience, had been hissed off the stage. Some wandered pensively up and down, tormented by *ennui*. Others cursed the fickle mood of a thankless people, or the empty promises of Florent Guiot. Others squabbled about measures which might or might not have saved the country, if adopted in proper time. Our dethroned president, Tschärner, alone preserved, apparently at least, that composure with which a practised general, after losing a battle, reviews the means that remain to him of enticing back to his banners the faithless fortune of war."

He was next sent as deputy to the central Helvetic government at Aarau, and afterwards at Lucerne, where he contrived to pass his time pleasantly and profitably, though sharing in the poverty of the exiles. His friend, the minister Stapfer, offered him a situation in his office, and originated a popular newspaper.

"Pestalozzi one day invited me to write in his journal; I declined this. A real popular journal, I told him, must be no organ of government; it must be entirely independent, and must not only assume the language, style, and satirical humour of the Swiss peasantry, but must clothe every thing in little stories, narratives, and proverbs. It must also appear in a suitable dress, on coarse paper, with large print, and staring red title. On the spur of the instant, I proposed to him for a title the following: 'The honest, truth-telling, and well-experienced Swiss Messenger, who relates, in his own plain-spoken way, all that goes on in our dear native country, and what the wise folks and the fools are doing all over the world.'

"The good Pestalozzi was a little piqued; he laughed and advised me to make the attempt. I took the advice in earnest, and did so. In a short time the 'Swiss Messenger' flew through all the villages, towns, and valleys of every canton. Never had a similar paper excited so much attention in Switzerland, and met with such rapid and signal success."

The next phase in our hero's career was a very original one; he was appointed "Government Commissary to Unterwalden;"—"by wise and energetic fulfilment of the laws to compel respect and obedience, to support the courage of patriots, and to crush the hopes and prospects of the ill-affected;" in short, a sort of political "professor of things in general." And, applying his shoulder to the wheel in good earnest, he won the confidence both of the people and the central authorities, so that his proconsulate was extended over the canton of Waldstätten. The following extract will shew something of the man and his duties.

" 'I fancy I see your satirical smile,' I wrote to him, 'and I do not wonder at it. The Duke of Chartres was schoolmaster at Reichenau before me, and now the simple schoolmaster has been made, not duke, indeed, but Proconsul. Such is revolution! I am well contented with the tricks of Fortune, and can testify, on my own experience, that the so-called grievous burden of greatness, is not so very insupportable after all. Yet, I can assure you, my dignity is no sinecure. I sit all day either on horseback, at my writing-table, or in the council chamber; I hear reports and pleadings, issue orders, review troops. More than one night I have only been able to lie down for an hour or two in my clothes. I believe that a man with pure intentions, and provided with a little general intelligence, firmness, and knowledge of the world, who is determined to see every thing with his own eyes, and knows how to animate the activity of others by his own activity, may always do some good at the head of a state. The hands, feet, talents, and virtues of others, stand everywhere at his disposal. Like that of most statesmen, indeed, mine must be a very negative merit. I cannot create national happiness; I can only clear away a few hindrances here and there; the rest I must leave to the people themselves.'"

From Waldstätten he proceeded to the Valais and Milan, where he came in contact with Napoleon. Having fulfilled his mission, he was appointed governor of Basle, and took a share in forming the Swiss constitution—one of those, as Carlyle says, which "would not march."

After these stormy political days had produced their natural effect upon his mind, and finding intrigue and roguery more than a match for his honesty, he determined to retire into private life.

But the discipline he had undergone had changed most beneficially his state of mind, action had taken the place of vague revery, doubt was dissipated by beneficent exertion, and the real had superseded the ideal. Henceforward his mind was at peace, and his time was passed in acquiring knowledge, benefitting his country, or educating his children. The whole story is one of the most deeply interesting we know; our limits have prevented us giving more than the outline, but we trust that we have said enough to induce our friends to read the volume for themselves. We shall conclude with the last chapter, entitled "the old man."

"The first spring day of the year 1841, adorned with the delicate snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*), my favourite among Flora's children, introduced me to my seventy-first year. On this day I really felt as if I stood on a mountain top, at whose foot rushed audibly the ocean of eternity, while behind me lay this earthly life, green, wild, and beautiful, with its wastes and its blooming gardens, its days of sunshine and of storm.

"Formerly when I read of the joylessness of great age, I felt a silent shudder steal over me. I am now astonished that it offers so much of grace and enjoyment. Every period of man's life has its own charms, of which it is hard to decide which are the preferable. Cicero's elder Cato was perfectly right when he said, 'He who has not won for himself the power of being happy, will find every age full of heaviness. But to him who has drawn from within, that highest good, nothing is really evil, not even old age, which all desire to attain and so many complain of when it is attained.' Even less wise than Cato was the singer of Israel when he sighs, 'The days of our years, are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of our strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labour, and sorrow.' I know well that many join in this lamentation whose only world is the outward world with its pleasure, golden treasures, and clouds of incense; or who, as Madame de Genlis says, have reached their seventieth year in the thorough conviction that they were only created to dress, to eat breakfast, dinner, and supper, play piquet, and sleep.

"Undeniably I see that the plant-like life of my limbs now fresh and active as ever must soon fade; that with the slackening nerve the vigour of the outward

and inward senses must likewise vanish, I shall then no longer, as I do now, act, jest, and sacrifice to the Muses. And what then? The more the world around me fades and darkens, the less I feel its loss, the brighter dawns the morning of another life.

"Thus I enter cheerfully with God, in whom we live and move, the winter of life, beyond which no other spring for me lies beyond on this earthly planet. Death, thinly veiled, by a few months or years, smiles upon me. Yet will I rejoice in the present, surrounded by those dear to me; my Nanny, whose youthful beauty has passed into the beauty of the soul; my children of whom not one has proved unworthy of my love and care. The evening of my earthly existence is still bright, the world still floats in rosy light, and lovelier than in the dawn of life.

"Others may look back with longing on the lost paradise of their childhood. I never knew that paradise. I wandered an orphan unloved and abandoned; yet neither unloved nor forgotten of God. I thank his guidance that has taught me to make the paradise in my own breast. To the youth the external world looked fairer. It was not so; but it looked fairer through the prism of youthful feelings and fancies; in that magic radiance which envelopes all with a sevenfold glory; now crippling giant forms, now stretching dwarfs to giant size; as whim or accident holds the magic glass; but even the youth was conscious of the fair deceit. He became a man. Life lay brighter before him; but the light was not in life but in himself; he could discriminate more accurately the substance from the shadow. From that time forward, he wrought without rest or stay for the dominion of the godlike on earth, to the best of his ability that he might one day deserve his rest. What he did might be little, but the will was great. He took the sweet and bitter of life as destiny bestowed it, and thankful for both without grieving too deeply for the transitory; accustomed to live always in the consciousness and love of the Eternal.

"And now my holiday is come, and it is welcome! I regret not that I have lived. Others may in the autumn of their days, look over and count their harvests, I cannot. I scattered the seed, where the wind carried it, I know not. The will for good was mine; its prospering was in the hands of God. Some unproductive seed I have also sown, yet I accuse not myself nor Heaven. Others may rejoice in their, more or less, hardly-won riches, or honours, or renown. I envy not their joy and pity their labour. Fortune's favour had no golden treasure for me; but content with that which diligence has won, and frugality has kept, I enjoy the noble independence for which I have always striven, and out of which I have been able to succour others yet poorer. Rank? I desired only that of a better humanity! Once only, in my youth, I sought a post of honour; but never again in my whole course of life; I have declined as many as I have accepted; and these I accepted only when the better qualified were wanting. Renown? An author's celebrity? Mere soap bubbles; I had a loftier aim than these."

PROTESTANT UNION—THE CHURCH.

ALTHOUGH, as Churchmen, we differ in many things from the views and principles of those zealous men, of all denominations, who are now endeavouring to establish a closer union among all Christians who read the bible and dissent from the errors of Rome, we cannot but feel much sympathy with them in their object. This craving for union, and these practical efforts to accomplish it, are symptomatic of a return to sounder principles on the part of our dissenting brethren. The command of our Saviour to his disciples "to love one another;" His prayer that they should be "one, even as He and the Father are one;" that they should show in a close and outward union their divine origin so clearly, that "the world should believe" that their Master had been sent by God; these principles, hitherto so much forgotten, seem to be now recognised by the Christian Unionists. In every point of view this is a most important step on the return to Gospel truth; and while we cannot help deploring that they have as yet failed to discover the true and only permanent union in the bosom of the Church, we rejoice that in their endeavour to establish an external bond of union, they have already discarded the favourite maxim so opposed to sound reasoning, so much at variance with the spirit of our Lord, "we agree to be divided."

There is so much that is truly excellent among those persons, whether Dissenters or nominal Churchmen, who have adopted this maxim; so much, we grieve to say it, of fault, (past, rather than present,) in the condition of the Church, which will account for, if it does not excuse their coldness towards it, that we cannot bring ourselves to speak of them with harshness. Much better would it have been if late writers, who assumed to themselves a peculiar zeal for the Church of God, ere they attacked that portion of their fellow Christians with indiscriminating severity, had cast the beam out of their own eyes. It should be our business now, boldly and honestly, to acknowledge the defects, (not in the Church, but in its ministers and members,) whence dissent originated; and then calmly to reason with those who have been carried away by it, upon the propriety of returning to a system in which, although, through reason of sin and infidelity, the spirit of the Gospel slumbered for a time, it has been now, by the grace of God, awakened.

If we thought the labours of the Protestant Unionists likely to succeed—that there was even a possibility of their establishing, as the centre of Christian union in this country, mere opposition to Rome, to take the place of the positive doctrines of the Church, so scriptural, so comprehensive—we should regard their endeavours with the strongest disapproval: but as there is no probability that elements so diverse as those which compose that body, shall continue long to work together for any one purpose, we entertain no fear for the result. On the contrary, we regard the attempt with very different feelings, not only as exhibiting symptoms of a desire for union, which ought to influence all sincere and earnest Christians, but because we hope that many who are now engaged in the work, when their present plans have failed,

will, in all probability, learn, by the experiment, the folly of seeking in dissent for that unity of feeling which can only be found in a close and affectionate adherence to the Church of God. One painful reflection only is produced by them. This is the hour of the Church's danger: it needs now all the support of its friends; and when the zeal of every earnest Christian ought to be directed to its defence, schemes, which must end in nothing, are drawing their thoughts elsewhere, and loosening their affections from her. How bitterly these men will grieve, if, after they have discovered the utter fallacy of their present schemes for union, they find that the worldly policy of irreligious men have removed from the land the only true rallying point against the Romanist, the only true centre of union; and that this evil might have been prevented if they had not divided the forces of the Church at the moment of her greatest need.

We write these words deliberately. This is the most critical hour of the Irish Church. It is not the dread of unreal dangers which affects us. The Church of Ireland is at this moment in absolute and imminent danger. Its enemies, numerous, powerful, and relentless, are already exulting in what they conceive its certainly approaching downfall; and—that which is in general the last and most fatal symptom of decay—its lukewarm friends are passing from its side, and, joining themselves with its antagonists—are becoming its most dangerous opponents. Plainly be it spoken, and let it be fully understood, that henceforth, “he who is not for us, is against us.” The man who, under the circumstances in which the Irish Church is now involved, could for one moment tamper with her enemies, ought not any longer be regarded as a friend. Let us not be understood as here questioning the right of every man to judge and act for himself—(though we would always deny that a man has a right to determine to do wrong); but we claim to ourselves the right to refuse to regard as friends those who take the part of enemies. To those who openly oppose themselves to the establishment, we give credit for sincerity; but let them believe that we also are sincere, and that if they are prepared to expend all their energies in an *honest* endeavour to pull down the Church, we are no less honest in our readiness to yield up our blood in her defence. As for those who, while they retain the emoluments of her ministers or the name of her members, are secretly undermining her, whether they belong to the Romanizing party or are represented by the clerical writer of the pamphlet reviewed in our September publication, we esteem them to be equally dishonest. As to the true Churchman, let him place before him the following words of our revered and aged Primate in his late remarkable Charge to his clergy:—“In the assault which is made upon the Irish branch of the Church, the Roman Catholics are now aided by the Dissenters of England, who employ denunciations as vehement, with regard to our establishment, as ever proceeded from the lips of the political agitators of this country. A formal announcement, indeed, has been made by them, that they are ‘ready to contend by the side of the Roman Catholics’ in the war against the Church of Ireland; and they have ‘pledged themselves never to remit their efforts’ to overturn it.” This opinion, which accords exactly with the declaration made by ourselves in a late publication, coming from so high a quarter, cannot be read without grave reflection by any zealous Churchman.

But mark our application of it in the present instance. Professed members of our Church who side with Romanists, ought, under these circumstances, to be regarded as as much our enemies as they. Fortunately, however, the most influential among them have, on the verge of the present crisis, seceded from us, and openly joined the Romish Church; and the rest are regarded with a sufficient measure of distrust to prevent their effecting any great amount of injury. So far, indeed, has this distrust proceeded, that many of the best and most pious friends of the Protestant establishment have, in the overwrought zeal of the people, been classed among them.

But, likewise, professed members of our Church, who side with the Dissenters, ought, under the same circumstances, to be regarded as as much our enemies as they. Such an assertion may alarm some of our readers—some may say that we write with too much severity; but we calmly refer them to the words here quoted from the Primate, unanswerable as they are and strictly accordant with the fact; and those who object to our conclusion must first show that the *English Dissenters are *not* “ready to contend by the side of the Roman Catholics in the war against the Church of Ireland,” ere we shall be induced to soften the assertion, that those members of our Church who, having this knowledge, are yet ready to side with the Dissenters, are as much our enemies as they.

Now, let us not be misunderstood; we do not call them enemies of the gospel; there are, no doubt, many good men amongst them, though mistaken, and yet they would surely not be less friends of the gospel if, instead of assisting those who are labouring to pull down, they yielded their efforts to build up the Church of God. We assert merely that they are *our* enemies, ours, as speaking in defence of the Irish Church. Their views are hostile to the object which very strongly animates our breasts; in the present dangers of the Church, we wish to see her friends rallying in her defence, and we call them enemies because they join with those who are rallying to destroy her. As for the Dissenters themselves, it is not our purpose to attack them, except so far as it is necessary in our own defence, and we would merely remind those members of the Church who are seeking to form a spiritual union with them, against Rome, that those same Dissenters are already forming a carnal union with Rome against them. They join you to pull down Rome; they join Rome to pull down you. This may be right, but we would warn all true hearted Churchmen to avoid such double dealing.

The temporal difficulties of the Church, as detailed in his Grace's charge, open a melancholy prospect to those who are accustomed to look for succour to an arm of flesh. It is our hope that God is still willing to defend his Church, and yet we know that He so orders his dealing as to make his mercies in a great measure depend upon our exertions to secure them. While, therefore, we cannot doubt that the Spirit will abide even to the end among his faithful people, it is a

* We beg distinctly to be understood as not including the Irish Dissenters in these observations. They have not, as a body, shown the same acrimony against the Church as their English brethren; and we believe that many of them are at least as ready to support the Church, as some of her own professing members.

question of uncertainty in any case, whether this, or any other particular community in which His light has shone, being made more steadfast by persecutions, shall be esteemed worthy of a continuance of this blessing; or being given to dissension rather than love, being lukewarm in the Church, and zealous in the world, or having mixed up carnal motives in their service, shall, like the Churches of Asia, be cast out from the mercies which they do not appreciate. How the Church of Ireland, being now weighed in the balance, shall be adjudged, the eye of the Almighty alone can discern. We may form a judgment from outward symptoms; and while there is much in the growing activity of the clergy, and in the increasing devotion of the people in many places to encourage us, there is also very much, in our own disunions and worldly-mindedness, to cause us to tremble beneath the anger of our Judge.

This latter feeling is increased by the reflection that the evidences of His wrath, which have been coming upon us for a long period back, so far from becoming less apparent, are still more striking and disastrous, even while we seem to be advancing into a higher state of internal purity. We write this with reverence and extreme reserve, because we know that so inscrutable are his dealings with man, that often what appears to proceed from His anger, is sent in mercy. It may be that, in gradually diminishing the resources of the Church, in turning away from it the hearts of former professed friends, in permitting the governing powers treacherously to desert and betray it, he wishes to teach his people this lesson that HE IS THEIR KING, and that they must learn to look to Him alone, and to their own faithful exertions, under the direction of his Spirit, for the bread of life for themselves and for their children, which has hitherto sustained them. But, be it remembered, that, if these are His intentions, they can only be carried out by a faithful and united exertion in defence of his truth on our part, and that such exertions, if apparent, are not only to be taken as proofs that He is thus dealing with us, but, moreover, are required from us as those who are bound to serve their master in his works, for His glory and our own eternal interests.

But how are these exertions to be made? Not, surely, by deserting the vessel before it is a wreck, and consigning it to the storms which might have been overcome had we heartily laboured to rescue her from them. Something of this kind seems to be the purpose of the Protestant unionists. Imagining that the Church is no longer able to cope with her Romish enemy, or, that she is soon to be deprived of all power of opposing it, they are moving aside from her in time, as they conceive, and setting up some other stronghold of Protestantism. Whether their stronghold, composed of such opposite elements, is likely to be more permanent than the Church, we leave it to them, on calm reflection, to decide for themselves, while we make a few remarks upon these two imaginations of which we have spoken.

The church, it is supposed by them, is no longer able to cope with Rome. No doubt, if their zeal, and energy, and piety—and we are willing to allow them a considerable share of all these—be withdrawn from her, she will, humanly speaking, be less able to cope with Rome than if she had the zealous and united support of all her children in this dangerous encounter. We fearlessly assert, that if the moral and

spiritual strength possessed by the Protestants of Ireland—those, we mean, who are the baptized children, and liege subjects of the Church of Ireland, even without the support which in such a struggle we might hope to receive from many Irish dissenters—if this strength, instead of being divided, as at present, and expended in desultory, and often in opposing efforts, were directed together, under the wise and wholesome discipline of the Church, popery, with all its powerful and well-ordered ingredients of attack, would be badly able to contend with us. With the primate and our bishops—who, however unfit for such a purpose, their predecessors, appointed for the most part for political and party purposes, may have been, are well alive to the duties of their sacred calling—at our head; with the clergy, who have learned to look up to and respect them, following their advice, and acting with one united effort under it; and with the people, affectionately determined to support them in this last struggle for the Bible and the Church of their God and of their fathers—Rome would have no chance against them. Let any one who doubts this, regard for a moment the character of the Irish Protestants—their unflinching courage, when they believe that they contend for the truth; their steady energy; their determinate and stubborn adherence to principles; their readiness for action in every cause in which they think they ought to act; their fearless bravery; their extraordinary facility in combination; their affectionate support of one another as brothers, in every danger; their physical powers unsurpassed—we had almost said unequalled—by any other nation upon earth;—let any one regard these characteristics of the men, who, in the present crisis are called upon to stand in the front of the contest with Rome, and answer by what possibility they could fail. They have failed hitherto, because instead of being led by their natural advisers, as one unbroken force against the enemy, they have been too often led by weak and incompetent advisers, to waste their strength on one another. Thus Rome attacked them in detail, and her success remains a lasting monument in history of the disastrous effects of disunion in the camp of God.

And now have we not a leader on whom we may confidently rely? Our Primate, noble in every sense, disinterested, pious, with the experience of forty years in the episcopal office, all which period has been marked with a zealous endeavour to advance the interests of the Church where he presided, and whose endeavours have, by the grace of God, been crowned with extraordinary success, is well fitted to take the lead which Providence has given him in this period of danger. His charge, lately delivered, must fix him in the affections and esteem of every one who reads it, and, we believe that we speak the sentiments of thousands when we say, that, independant of his office, he deserves our strenuous support, and we ought to receive advice from him with the utmost deference. Let us throw ourselves together into the work—let us trust one another according to our several posts—let no individual interests, or ill-directed ambition interfere with us now—bishops—clergy—laymen, let all together look up to God as their king, and humbling themselves as one man before his will, let us arise together in the defence of the truth. Let this generation be honoured in history as having by their strenuous and faithful efforts restored the falling banner of religion—let them strive to be written in the Book of Life as

having been the instruments of Providence to rescue for their own children—from the grasp of the infidel and the Papist—the blessed means of grace which *their* fathers were permitted to transmit entire to them, but which, in their days, had well nigh been torn from their hands. It is time that the Protestants of Ireland should arouse themselves, they have strength, and surely they are not unwilling or incompetent to use it. Will you allow a false and treacherous minister to deliver you over to the designs of Rome?—will you forget the struggles of your ancestors? Is your blood less warm than theirs—are your hearts more cowardly—are you less regardful of the privileges for which they were not unwilling to sacrifice their lives? Can you not then be united, as they were, to defend them? You have been oppressed, despised, and insulted; the means of carrying on the ministrations of your Church have been impiously, from time to time, diminished and wasted, so that now, as your excellent Primate has declared, they are totally inadequate. The bible has been taken from your children, that they may be reared up at the schools of the state in the infidel principles of expediency; your bishops were insulted when they calmly objected, as by their office they were bound to do. Is this not Popery, already placing its seal upon the Word of God, and using the arm of *Protestant* (!!) England to effect this gross impiety? You have been slandered until your English brethren learned to believe the slanderer. Those who strove to open their eyes to the truth, and ventured to defend you, were denounced as fanatics; your dearest friends and brothers have been murdered, and the British government had not the courage to defend you from the monstrous instigators of the assassin. Your clergy have been called rebels, because they would not yield up your children to an unscriptural and irreligious education. A conservative government, *your creation*, has fawned upon your enemies, and exalted them against you. They have unbound from the arms of Rome every fetter that restrained them—they have left them free to attack—they have given them arms to destroy you; while they have fettered and disarmed you. Protestants of Ireland, though our words are warm, they are painfully unexaggerated; if you do not now arise to a united effort, this treachery will soon be consummated in your destruction. Yet, surely, if we consider aright what is still in our power to do, we cannot sanction the weak and cowardly doctrine that the Church is no longer able to cope with our Romish enemy.

But men also imagine that it is soon to be deprived of its power to resist Rome. There are, indeed, sad grounds for this imagination. So many, so cunning, and so powerful are our enemies, that, when we consider how already we have been defeated by them, it seems improbable that we should now escape the final blow that threatens us. But let us look at home, and, *instead of joining with the enemies of the Church because we suppose we can no longer defend her*, let us, as her difficulties seem to increase, become more strenuous in our efforts to protect her. Even if there were no prospect of success, it is plainly our duty to stand by her to the last, though our own lives were involved in the struggle. And truly they are involved in it; for if the church fall, Rome will soon possess the entire power in Ireland. No union among Dissenters will be able to withstand her then. We know what Rome has done of old, and is now doing elsewhere, to recover her lost

usurpations. Proud and worldly and cruel as at the first, she has fawned upon us until we have well nigh delivered her our weapons; when she has them, she will use them for our destruction—she is already doing so. The Church alone now stands between us and utter and irretrievable defeat. Every other former stronghold of Protestantism is in the hand of our deadly foe. Let any one who has the capacity of reflection consider what must be the natural result if this last arm is taken from us with the rest. In the commencement made last session to endow Popery, the Minister carefully avoided placing any restraint upon her privileges. Much as we dread the endowment itself, as injurious to true religion, we confess that this unlimited respect for the privileges of Rome appears much more dangerous to our lives and liberties. These privileges will develop themselves as her power increases. As soon as she has become the established church in Ireland, it will be her privilege to conduct the religious instruction of all the people. National schools will be turned into Popish seminaries. If we refuse to send our children, unmeasured persecutions may be expected. We need not hope that England will then interfere to assist us; England has not interfered, nor shewn the least intention of interfering, to rescue our Church from the imposition of the National Board upon her. The Duke of Wellington's command to the Irish clergy to submit in patience while the children of their people were brought up in irreligion and contempt of the Bible, did not raise one objecting voice in England. It is absurd in men to talk of the support they expect from England, after they have been thoroughly defeated and disarmed—when they are not willing to assist themselves in retaining the strength which they have. Let them show the English now, by a resolute resistance of all further aggression, and in a firm demand for a restoration of their ancient and inalienable rights, which have been basely taken from them, that they are resolved to stand fast now—to perish now, if need be, with the remnant of their Church, while the Bible is not yet totally closed against them, rather than to wait for the cruel mercies of triumphant Rome. Let them show this to England, and every true-hearted Protestant in the empire will rally to their rescue. But let them weakly and patiently abide while the last stone is being removed from their church and constitution, and the same indifference with which they have been regarded hitherto in England will continue, after they have been reduced to complete subjection and to the cruel persecutions of their unscrupulous foe.

But even though all her children do not support the Church in her present difficulties, let not those who are truly faithful among them despair. Let them, at least, do their utmost; let them strive to make more pure and more efficient her ministrations; let them, if they find that there is no longer any hope in the aid of man, rely confidently upon the assistance of Almighty God; let them, by serving him with increased fidelity, show to their less zealous brethren the excellence of that system they are labouring to rescue even to the last, at the same time that they secure for themselves those eternal blessings which they desire, through the channel of the church, to transmit to their children.

Loose Leaves from an Odd Volume.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

No. II.

PART I.—POETRY (TRANSLATED.)

The Retributive Gift.

(EDUARD MOERIKE.)

Prince Cormac sheathed his sharpest sword
 In the breast of his brother's son ;
 And his nobles hailed him as Riagh and Lord
 When the treacherous deed was done ;
 And they bore him in triumph to his palace, near
 Where Bann's deep waters wind.
 Oh, Ulster ! didst thou see and hear,
 Or wert thou deaf and blind ?

And Cormac sate at a feast by night
 In Antrim's royal hall,
 With his tributary Tiernachs and men of might,
 And iron chieftains all—
 "And where is the kingly diadem," he cried,
 Ye have destined for this head ?"
 When the oaken door swang suddenly wide,
 And lo, a sight of dread !

A bier, with coffin and sable pall,
 And bearers in funeral attire,
 Moved slowly up the spacious hall !—
 All hushed were laugh and lyre,
 And the murderer shook in his regal chair,
 And he tried to grasp his spear,
 But his arm felt weak as a withe, and his hair
 Bristled high for horrible fear.

And the bearers lifted the coffin-lid,
 And a corpse, with a gory wound
 In its naked breast, stood up amid
 The as-death-pale revellers around ;
 And a crown of blood-cemented clay
 In its hands it seemed to bear—
 And it spake—"Oh, King, rejoice in thy sway !
 This diadem shalt thou wear !"

Then dimmer and dimmer the torchlights grew,
 Till the ghastly pageant was gone.
 The shuddering warriors all withdrew,
 And the night wore silently on.

'Twas far in the wane of the emerald Spring,
And a bright May morning poured
Its rays through the hall ; but the Irish King
Sate dead at his banquet-board !

Lines written in a Pinner-chapel.

(THEODORE CREIZENACH—AN ISRAELITE.)

Me hither from noonlight
A Voice ever calls,
Where pale pillars cluster
And organ-tones roll.
Nor sunlight nor moonlight
E'er silvers these walls—
Lives here other lustre—
The Light of the Soul !

Here budded and blossomed,
Here faded and died,
Like brief-blooming roses,
Earth's Purest of Pure.
Now, ever embosomed
In Bliss, they abide.
Oh, may, when Life closes,
My meed be as sure !

The Burial of Alaric I., King of the Visigoths.

(COUNT PLATEN-HALLERMUND.)

Night by night, near the dark Busento, wailings fill Cozenza's wood,
And a chorus of ancient voices answers from the conscious flood.

To and fro o'er its bosom wander myriad ghosts of Goths, whose grief
Ceaseth not for their slain Commander, Alaric, the mighty Chief.

Far from home and his fair-haired kindred must he meet his dreary
doom—
In his dawning of youthful manhood was his bright star quenched in
gloom.

So his nobles and faithful soldiers with sore hearts prepared his grave;
Nigh the stream a deep trench they hollowed, thus to turn aside its
wave ;

Piled much earth in the vacant channel, sank therein the hero's corse,
Sitting upright in dark-grey armour on his favourite Hunnish horse ;

Piled more earth in the waveless channel, piled it round the glorious Dead,
That the green growths of Spring and Summer might look sunwards
o'er his head ;

And then rolled back the dark Busento into its deep crypt once more,
Hymning mournfully their choral dirge-song, as the billows beat the
shore :—

“Sleep, O, Alaric, where we leave thee! May no churl of Roman race
Ever dare to molest thy slumbers, or profane thy resting-place!”

And still night after night their wailings fill Cosenza's waste of wood,
And a chorus of ancient voices answers from the gloomy flood.

The Last of the True Beliebers.

(AUGUST SCHNEZZER.)

Who stands alone by the Mummelzee?
Why bides he there? What seeks he?
The simplest of carls in sooth is he—
He waits for a sight of the Neexie.*

Ah, yes! he *stands alone*—that's clear!
He is not one of *us*—in short he
Don't know, poor oaf, that the current year
Is Eighteen Hundred Forty!

Long may he on that desolate shore
Eye reeds and weeds and willows—
Nor Fay nor Mermaid ever more
Shall rise from the Mummel's billows.

The Invisible Powers are bound by a vow
To remain shut up in their caverns;
And the only Spirits one meets with now
Are the “Bottle-imps” of the taverns!

The Musician and his Audience.

(FRIEDRICH RUECKERT.)

The Dumb One said to the Blind One,
“I am going to give a magnificent feast,
And I want a harper; so trot, and find one.
I don't mind music myself in the least,
Though I like well enough now and then to hear
An odd tune, as out of a sheaf one
May pluck a single ear;—
But I wish him to play for my brother, the Deaf One.”

* Water-spirit.

The Blind One said to the Dumb One,
 "I saw a capital harper to-day,
 But the scamp had no coat; I'll see and get some one
 Who knows how to dress as well as to play.
 I'll send for Herr Twanger, that lives in the Square,
 They say he's a gay and a game one;—
 And here comes a lad who'll run like a hare
 On the errand—*my* brother, the Lame One."

There needed but one slight inkling
 To enlighten the Lame One; off he strode,
 And reached in the tithe of a twinkling
 The aristocratic musician's abode.
 "Ho, neighbour," he cried, "look sharp!
 Come along!"—and, obeying the summons,
 The harper shouldered his harp,
 And followed his guide to the Dumb One's.

There were present some scores of dancers and singers:
 The harper ate and drank as he chose,
 Then drew his gloves on his fingers,
 And touched the lyre with his toes;
 And the Dumb One roared aloud for delight,
 The Deaf One listened in rapt amazement,
 The Blind One stared with all his might,
 And the Lame One fairly jumped through the casement!

My friends! there are two kinds of knowledge,
 And each gives its own broad bias to Life.
 One cuts you quite out—'tis a razor—'tis *all* edge,
 With the other *you* cut—'tis an oyster-knife!
 The first but leads you awry and astray
 Till you're fit for nothing except a cloister,
 While the second infallibly opens your way
 Through the world, which, as Shakspeare observes, *is* an oyster!*

The Tree of Life.

(FRIEDRICH RUECKERT.)

Tree of Life, thou ever sighest,
 Springtime, Summer, morns and eves,
 When the Winds of Woe rise highest,
 Piercing through and through thy leaves.
 Yet thyself might'st guess,
 Oh, unhappy Tree!
 That when thus they pierce thy leaves
 They but seek to show thee,

* "Why, then, the world's mine oyster."

Warningly, not scorningly,
 Thine own rueful nakedness !
 Oh, be wise, thou thriftless Tree !
 See ! there blooms an Earth below thee—
 See ! there shines a Heaven above thee—
 Oh, bear Fruit, thou Barren One,
 And, be sure, Winds, Rains, and Sun
 Through all time will nurse and love thee !

PART II.—PROSE (ORIGINAL.)

Fate of the Poet.

The diver for pearls is a poor unfortunate creature : he lives a slave and dies a martyr : nobody cares about him ; he is looked on as a sort of human fishing-net, made for the service of his employers, and having no right to any manner of interest in his own existence. Yet there is even a more pitiable wretch than he—the being of whose fate *his* to some extent may be taken as a symbol—the Poet. If the toils of the diver go unacknowledged he has at least the satisfaction of reflecting that the gems he gathers will be held worthy of adorning the diadems of sultans ; whereas the Poet knows that his pearls are flung before swine, who would prefer thanking him for edibles that might glide less “trippingly off the tongue.”

Un jour un coq detourna
 Une perle qu' il donna
 Au beau premier lapidaire.
 Je la crois fine, dit-il,
 Mais le moindre grain de mil
 Serait bien mieux mon affaire.*

The fisherman in the Arabian tale fetches up from the sea a bottle, whence ascends a column of smoke, which assumes the form of a “genius,” who makes his finder's fortune. The Poet reverses this order of circumstances : *he* begins by setting *his* “genius” to work at once,—revels in visions of wealth and glory on the strength of it,—and ends by witnessing the melancholy metamorphosis of all his fine projects into a—bottle of smoke !

So some people think—or, rather, write. For myself, I disbelieve every word of the statement. The lot of the Poet is, I admit, not the happiest ; but it is happier than that of most men. Compare it with the stock-jobber's—or the politician's—oh, Heaven !

Take a right view of the Matter.

From what quarter of Gotham came the mooncalf who first propounded the dogma that the disputant who loses his temper in controversy must have the worst of the argument ? The most superficial student

* La Fontaine.

of human nature that ever cudgelled his brains five minutes together knows that the truth is exactly the reverse. What manner of man in fact is it that common sense tells us is likeliest to lose his temper when arguing? Is it not the nervous and irritable man, who has sacrificed health to intellect? Is it not the man of rapid conception and comprehensive judgment—the man who envisages at a glance the whole state of the question at issue—the man who is impatient of misconception and intolerant of contradiction as much from an intuitive feeling that his adversary is a dunce as from a thorough knowledge of the irrefragableness of his own positions? Tell me, if you please, that people can't understand these distinctions—that they can't see why a man should be wroth except from a consciousness of being wrong. I don't care. They can, if they like. If they can't they are asses. They would hardly assent to the doctrine that because porcelain vases are uniformly broken in a contest with earthen pitchers, crockery has a right to take precedence of china, to assume airs beside china, to dub itself Conqueror of China. What there is to hinder them from adapting their conclusions to the truth with respect to cases of analogous collision in the moral world, *reste à montrer*.

The Spiritual Sun.

Inner light and outer darkness. Or, outer light and inner darkness. Take thy choice, oh, mortal! but remember that thou chusest for eternity.

“Zwischen Sinnenlust und Seelenfrieden
Bleibt dem Menschen nur die bange Wahl.”

The existence of a Spiritual Sun, which reflects itself in the human soul, is no longer questionable. Mesmerised persons, in the deeper states of clairvoyance, see by this sun, and no other. A lucid patient (resident, I think, in Edinburgh) recently declared that she beheld all things by means of a “brilliant light in the centre of her person.” Catherine Sampson, of Glasgow, described it as “a splendid sun.” The Seeress of Prevorst calls it *Die Gnaden Sonne*, or Sun of Grace. In Sacred Writ it is designated as the Sun of Righteousness, or Justice. Hosts of authorities, ancient and modern, might be cited in support of its positive existence. The Zendavesta frequently alludes to it, and tells us that it is an intellectual sun, and to be discerned by the mind only. Plotinus informs us that all which *appears* in the natural world really *subsists* in the spiritual, and that in the latter there is a Living Sun. The Chaldeans gave to the Great First Cause the name of *Our*, which signifies *Intelligent Fire*. Zeno, Cleanthes, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and many others of the old philosophers recognise the existence of an all-creative Sun. Virgil assures us that the inhabitants of the other world have their own Sun and stars:—

“Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo: solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.”†

“The Spiritual Sun,” observes Beausobre, “is a true light, and is actually beheld by immortal spirits.” Fénelon's testimony is given to

* Schiller.

† Æn. lib. vi.

the same effect. "Il y a un Soleil," he writes, "qui éclaircit les âmes des hommes bien plus que le soleil naturel n'éclaircit leurs corps." "This sun," Baron Eckstein informs us, "of which the natural sun is but an image, is one of the forms of *Herr*" (the Lord.) And Herder prophesies that "the human race will yet flourish under a more glorious Sun." This we may well believe, for we know that, according to the Evangelist, "God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all." "That there is a Sun in the spiritual world," declares Baron Swedenborg, "I am able to testify, for I have seen it." "In the midst of Heaven," writes Schubert, (perhaps the most eminent psychologist and natural philosopher of our time) "there is a Sun, which sustains, animates, and moves all;" and he adds that "*diese Sonne ist Gott*," which, however, is not strictly the fact, for, as Swedenborg takes care to remark, it is only "the proceeding emanation from Him, the sphere which radiates around His Divine Humanity." The heat of the Spiritual Sun, he adds, is in its essence Divine Love, and the light of it, in its essence, Divine Truth." Alphonse de Ratisbonne, a Jew, who was recently converted at Rome, speaks of this light, which he affirms that he beheld, in terms that seem copied from Swedenborg, an author whom he is not likely to have studied. "If," he asks, "even natural light be so difficult of comprehension, how much more incomprehensible is that Divine Light *which in its essence is the Eternal Truth itself*?" But there is no end to similar testimonies. The question, however, may suggest itself to the reader, why it is that if so many poets, philosophers, and theologians of all ages have believed in a Spiritual Sun, the belief should not at the present day be general. I know of no better answer to this than that supplied by St. John—"The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Swedenborg has given a like response, though somewhat more diffuse. "The Light of Heaven," writes this Seer, "cannot be discerned by any one who is immersed in merely natural light. And when corporeal and worldly things are so loved as they are at the present day, *mere darkness flows from them into the mind*, as soon as any one advances a single step beyond what he has learned from doctrine."

Greatness.

A man is great, not for being anything that he is, but for endeavouring to become something which circumstances will not permit him to be. A wise man, it is true, will always content himself with the possession or pursuit of the Attainable; but Wisdom cannot be accounted Greatness, though it is a treasure of infinitely higher intrinsic value.

Time.

Time is the shadow which Thought casts over the dial-plate of Existence. Owing to this shadow the dial now appears dark and figureless; but a period will arrive when the light shall shine on it, and reveal Arcana upon its face whose mysteries Eternity will see mankind engaged in fathoming.

Stanzas.

TO E. M.

The Sun has set in mist, and faint and dreary
 The pallid moon assumes her silent sway ;
 Half hid by circling clouds, with step unwearied
 All silently she treads her lonely way ;
 Night's pall enshrouds the earth, and ocean's streams
 In dark repose reflect the kindred skies ;
 Then glad I seek the glowing land of dreams,
 And *there* I find the joy that Day denies.

For thou art *there* beloved—sweetly smiling—
 And there are forms than thine alone less dear,
 I see their gentle looks my cares beguiling—
 I hear those tones I so much loved to hear :
 And old familiar faces crowd around—
 Oft doth the tomb its denizens restore ;
 Why is it thus ? O hush ! nor let one sound
 Of boding sadness, mar this blissful hour !

Do not our spirits mingle ? Can it be
 An unreal vision ? Sure that voice was thine !—
 Thy witching glance was fondly bent on me,
 Thy dear, dear hand was gently clasped on mine.
 I felt—even yet I *feel*—thy silken tresses
 Stray o'er my cheek, and sweep my conscious brow ;
 Grateful I turn to meet thy calm caresses—
 I start—I wake—and where—oh ! where art thou ?

Yet have we parted ? No ! we could not part,
 Though many a weary plain and mountain sever ;
 For *one* sweet hope is ours—*one* joy—*one* heart—
One heavenly home where we shall dwell for ever !
 Our Father sees us *one*, as morn and even
 Our prayers enmingling mount before His throne.
 To us, beloved, then may grace be given
 To wait His will—to make that will our own !

Enbé U. U,

Literary Notices.

A Manual of Agricultural Chemistry, with its Applications to the Soils of Ireland. By Thomas Antisoll, M. R. C. S. of England; M. R. D. S., and Lecturer on Botany in the Dublin School of Medicine, Peter-street. Dublin, Hodges and Smith. 1845. 12mo. pp. 83.

Since the eloquence of Liebig first attracted the attention of all interested in the progress of knowledge to his beautifully scientific, and comprehensive views with regard to the application of chemistry to the practices of the agriculturist, we have had one continued succession of works issuing from the press, whose objects were either to enlarge the boundaries of our knowledge on this subject by detailed and original research, or to condense what had been already established into a convenient and classified form for reference. But amidst this abundance of matter, we have not hitherto had any volume even pretending to apply the science of chemistry to the wants and peculiar circumstances of the farmers of Ireland. A few imperfect analyses of soils have been published, and a few detached results of the examination of plants, but nothing which could claim to be considered as a connected treatise has been laid before the public. We were fully aware that in many important cases the soils of England, and more especially of Scotland, were strikingly similar to those of Ireland, and that, therefore, the same principles of improvement were equally applicable to both; but we also knew that there were many important differences; and we, therefore, turned to the little manual before us, trusting that the defects, to which we have alluded, would here be supplied; but we regret to add that we have been totally disappointed.

There is probably nothing more difficult to prepare than a good manual of any science or art. It is quite possible, nay we have instances of the fact almost daily, to be able to bring together a large assemblage of facts, and a vast amount of detail; or to go further, and to group those facts into classes, and thus obtain a certain amount of classification; but the production of a good manual requires much more than all this. The author must not only be well acquainted with the present state of the science, on which he writes, with its established facts, and ascertained laws, as well as its speculations and probable hypotheses, but he must also possess that mental power which will enable him to abstract from all this knowledge only that which is essential, and to present these results in such a regular order, that each successive step in his reasoning may be the immediate and necessary consequences of those preceding. And to accomplish this, it is equally essential that he should possess the power of expressing his ideas, clearly, tersely, and without confusion. If such be not the case, the inevitable result of an attempt to explain to others, in a concise form, what the author does not himself comprehend, or at least clearly comprehend, or what he is not able clearly to express, is in all cases, that the falsehood and confusion which dwells in his own mind is communicated to them; and this precisely in proportion to the amount of general attention, given to the subject or its popularity, and of the authority assumed by the author.

For these reasons, we have thought it necessary to notice the little work before us, because it treats of a subject very generally interesting, and is brought forward with all the parade of a dedication to one who has done much to advance the knowledge of our countrymen; and, because, great as would be the advantage and utility of a Manual of the application of Chemistry to Agriculture in Ireland, if correct and comprehensive, exactly in the same ratio would that which was incorrect and superficial be likely to prove injurious.

Our author commences his preface by stating—"The object of the following little treatise is to convey to the Irish farmer an outline of the science which he cultivates." "He cultivates." Who? Is it the Irish Farmer? We strongly suspect most Irish farmers think it quite enough to cultivate their fields: and again, "The general attention which has, of late years, been bestowed upon

this hitherto neglected science." * * * * What science? We defy any one to discover from the context. To be sure some half dozen lines further on, we find him saying, "Analytic Chemistry has made such prodigious strides within the last few years, as to give a new composition, as it were, of the crust of the globe, from what was previously laid down up to even the time of Sir H. Davy;" and from this we are probably to infer that the science which the Irish farmer cultivates is "Analytic Chemistry." This is a discovery almost as great as that of the "*new composition of the crust of the globe*," which Mr. Antisell speaks of. Does he refer to the Asphalte pavement "laid down" since the time of Davy? But we could multiply, almost without number, instances of the same confusion of expression. Thus, page xii. preface, we have * * * "a level plain of immense depth in many places, and of an enormous fertility." A plain of immense depth? what does this mean?—(page xv.) "The science of Agricultural Chemistry consists of an exposition of the phenomena," &c. Now we totally deny this, for if all the books that ever were written, and all the lectures that ever were given on the subject were brought together, these expositions would no more constitute the science, than does the Nautical Almanack Navigation. Besides, there is no science of *Agricultural Chemistry*: chemistry may be applied to the practices of agriculture, but it is still chemistry, as certainly as when those same principles are applied, in the practice of any other art, and it is creating a false distinction to subdivide it thus.

But let us pass to other considerations than that of mere style. In the introduction, Mr. Antisell, after the above definition of this science, proceeds to give a brief enumeration of the properties and combinations of the various elementary substances; and dividing the 56 simple bodies into gases, alkalies, earths and metals, says, (page xvi.) "The gaseous substances are four in number, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, or azote." Now this is another grand discovery. We used, in our simplicity, to suppose that oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, only made three distinct bodies, but we suppose that Mr. Antisell, has found that they possess the power of expansion to such an extent, being gases, that they really are four. Verily, we required a new manual of chemistry!

Again, (page xx.) we find "The colour of sandstone rock, and soils, is due to peroxide of iron." Many a weary tramp we have had over sandstone countries, and many a hundred beds of sandstone rock we have seen, and yet we are satisfied that we have seen *many different colours* in these beds—colours unquestionably not caused by peroxide of iron.

In the first chapter, Mr. Antisell treats of vegetation; but our limits will not admit of our following him through all the stages of his treatise, and we shall, therefore, pass on to the second chapter, "on soils;" the most important, as containing the only original matter in the volume. This consists of the analyses of several varieties of soils from different parts of Ireland; these results, though not altogether such as the present state of chemical analysis would demand, are useful and valuable, as being facts, ascertained by well directed research; but it has rarely been our misfortune to be obliged to read six and twenty pages, (pp. 14—40) containing so many proofs of the grossest and most inexcusable ignorance as are mixed up with these tabular results. To instance a few—we have page 14—"Rocks are divisible into 1. crystalline, which date their origin from the first ages of the world; their elements being mixed together by fusion, according to the laws of affinity, constitute certain minerals with which we are acquainted; such as quartz and felspar, mica slate. 2. Sedimentary rocks. These do not vary less in their composition; the same causes which tore asunder the crystalline or igneous rocks removed many of their elements before their reunion in this second form; thus grains of quartz are common in these rocks, mixed with mica; but rarely is felspar to be seen."

Now Mr. Antisell should have known, that one of the facts established by geologists is, that crystalline rocks, or rocks resulting from fusion, may be of *any age*, and are by no means confined to "the first ages of the world. 2ndly, That "mica slate" never was by any geologist considered anything but a sedimentary rock; and 3rdly, that "felspar" is not an element, but a mineral of rather complex constitution; and if it were, he should shew to where it or the other elements, to which he refers, have been "removed."

Again, (page 15) "The organic remains found in stratified rocks, shew that their formation is of a much later occurrence than the crystalline rocks, having been formed when vegetables and animals lived on the surface; and the limestone formation, especially the upper or chalk beds, are so full of remains of animal life, that it is questionable if they were not formed altogether of the skeletons of minute animals; indeed lime only begins to appear in what are called the secondary formations, and gradually increases in amount in the most recent of the tertiary beds; magnesia, again, is only found in small quantities in primary and secondary rocks, while it is a characteristic ingredient of tertiary beds. The more dense bodies, as metallic oxides, are confined to the primary or the earliest deposits of the secondary strata, &c."

In these few lines we have no less than seven distinct assertions, to which we are compelled, in the name of geologists, to give a most positive and unhesitating denial. 1st. The occurrence of organic remains does not prove that the rocks in which they are found were formed subsequently to the crystalline rocks: every geologist knows that crystalline rocks are being formed at the present day. 2nd. The only limestone *formation* we know of is the carboniferous limestone to which the chalk does not in any way belong, and therefore does not form its upper beds. 3rd. Lime *does* "begin to appear" with the earliest stratified rocks. 4th. It does *not* "increase in amount in the most recent of the tertiary beds" there being clays sands and gravels. 5th. Magnesia is found in abundance in the secondary rocks, to which its great depositary the magnesian limestone, belongs. 6th. It is *not* a characteristic of the tertiary beds. 7th. The metallic oxides occur in all strata, and are not confined to the primary, &c.

Again, (page 18) "The sedimentary rocks bear evidence of having been submitted to the action of sea water, as they contain a quantity of the salts, such as exist in the ocean." * * * * Would Mr. Antisell be good enough to give us the analyses, as this is the only thing he appears competent to do?

Page 19—"Sand (or powdered quartz) is abundantly found in nature in the mineral rock crystal." * * * Sand in rock crystal? yes, good reader it is a fact, Mr. Antisell has said it, and therefore it must be true. And yet we scarcely think he can ever have seen a bit of crystal; and then he goes on to say, "It (sand) is the silica of chemists, the oxide of a metal called silicium. It is, when pure, white, gritty, and its weight may be 27, water being 10. As it (sand?) exists in sand, it is insoluble in water," but alkalis render it soluble. It exists desolved (dissolved?) in warm springs, &c.

Page 24—"We are told, "In this country," "the secondary formations, excepting limestone, are not abundant, and the tertiary formations, still rarer, as chalk, oolite, and new red sandstone."

Where did Mr. Antisell find that chalk, oolite, and new red sandstone, were classed as *tertiary* formations? We have always known them considered secondary.

Page 27—Speaking of Basalt, he says, "Walls of trap also are found near Basalt, and are called dykes; these have been found at Killala, Erris, and Donegal." He might have said in every part of the country, and as far from any mass of Basalt, as they could be in the island.

Again, (page 27) "Greenstone is that variety of rock where the crystal of felspar and horblende are distinct, and may be either fine grained or coarse, in the latter case, if it" (what? the greenstone, the felspar or the horblende?) "be red it is called Sienite, which is found in Donegal."

If Mr. Antisell had taken the trouble of looking to any glossary of geological terms, he might have found the meaning of the word sienite, of which he is now most beautifully innocent, and seen that the redness of the felspar, for it is to this he should have referred, had nothing to do with the name.

Page 34—Speaking of the carboniferous limestone, among other equally intelligible sentences, we have "Some of the beds contain sulphur in the form of sulphuret." Of what?—does he mean the sulphuret of sulphur?

Page 35—He says, "Marls * * * are found above the new red sandstone in the more recent formations, and constitute an important constituent of the oolite, and lias formations in England; in our country they usually lie upon the new red sandstone, and are occasionally found by it, forming the red marl, or mixed with a

quantity of argillaceous matter, oxide and iron forming the blue marl. They are abundant in fossil remains, giving strength to the supposition that those beds are solely the residua of animal life extinct."

A greater amount of confused nonsense could scarcely be put into the same space. If Mr. Antisell means the marls (so called) of the new red sandstone, as might appear, he is altogether in error in supposing them to abound in organic remains, they are singularly deficient; and if he means what are ordinarily called marls through the country, he is equally in error in thinking they belong to the new red sandstone or oolite. They are found resting on all formations, and are the deposits formed on the beds of former lakes, after the country had assumed nearly its present physical features. In these marls, the splendid specimens of the Irish Elk are found.

Again, he says, (page 36) "Magnesian limestone is found in the lower beds of the new red sandstone; it consists of thin beds of slate, and limestone, and gypsum, placed over each other." * * * "Beds of this limestone are found at Howth and Milltown, near Dublin; it occurs also at Belfast.

Here again we have the same confusion. There is certainly limestone at Howth and Milltown which contains magnesia, and which may therefore be called magnesian limestone, but is no more connected with the new red sandstone in either of these places, than is Howth with Belfast. Mr. Antisell should have known that "magnesian limestone is a term now applied to a remarkable limestone which occurs at a peculiar part of the series of stratified rocks, as he has described, and that the term *dolomitie* is used to denote those local patches of limestone containing magnesia, which occur at other parts of the series, as at Howth.

We shall not delay to notice the errors into which Mr. Antisell has fallen, with regard to the localities of the rocks, for any geological map will rectify these; but there is one other error which we must notice, especially as finding it repeated two or three times, we suppose Mr. Antisell considered it an important point. Page 40—He says, "Lastly, though the rule hold generally true, that the soil is derived from the subjacent rock, yet some of the limestone soils of Ireland appear to be an exception, there positively being a destitution of lime in the soil; in some cases as much as 2 per cent cannot be detected." And the same idea is stated, page 22 and page 54. Now what is the fact, why simply this, that these soils so called limestone soils, are formed not on limestone, but on very thick and widely spread deposits of gravelly clay, which belongs to the most recent tertiary series; and from which, as it does not possess much itself, it would be impossible for the soils to derive any considerable amount of lime.

We cannot follow Mr. Antisell through the succeeding chapters on manures, rotation of crops, and improvement of soils. Scattered through them there are some useful hints, extracted from other works on the subject, and there is no want of useful matter in this portion of the treatise. But we must say, that if a "Manual of Agricultural Chemistry," as applied to Ireland, was a desideratum, that want has not yet been supplied. A dozen analyses of soils and rocks, so loosely acquired, that we are only informed that a soil is from Tipperary, or from Derry,—neither of them very small districts,—will not suffice to supply it; nor is it at all likely that one who is unable to express his ideas without confusion, will be capable of conveying in a condensed form the results of his own or others experiments.

Remarks on the Connexion between Religion and the State. By W. Urwick, D.D.
A Concise View of the Ordinance of Baptism By W. Urwick, D.D.—
 Robertson, Dublin, 1845.

These little works are from the pen of Dr. Urwick, one of the principal Ministers of the Independent Congregation of Dissenters in this country. The first of them is remarkable for the novelty of being inscribed in a long address to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, as a tribute of the "profound respect" entertained by the writer for his Grace's "intellectual power, sterling integrity, and manly candour in stating his convictions; liberality of sentiment towards those who differ from him; and the important services he has rendered to our common Christianity, particularly

in so triumphantly exposing errors fatal to Protestantism, that have arisen in his own communion." The work owes its origin to the proposal of the Government to endow Maynooth, and contains the substance "of observations made in discourses addressed to" the congregation of the writer upon that subject. The author, however, is not quite sure that he should have published it, but for the well known charge delivered by the Archbishop upon the Maynooth Grant. In his dedicatory address, therefore, he proceeds to take to pieces this charge, and contends that the Archbishop has, by the doctrines put forward in it, placed himself in a dilemma, which obliges him either to recant those doctrines, or to go further and to advocate the abolition of state religion. We leave the Archbishop to settle this question with Dr. Urwick; to us it matters little how it may be decided, as we repudiate equally the doctrine of both. For the rest, the book contains nothing deserving of special notice. No new argument is put forward; and it adds nothing to the cogency of the old. All that is here stated, has been already urged over and over again, and as often refuted. To those, however, who wish to see collected in a small compass the arguments of those who object to State Establishments for Religion, we recommend this little work as containing a *resume* of the reasoning upon the subject. It is also marked by that kindliness of temper and feeling which characterizes the author, for whom, (though we have no great fear of him as an opponent,) as a good and sincere man, we have a great respect. The second work contains an exposition, of the peculiar doctrines of the sect to which the author belongs, upon the subject of Baptism; which he looks upon as a mere outward form of initiation into the Christian communion. The same remarks apply to this work as to the other. Neither the views or the mode of treating them are new.

Contrasts between the Righteous and the Wicked: compiled from the Holy Scriptures, with a suitable text prefixed to each. By the Hon. Mrs. Penrose. Hardy and Sons, Dublin, 1845.

The excellent compiler of this useful little volume has expressed so well its origin that we cannot do better than give her own words:—

"The following pages were commenced many years since, when, during a season of sickness the mind was happily drawn from the 'broken cisterns' of this world's false comfort and consolation, to seek for them in the Book of God, where alone true joy, peace, and comfort, is to be found. In reading one parallel passage after another, the compiler was so struck with the plain and decided contrast between the Righteous and the Wicked in their thoughts, their words, their deeds, their names, their joys, their sorrows, their life, their death, their present and their future state—all so wonderfully carried out from the Book of Genesis to Revelations, that she occasionally transcribed them merely to assist the memory; but in a short time they became so numerous that several friends expressed a wish to see them in print. However circumstances were not then favourable to its publication, or rather it was not God's time to favour the work. He saw fit in his wisdom to delay, but not to destroy it; for, after many years he sent another illness, and then it was that fresh vigour was imparted to complete what the compiler feels has been so rich a privilege and true enjoyment to her own soul."

We have looked over the work and we think it excellently done: without violence to the sacred text, and yet with a striking degree of "contrast." It bids fair to be of great value to those who delight in God's Word, and is well adapted to strike the minds of the careless. We strongly recommend it to our readers and heartily wish it success.

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SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

NO. II.—ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

GENTLE READER,

Some time ago I laid before thee sundry gleanings from various sources, in the form of a sketch of the life of Sir Thomas More, in whom we contemplated an admirable specimen of a conscientious Romanist, maintaining his convictions of the truth at the expense of his life, without bitterness towards his opponents, and with no more intolerance than is perhaps inseparable from earnestness of character and a strong persuasion of the truth. I hesitated not to express freely the admiration I felt for his saintly life, even whilst differing widely from his opinions; and I was the more anxious to do this in this day of bitter controversy, when it seems scarcely enough to upset a man's argument unless you can also blacken his character.

I now present to thee, for thy considerate perusal, a sketch of the life of one who may be considered as the type or representative of the Protestant or Anglican Church party, with whom we may find as much sympathy and a closer agreement; and the two taken together may give to those who fear the effects of a larger dose of history, some idea of the state of affairs in the reign of Henry VIII.

THOMAS CRANMER was born July 2, 1489, at Aslacton, Nottinghamshire, of an ancient and respectable family. For the rudiments of his literary education he was intrusted to the parish clerk, "under whom," says Strype, "he learned little and endured much." He was entered of Jesus College, Cambridge, at the age of 14 years, and having taken the degree of M.A., he was elected Fellow of his college. He forfeited his fellowship by his marriage, but was appointed a reader in Buckingham College, and within a year had the misfortune to lose his wife. "After her death, the maister and fellows of

Jesus College, desirous againe of their old companion, namelie, for his towardnesse in learning, chose him again fellow of the same college. Where he, remaining at his studie, became, in a fewea yeares after, the reader of divinitie lectures in the same college, and in such speciall estimation and reputation with the whole universitie, that being doctor of divinitie, he was commonly appointed one of the heads (which are two or three of the chiefest learned men) to examine such as yearelie professe in commencement, either bachelors or doctors of divinitie, by whose approbation the whole universitie licenseth them to proceed unto their degree; and againe, by whose disallowance the universitie also rejecteth them for a term to proceed, until they be better furnished with more knowledge."

"Now, Dr. Cranmer, ever much favouring the knowledge of the Scripture, would never admit any to proceed in divinitie, unless they were substantially sure in the storie of the Bible; by means whereof certaine friers and other religious persons, who were principally brought up in the study of schoole authors, without regard had to the authoritie of Scriptures, were commonly rejected by him, so that he was for that, his severe examination of the religious sort, much hated and had in great indignation: and yet it came to pass in the end, that divers of them being thus compelled thus to study the Scriptures, became afterwards very well learned and well affected, insomuch, that when they proceeded doctors of divinitie, they could not overmuch extol and commend M. Dr. Cranmer's goodness towards them, who had for a term put them back, to aspire unto better knowledge and perfection."

It appears that during this time Cranmer refused a fellowship in the college newly founded by Cardinal Wolsey (New College), and we cannot doubt that he took a deep interest in the discussion of the king's divorce, which then occupied public attention.

Thus far for Cranmer's private life, and what is ordinarily called the least interesting; but if we could become thoroughly and minutely acquainted with the early history and pursuits of great public characters, we should find that, although unconsciously, they are in truth educating for their calling; and this providential training must possess for us the deepest interest, whether we consider the individual thus mysteriously led, the public upon whom he is preparing to act, or the generations to whom his influence will be transmitted. It is always a matter of great regret that we know so little of the pursuits of great men during the quiescent period of their lives.

Thus, although we know very little of Cranmer, we do know that he was skilled in ecclesiastical learning and in the knowledge of the scholastic divinity; that he valued above all, and was thoroughly versed in, the Scriptures. Now, we can have very little doubt that on the subject of the king's marriage, if he thought at all, the Bible was his standard authority, and that he valued other learning merely as explanatory or illustrative of the holy volume.

How the results he then obtained were brought to bear upon the public interests we shall see in a few moments, but first we must say a word or two upon the state of affairs at that period.

Revolutions may be brought about, either by the mass of the people, or by the authorities and upper class, or by both combined; in the

latter case it is called a reformation, and is generally effected without bloodshed and with but little social disturbance, comparatively.

Now, from the time of Wycliffe, there had been growing up throughout the nation, embracing many of the higher and educated classes, and large masses of those below them, an increasing desire for sound religious instruction, in which the Bible should be the main agent. By degrees the sacred volume had made its way throughout the people, and was no longer (from its scarceness and other causes) limited to the clergy; and the knowledge of pure religion thence derived contrasted very unfavourably with the practices of those who had especially assumed the title of "religious."

"Monks and monasteries" had in fact had their day; they had done all the good of which they were capable—and a good deal else besides. The increased intelligence of the people advanced the inquiry from the point where the increased moral feeling had taken the alarm, into a region hitherto sacred—i. e., the question of *morals* having been decided against Romanism, another arose, as to whether the *doctrines* were in accordance with Scripture, which common sense alone assumed must be the true standard, if the Bible be the word of God. This question, also, was decided by a large majority against Rome, and the next step was an earnest longing for reformation of the national church and clergy.

This desire, however reasonable, had at first but little prospect of being gratified, for the king, Henry VIII., was of keen intellect and strong will, carrying his notions of arbitrary authority even beyond his predecessors. Truth had little to hope for from him, if not in accordance with his will; weak and rash efforts, even in a righteous cause, everything to fear. Besides, he was apparently committed on the Pope's side, he had written a book against Luther, and had earned the title of the "Defender of the Faith"—and we know that he continued to the last a doctrinal Romanist. Little hope, therefore, had the advocates of a reformed church of aid from the king, and none from any *forces* independent of him.

But the ways of God are "a great deep" of mystery, and never more so than when good is brought out of evil, and the cause of truth promoted by what appear to us unfit agents. Nothing but shallow malignity could derive from hence an argument against the good effected or the truth established. And no better illustration can be given than the present one.

Henry, in his evil lust, sought Anne Boleyn, and in order to obtain her hand, it was necessary to get rid of his wife, Katherine of Arragon, who was the widow of his brother. The only plea his ingenuity could discover on which to found his application for a divorce, was, the uncanonical and illegal character of his marriage with a brother's wife, and on this ground, accordingly, he applied to Clement VI. for a divorce. As I before observed, had Clement denounced the sinful motive which led to the application, and refused to enter upon the question until the scandal was removed, he would have had the moral feeling of the nation (including the reformers) on his side, and the king, we think, must have succumbed. In this case the reformation must have been deferred, as the great obstacle was the Pope's supremacy. So long as that was admitted and supported by the king, change was hopeless—that repudiated, reform necessarily followed.

But the Pope passed over the immorality, and investigated (or promised to investigate) only the illegality, and conducted the question in the most tantalizing manner, balancing between a desire not to offend Katherine's relations by a decision against her, or Henry by affirming the marriage. This state of suspense was worse than an unfavourable decision to a king of Henry's character, who could not be ignorant, that, in the event of a quarrel with the Pope, he could count upon the hearty support of the large mass of his subjects, on account of their religious views, and of all, because of their loyalty.

In the summer of 1529, the "sweating sickness" having broken out at Cambridge, Dr. Cranmer retired to Waltham Abbey, the house of Mr. Cressey, whose sons were his pupils. During this summer, Cardinals Campeggio and Wolsey, the commissioners appointed to determine the question of the legality of the king's marriage, had contrived to fulfil the object for which they were appointed, i.e. to do nothing, so that when the king found his expectations again disappointed, he despatched forthwith Cardinal Campeggio to Rome, and went himself for a night or two to Waltham, whilst his household were removing to Greenwich. His secretary, Stephen Gardiner, and his almoner, Fox, were lodged in Mr. Cressey's house. "When supper time came, they all three doctors met together; Doctor Stephens (Gardiner) and Doctor Fox, much marvelling of Dr. Cranmer's being there; who declared to them the cause of his there being, namely, for that the plague was in Cambridge. And, as they were of old acquaintance, so the secretary and the almoner right well entertained Dr. Cranmer, minding to understand part of his opinion touching their great businesse they had in hand. And, so as good occasion served, whiles they were at supper, they conferd with Dr. Cranmer concerning the king's cause, requesting of him his judgment and opinion what he thought therein.

"Wherefore Dr. Cranmer answered, that he could say little to the matter, for that hee had not studied nor looked for it. Notwithstanding, hee said to them, that, in his opinion, they made more adoe in prosecuting the law ecclesiastical than needful. "It were better, as I suppose," quoth Dr. Craumer, "that the question, whether a man may marry his brother's wife or no, were decided and discussed by the divines, and by the authority of the Word of God, whereby the conscience of the prince might bee better satisfied and quieted, than thus from yeare to yeare by frustrative delaies to prolong the time, leaving the verie truth of the matter unbolted out by the word of God. There is but one truth in it, which the Scripture will soon declare, make open and manifest, being by learned men well handled; and that may be as well done in England, in the universities here, as at Rome or elsewhere in any forain nation; the authority whereof will compel any judge to come soone to a definitive sentence: and, therefore, has I take it, you might this way have made an end of the matter long sithens."

When this opinion was repeated to the king he exclaimed, "Where is that Dr. Cranmer, is he still at Waltham?" They answered that they left him there. "Marry," said the king, "I will surely speake with him, and therefore let him be sent for out of hand. I perceive," quoth the king, "that that man hath the sow by the right eare, and if I had knowne this divine but two yeare ago, it had been in my waie a great piece of money, and had also ridde me out of much disquietnesse."

Let me observe here that the matter in question was simply the divorce, not the motive of it, or the future marriage of the king, and that Cranmer being without authority of any kind, the omission, and the criminality of that omission of the Pope which I have already noticed, can not be equally charged against Cranmer. And secondly, we find Cranmer referring to the Bible simply as the highest authority, and we little doubt that he foresaw that if the king adopted this principle, it must necessarily overturn the usurped authority of the Pope as an infallible guide, and pave the way to a reform of the National Church, whether the king broke with the pope or not.

When the king's summons reached Mr. Cressey's, Cranmer had left, and he did all he could to avoid an interview, but the king was imperative, and the favour which he had obtained by his suggestion, was confirmed by the conference. He was appointed to write a treatise on the subject, and particularly to direct his attention to the question, *Whether the Bishop of Rome had authority to dispense with the law of God revealed in the Scriptures?* Of course he decided in the negative, and also against the marriage, the essay giving great satisfaction.

His suggestion about consulting the universities was adopted, and means were taken to procure the decisions both of English and foreign universities. Cambridge and Oxford decided against the lawfulness of the marriage, and their example was followed by the universities of Bologna, Padua, Ferrara, the Sorbonne, Orleans, Thoulouse, with many Faculties of law and divinity, besides many of the foreign Reformers.

Cranmer, meanwhile, was despatched to Rome to defend his treatise before the pope or emperor, but no "convenient season" was found for that purpose, and he left Rome, having received, before his departure the appointment of confessor to the king of England; and so far one must suppose without any thought of a separation between the churches.

When a large number of the decisions had been transmitted to Henry, he published them to the world, and backed by them, renewed his application to the Pope, marking, however, significantly his intention of taking matters into his own hands in case he received no satisfaction from Rome, shewing plainly that Cranmer's assertion of the supremacy of the Bible, had superseded the Pope's authority; and before the answer (a calm and reasonable one) had reached England, the king had already committed himself, and (without being fully aware of it, perhaps,) had asserted the independence of the Church, by his proclamation against purchasing bulls, dispensations, or pardons from Rome.

On the 23d August, 1532, Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, died, and, to the surprise of many, and the indignation of others, Cranmer was appointed Primate of all England, and, by virtue of the king's dispensation, was consecrated by the authority of a papal mandate.

His enemies accused him of having attained promotion by pandering his opinions to the king's wishes, but besides that it is quite contrary to his character and actions, his decision was shared by Warham, his predecessor, and Gardiner and Fox, his opponents, and by the universities of England and many on the continent; and, if it be asserted that these decisions were obtained by corruption, it should be recollected

that they were Roman Catholic institutions, orthodox, and several of them under papal influence, and with all the efforts of Cardinal Campeggio and others exerted to lead them to oppose the king. The insinuation recoils therefore on the party of those who make it.

The station now occupied by Cranmer was the highest to which a subject could attain, and by far the most influential in the realm. His proceedings have left their impress upon the Church, not less marked at present than at the time he lived. From the position of the Anglican Church as regards Rome, and from Cranmer's disposition and qualifications, as well as his rank, he stands forth as the great opponent of the Papal usurpation. We have every reason to believe that he concurred in all the enactments declaratory of the independence of the Church which were passed before his elevation and afterwards, by the authority of king, parliament, and convocation, although we know, that, as in the case of Sir Thomas More, he endeavoured to mitigate the penalties pronounced.

Almost his first act after his investiture was to take the presidency of the Convocation, which, after debating the question of the validity of Henry's marriage, pronounced it null and void. With scandalous haste Henry had precipitated his marriage with Anna Boleyn before this decision, but we have sufficient evidence to prove that the Archbishop had nothing to do with it, although he afterwards confirmed it.

Cranmer's name has been generally associated with the spoliation of the monasteries, but, with what justice does not appear; certain it is, that he was not one of the commissioners, and, in some instances, his influence was exerted in the opposite direction. Carwithen, in his history of the Church of England, observes, "It was not the design of Cranmer, as is commonly supposed, to abolish these (Cathedral) establishments, but to reform them, and, from places of idleness and sensuality, to make them seminaries of learning. His intention was that in every Cathedral there should be a competent provision for readers in Divinity, and in the Greek and Hebrew languages; and that its chapter should be the theological college of the whole diocese. In consequence of his recommendation, some of the Cathedral and even central chapters were founded on a new model."

That the destruction of the monasteries, and the appropriation of their lands and possessions, was an act utterly unjustifiable to the extent and in the mode in which it was effected, few will now deny; that the monasteries themselves were an enormous evil, may be frankly confessed.

As soon as the public affairs were quieter, Cranmer applied himself diligently to the regulation of his diocese, holding visitations, &c., and striving as well at the thorough reformation of the Church, doctrinally and ritually, as for its freedom. "He was convinced that religious liberty must be founded on obedience to the word of God, and, that, in order to be free, the Church of England must be scriptural. It ought to be recorded with pious gratitude, that the first object which engaged his attention after his elevation, was an authorised translation of the Bible into the English language."

This was the crowning act of the Primate's life, the end of his early training, and the object of his most anxious desire.

Hitherto the ecclesiastical authorities had been strenuously opposed to

the publication of translations of the Scriptures. Wycliffe's translations had been condemned as heretical, and those who read them were liable to the punishment of heretics. Tindal's version of the New Testament was bought up at its first appearance, and burnt at St. Paul's cross. Tindal himself ultimately suffered martyrdom as the result of his earnest perseverance in placing God's word within the reach of his fellow-countrymen.

"When the jurisdiction of the Pope had been legally abolished, and an English Convocation, disowning the authority of the Romish see, had assembled, under the presidency of its metropolitan, it was strenuously urged, that, if the translation of Tindal was false and heretical, a new version should be made. This proposition, moved by Cranmer, and supported by Fox, was opposed by Gardiner, now at the head of the doctrinal Romanists. He asserted that all the heresies and extravagant opinions at this time current in Germany, and thence brought into England, originated in an unrestricted use of the Scriptures. To offer the whole Bible in the English tongue to the nation at large, during the existing distractions, was a measure full of danger; he therefore proposed that a short exposition of the most useful and necessary doctrines of the Christian faith should be composed for the use of the people, since this was the only way to keep them in obedience to the king and the Church in matters of faith." This was agreed to by the Reformers, but they also pressed for the Bible as the only standard, and their arguments won over the king. Cranmer began with the New Testament, assigning a portion to each bishop for revision, some of whom delayed the work, and one, Stokesley, positively refused his portion.

Meanwhile the "Primer," the "Articles," and the "Institutions of a Christian man," popular expositions of doctrine and practice, appeared.

"In the year 1538, Cranmer was cheered by the completion of an impression of the whole Bible in English, partly under his patronage, in one large folio volume, known by the name of Matthew's Bible. This name was fictitious; the translation was partly by Tindal and partly by Coverdale; but, as the former had suffered martyrdom in Flanders, the Primate judged it expedient to set it forth under a name untainted with heresy. This great work the public owed to the enterprise of the printers, Grafton and Whitechurch; and a letter from the former to Cromwell is extant, in which he states that the impression amounted to 1,500 copies, and that he had sunk no less than £500—no small sum for that time—in the enterprise. Cranmer exerted himself greatly in bringing the work into notice, and enforcing the use of it. In a letter to Cromwell, he declares, that the gift of a thousand pounds would have gladdened him far less than this happy event. Through the vicar general's influence it was licensed by the king; and a copy was ordered to be affixed to a desk in every parish church. It was received with incredible ardour by the people; those who had the means, purchased it for themselves, while others flocked to the churches to read it, or hear it read."

This may be regarded as the keystone of the Reformation. Driven by circumstances to declare her inherent independence of the bishop of Rome, her first use of that independence was to reform gradually

the many abuses which had arisen from her long subjection ; and her next was to place in the hands of her people the Bible in an intelligible form as the basis of her claims, along with her interpretation of it. In these proceedings Cranmer was a principal agent, and, so far as we can judge, he acted calmly, and with great discretion, allowances being made for the controversial agitation in which he was involved. Before we proceed to more stormy times, and more painful scenes, let us take a glimpse of the Primate's habits and mode of life. "The regular and laborious habits of study," says one of his historians, "which he followed at Cambridge were still maintained by him so far as altered circumstances allowed ; and, when no urgent business lay before him, it was still his delight to spend three fourths of the day in study, as had been his wont at college. His ordinary distribution of time was this : his usual hour of rising was five, the four next hours were commonly given to reading and devotion ; the interval between nine o'clock and the hour of dinner, (probably twelve at the latest,) was dedicated to public business, the reception of suitors, and to the despatch of matters connected with his ecclesiastical office. After dinner, if any petitions or suitors remained to be heard, his time was at their disposal, and the least successful seldom departed without reason to extol the patience and lenity of their judge. If no such matters remained, an hour or more was employed by him in chess, or in looking at those who played that game. He then returned to his study till five, and it was his custom then to pursue his literary labours, not sitting on a chair, but standing at a desk. This practice, which is certainly most conducive to bodily health, and answers some of the purposes of exercise, he had perhaps acquired in Germany, where it was, and is very common. From five till supper, the interval was occupied partly in hearing the Common Prayer, and partly in walking, or other recreation. At the supper table the archbishop was often merely a spectator, as his appetite did not always require that meal, and he then sat with his gloves on conversing with the guests whom his hospitality had assembled. An hour of gentle exercise or cheerful pastime followed, and at nine he went back to his study, and there remained till he retired to rest."

But all his days were not thus peaceful. He had many and powerful enemies, those whom his elevation had mortified, and those whom his opinions offended. These men did their utmost to ruin him with the king, but failed signally ; the king saw through their conspiracies, and steadily stood his friend. On Henry's death, he was, by his will, appointed the head of the regency, though he rarely interfered except in ecclesiastical matters. In these his usual activity prevailed. He commenced a general visitation ; promoted the free use of the Scriptures ; the Homilies were issued to be read instead of preaching ; the Catechism was drawn up, the Liturgy and Canon law remodelled, and the Articles (then forty-two) were prepared by him. His hospitality was liberally extended to those foreigners who fled from persecution on the continent, though it can hardly be doubted that their peculiar views of discipline and doctrine were rather injurious than beneficial to the Church at that time.

On the accession of Queen Mary in 1553, Cranmer anticipated truly his own fate ; he ordered his steward to pay all his debts, because, as he said, "in a short time we may not be able." When this was done,

he said, "I thank God I am now mine own man, and, with God's help, am able to answer all the world and all worldly adversities." Alas, the trial had not yet come, and when it came, his faith failed. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

After being summoned before the Star Chamber, he was committed to the Tower upon a charge of high treason, which was, however, exchanged for that of heresy. After remaining some time in the Tower, he was cited before the Convocation at Oxford, and, with Bishops Ridley and Latimer, was conveyed thither, and on the 20th of April he was required to subscribe to the ancient worship. He refused, and was immediately condemned as an obstinate heretic. "In 1556," says Middleton, "a new commission was given to Bishop Bonner and Bishop Thirlby, for the degradation of the archbishop. When they went to Oxford, the archbishop was brought before them, and, after they had read their commission from the Pope, Bonner in a scurrilous oration insulted over him in a most unchristian manner, for which he was afterwards rebuked by Bishop Thirlby, who had been Cranmer's particular friend, and who shed many tears upon the occasion. When Bonner had finished his invective against him, they proceeded to degrade him; and, that they might make him as ridiculous as they could, the episcopal habit which they put on him was made of canvas and old clouts. Then the archbishop pulling out of his sleeve a written appeal, delivered it to them, saying, that he was not sorry to be cut off, even with all this pageantry, from any relation to the Church of Rome—that the Pope had no authority over him, and that he appealed to the next General Council. When they had degraded him, they put on him an old threadbare beadle's gown, and a townsman's cap, and in that garb delivered him over to the secular power."

So far the Primate's faith and courage held, but the effect of imprisonment and the fear of death, at length induced him to give up those principles for which he had all his life contended. He recanted all the positions he had formerly maintained, and assented to whatever the Romanists demanded, in the hope of obtaining life. But the policy of his persecutors defeated its own object. Had they given him his life, he would have lived pitied and despised; but they determined that, Protestant or Papist, he should die, and his fear being thus changed into certainty, the remorse which he felt had full scope to act. "I have denied the faith," said he, "I have pierced myself through with many sorrows;" and he resolved that the reparation should be as public as the offence.

March 30, was fixed upon for his being publicly burned in front of Baliol College, Oxford, where Ridley and Latimer had already suffered; but he was first taken to St. Mary's Church, where a sermon was preached by Dr. Cole, vindicating the justice of the execution, and warning his hearers by the example before them. In conclusion, he called upon Cranmer to make confession of his faith, "that all might understand that you are a Catholicke indeed." "I will doe it, (saide the archbishop,) and that with a good will." He then read a prayer for God's forgiveness of his heavy sins, and proceeded to address the people on their duties, after which he said:—"And now for as much as I am come to the last end of my life, whereupon hangeth all my life past and all my life to come, either to live with my master, Christ, for

ever in joy, or else to be in pains for ever with wicked devils in hell, and I see before mine eyes presently either heaven ready to receive me, or else hell ready to swallow me up; I shall therefore declare unto you my very faith, how I believe, without any colour or dissimulation, for now is no time to dissemble, whatsoever I have said or written in time past.

"First, I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, &c., and I believe every article of the Catholicke faith, every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Jesus Christ, his apostles and prophets, in the New and Old Testaments. And now I come to the great thing that so much troubleth my conscience, more than any thing that ever I saide or did in my whole life, and this is the setting abroad of a writing contrary to the truth, which now heere I renounce and refuse, as things written with my hand contrary to the trueth which I thought in my heart, written for feare of deathe, and to save my life if it might be, and that is all such billes and papers which I have written or signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue; and, for as much as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor; for may I come to the fire, it shall be first burned.

"And as for the Pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy, and antichrist, with all his false doctrine.

"And as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my booke against the Bishop of Winchester, the which my booke teacheth so true a doctrine of the sacrament, that it shall stand at the last day before the Judgment of God, when the papisticall doctrine contrarie thereto shall be ashamed to shew her face."

In the midst of the uproar which followed this unexpected declaration, Cranmer was pulled down from the stage on which he stood, and was led to the place of martyrdom.

"But when he came to the place where the holy bishops and martyrs of God, Latimer and Ridley, were burnt before him, for the confessing of the truth, kneeling doune, hee prayed to God, and, not long tarrying in his prayers, putting off his garments to his shirt, he prepared himself to death. His shirt was made long doune to his feete, his feete were bare, likewise his head, when both his caps were off, was so bare, that one hair could not be seen upon it; his beard was long and thick, covering his face with marvellous gravitie. Such a countenance of gravitie moved the hearts both of his friends and of his enemies.

"There was an iron chaine tied about Cranmer, whom, when they perceived to be more steadfast than that he could be moved from his sentence, they commanded the fire to be set unto him.

"And when the wood was kindled, and began to burn neere him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immoveable (saving that once with the same hand he wiped his face) that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His body did so abide the burning of the flame with such constancie and stedfastnesse, that, standing alwaies in one place, without moving his bodie, he seemed to move no more than the stake to which he was bound; his eyes were lifted up unto heaven, and often times he repeated his 'unworthy right hand,' so long as his voyce would suffer him: and using often the words of Stephen, 'Lord Jesus

receive my spirit,' in the greatness of the flame he gave up the ghost."

"And thus was the end of this learned archbishop, whom, lest by evil subscribing he should have perished, by well recanting God preserved; and lest he should have lived longer with shame and reproofe, it pleased God rather to take him away to the glory of his name and the profit of his church; so good was the Lord to his church, in justifying the same with the testimony and blood of such a martyr, and so good also to the man, with this cross of tribulation, to purge his offences in this worlde."

HYMN OF THE MORNING.

MONS. DE LAMARTINE.

Why on your foaming shallows wanton leap,
 Ye waves? Why toss around your pearly wreathes?
 Hushed in their far off caves the breezes sleep,
 Nor gentlest zephyr o'er the ocean breathes.
 Why wave your heads, ye forests, whence the dawn
 Delights the dewy gems to kiss away—
 Why squander the night-tears it dotes upon,
 Ere you can yield them to the morning ray?
 Why lift ye up your bells, ye cumbered flowers,
 Like a sad brow to meet a lover's gaze?
 Why waste your fragrance on cold humid hours?
 Day claims the precious gift—it is the day's.

Deep treasured in your bloomy cells,
 Hoard it to be the breath of morn;
 Exhale it where your clustering bells
 Serve some proud temple to adorn.
 By Heaven with honied dew sustained—
 By day's first passionate beam impregn'd—
 Fling not your vagrant sighs abroad,
 Earth's incense, they are due to God.

Ye blasts, that lately in capricious flight
 Howled o'er the deep, or sighed along the heath,
 But, in your devious path encountering night,
 Stood still and held your breath,
 Scared by the terrors of his sable brow,
 Why wake ye now!

What voice hath pierced to your leaf curtained nest
 Deep in the brake, ye birds, and scared your rest?
 Ye feathered denizens of wave and wood,
 And ye who tremble not man's home to share,

Say with what universal sense endued,
 Ye load with mingling melody the air :—
 Hark, how the concert swells ! now throbbingly
 It sinks—now swells again—doth pensive nature sigh ?

Rich harmonies ! the air around us filling,
 From wave to wave along the ocean thrilling,
 That freight with liquid sweets the breeze's wing—
 Bright choristers ! that Instinct wakes to sing—
 Ye concerts ! in whose strain the chirping call
 Blends with soft cooing, and the dying fall
 Of long low plaintive notes—all musical—
 Why lavish thus your Sweets ? Alas ! the ear
 Of night, uncharmed, hears not, and will not hear.

Hush ! hush ! till the last cloud die,
 Entranced to behold the glow,
 Of the day-god's opening eye,
 On the hill's far crown of snow.
 The rudest sound of lowliest cheer,
 Hath access to the "Father's" ear ;
 The being of most tuneless voice,
 His love forbids not to rejoice.

But gentle birds ! pure glittering things !
 With spirits lustrous as your wings,
 Your gushing songs were meant at morn to rise :
 Meet echo of his steps who lights the skies.

And thou my soul ! to me the night was balm—
 The bright broad day abashed me, yet I am
 Joyous amid this jubilee— say how—
 My soul, with what new sense expandest thou ?
 Dost ask ?—like some cold dullards drowsy eye,
 Thro' midnight vapours struggling shows the sky ;
 But at the roselate advent of the day,
 Hills, deserts, waves, anticipate the ray ;
 Far o'er the bounds of his diurnal flight,
 His flaming axle hurls ambrosial light ;
 Beneath his burning path the ocean reels,
 And golden billows lave his flying wheels.

List to the swelling theme—
 " Day, day is born above ;
 'Tis life's ethereal flame—
 'Tis God's own eye of love !"
 Wrapt in night's dismal shade,
 How shrinks the face of Heaven !
 Now in fantastic braid,
 Light mists are o'er it driven,
 Storm-clouds for him put off their wrath,
 And open wide the glowing breast,

And hail his advent—line his path,
 As moves the God confest.
 He comes—his courser's tread,
 Mid dusky volumes wreathing,
 And the air heaves fiery red,
 In waves beneath him seething,
 Groaning with its pitchy freight
 Of night, Earth turns to him elate,
 The darkness melts before his glance,
 The radiant billows joyous dance,
 Heaves high the mountain's crest,
 All panoplied in gold,
 All things in golden splendour drest,
 By all the adoring hymn is trolled.
 Hark to the swelling theme :
 "Lo ! day is born above !
 'Tis life's ethereal flame,
 'Tis God's own eye of love !"

Lord ! look upon the air ! in living light
 The wond'ring eagle upward speeds his flight,
 Amid the eddying splendours plunges deep,
 And bathes his wide wing in their ruddy sweep ;
 Now breasts the wind—now mantles—now the gaze
 Seeks him in vain—light shrouds him like a haze.
 Say whither hies yon monarch of the air ?
 Doth he to thee some mystic homage bear,
 Or long to see the voiceless breezes die,
 Crouching before the terrors of thine eye ?

Look, Lord, upon the deep ! the morning beam
 Wakes up the waters from their stagnant dream,
 The ocean, like a glad or loving breast,
 Heaves with a pulse that will not be repress,
 Yet, like a lover's boding, in its deeps
 Of parted night one dark memorial keeps.
 Light o'er the burthened glebe as flits the blast,
 The feathery surface rolls in dimples cast ;
 Now to its freshening breath the harvest yields,
 And deepening furrows trace the yellow fields ;
 Thus swells into a wave the infant curl,
 Behold it first its murmuring length unfurl,
 Tinged with the hoarded azure of the deep,
 Now, self-involved and melting in mid sweep,
 It mocks the eye—now from the unfathomed breast
 Of ocean heaves on high its boiling crest,
 Like a tall steed caparisoned for day ;
 Bright in its foamy mane the sunbeams play,
 Each lesser surge absorbed it makes its own,
 'Till the gorged despot grimly towers alone ;
 Now like some time-worn fabric's toppling height,
 Or chariot shattered in its headlong flight,

Its proud, precarious elevation won,
 It rocks; a shivered star—a bursten sun,
 It falls; and hurling broken splendours round,
 In radiant ruin lights the vast profound.

The fisherman's bark has left the strand,
 With a piping blast in her flowing sail,
 Like a courser that swallows the bit, what hand
 Shall arrest the speed that outstrips the gale?

And the grand tall ship on the waves afar,
 Proud nursling of many a watchful star!
 Like a distant hill, see her topsail white
 Glints back the young day-beam silvery bright.

The monsters of the deep, with cumbrous play,
 Rouse up the billows to salute the day,
 Their nostrils with the heaving deluge strain,
 And love to see it fall in golden rain.

Quivers the mast as the tides rush past,
 And the seaman quits his lair;
 And the breezes play with the beams of day,
 In the billow's sparkling hair;
 And the waves are bright, with pearls bedight,
 All is revel, and light, and glee,
 From the lips of the Lord hath gone forth the word,
 And—'tis morn upon the sea!

Lord! look upon the earth! tenderly pale,
 Strikes the first day-beam on her misty veil;
 Slow yields the night, and on the mountain's head,
 Like folded mantles, cower the clouds, or shired
 By day's impetuous wing, like trophied wreaths,
 In the Orient flutter to each wind that breathes;
 They wave empurpled, or, in rainbows dyed,
 Drape his vermillion couch outstretching wide,
 As streams the royal ensign from the mast,
 When clears the ship for fight, and hope of peace hath passed.

Pale through the reeking city's dusky pall,
 Slants the descending beam, as loath to fall;
 Not so the cottage, in its tranquil nook,
 Catches the wakening dawn's reluctant look;
 Blest home of innocence and thought serene,
 Rich o'er its roof, embowered, floods the sheen,
 And, thence reflected, chases from yon hill
 The loitering shades that mar the daylight still.

The ploughman answers to the lowing steer,
 Morn to the unfinished furrow calls again,
 Yoked for the task his lusty team appear,
 He plods behind, and trolls a jocund strain;

Light as his tread, and tuneful as his rhyme,
 To both the creaking wheel keeps mimic time,
 From the deep share the mellow glebe rolls back,
 The gleaner sparrow hangs upon his track,
 The foliage shakes, responsive to the sound,
 And sheds its balm in dewy sparkles round.

The lambs are awake, the birds sing in the brake,
 And the babe in his cradle is lisping ;
 Man mingles his voice with the winds that rejoice
 O'er the waters their light breath is crisping ;
 Every blade yields a song, as the breeze sweeps along,
 Every insect in sunshine is chanting,
 And the bell's iron tongue the deep question hath rung,
 "In this hour shall devotion be wanting?"
 All is life—all is light—all is wakefulness round,
 'Tis the morn with her own living diadem bound,
 And the earth pours all sounds in one anthem above,
 To God's shadow—the emblem of life and of love.

But whilst, O Lord, to each successive morn,
 Seems to spring forth a universe new-born ;
 While the sun's matin-call bids earth respire,
 Her choicest odour to his throne of fire ;
 Deep veiled by distance in the abysm of space,
 Each instant sees new suns begin their race,
 Of Thee create and launched from out thy hand,
 To their own planets bearing morn more grand,
 Of brighter, stronger, yet serener ray,
 Than lights the lamp of our terrestrial day.
 Yes, Lord ! nor Sabbath, nor selected hour,
 Could praise thy glory—could tell out thy power ;
 Each moment wakens burthened with thy name,
 Each moment takes devolved the wondrous theme,
 Space echoes it, and circling ages fly
 To ages hymning Thee eternally.
 The countless orbs that gem the face of night,
 Thy breath created ; clothing them in light,
 Thou sendest them forth thy witnesses to be,
 Their glories all reflecting back to Thee ;
 These flaming ministers, from sun to sun,
 From world to world, with the glad tidings run,
 That Thou art God—heaven heard the tale of yore,
 Earth hears it, and all things shall hear it evermore.

New suns o'er every moment fling,
 Blushing, their first-born ray ;
 New worlds to life each moment spring,
 To catch the gushing day ;
 The heavens laugh out with a joyous voice—
 Each infant star, awaking,
 Hears thousand stars rejoice,
 And into music breaking,

Pours along the listening skies,
 Melody that never dies ;
 New suns, new worlds, in swift succession born,
 Each hour Thou lookest upon,
 To Thee is a new dawn,
 Eternity to Thee one bright, rich, teeming morn.

Mount then, ye birds ! roll, waves—your vapoury sail
 Expand, ye mists—blend, voices—scents, exhale—
 Sigh earth, enwrapt—man, lift thy soul with awe—
 All things, adore—fulfil your nature's law !

Mount to your God—mount upward—higher still,
 The sunshine bathes you, kindled by his will,
 Waft meetly man's oblation to his throne ;
 Where is't ? above ? below ?—his power doth fill
 All space—pervading, absolute, alone.

And thou, bright day, whose earliest accents rise
 To Him who poured thee o'er the purpling skies,
 Thou that to Him, time's brief dominion past,
 Must trembling render full account at last,
 Night, from whose womb thou camest, recalleth thee,
 To mingle with the past eternity.

Poor speck of time ! yet meted by His hand—
 Put on thy Maker's image ; He who planned
 The universe, hung not thy lamp on high,
 A vain embellishment amid the sky—
 A glittering spendthrift profitlessly bright,
 To gild with idle fires the wings of night ;
 But hour by hour to make his glory known—
 To light the steps of virtue to his throne—
 His name through endless ages to upraise,
 And make their long lapse vocal with his praise.

C.

THE "GERMAN CATHOLICS."

THERE is, after all, a great deal in a name, and a religious party or sect has gained an immeasurable advantage when it has induced its opponents or the indifferent public to let it be its own godfather, and to adopt, in speaking of it, the designation which it has chosen for itself. Call the impugner of the Trinity a Unitarian—the Romanist a Catholic, and you have conceded to each of these sectaries all that he contends for. "I am convinced," says Coleridge, "that current appellations are never wholly indifferent or inert; and that, when employed to express the characteristic belief or object of a religious confederacy, they exert on the many a great and constant, though insensible, influence." The leaders of the anti-Roman movement now agitating the Church in Germany, seem to understand this perfectly well, and their assumption of the name, "German Catholic," will, we doubt not, help forward their cause more effectually than volumes of argument, or months of preaching. It enlists one powerful set of sympathies in their favour, while it avoids all that might alienate from them another set, more powerful still. It appeals to nationality, while it professes to leave religion intact; it does not ask men to cease to be Catholics, it only calls on them to learn to be Germans. It challenges for fatherland the things that are fatherland's, while it denies not to God the things that are God's.

The great error of the Lutheran Reformation, as a late Roman Catholic writer (F. Baader, of Munich) observes, was, that it cast off Catholicity along with Romanism. It was good to cease to be Roman, but it was evil not to continue to be Catholic. It is, then, to Roman Catholics of the present day—at least to a certain class of them—perfectly conceivable that the church should be Catholic without being Roman. German Catholicism is no altogether new idea, first invented in the brain of Johannes Ronge. It is an idea, for the realization of which, multitudes of the best and the wisest among the Roman Catholic clergy of Germany have long hoped, prayed, and laboured. Is the time come for the fulfilment of their prayers, and the fruit of their labours? Is Johannes Ronge's New German Catholic Church, that which is to repair the errors of a Luther, and to realize the hopes of a Sailer and a Wessenberg?

We shall, perhaps, surprise some of our readers when we answer these questions with an unhesitating negative, when we declare our conviction that the so-called "German Catholic" movement is one fraught with unqualified evil, that the reform which it offers is a spurious and a delusive one, and that it is likely to prove the occasion of hindering or retarding for an indefinite period the real reforms for which the Church in Germany was fast ripening. We believe, however, that to such as are even slightly acquainted with the state of religious parties in that country, or with its religious history since the beginning of the present century, this conviction will not seem groundless. For a time, running even farther back than the epoch we have named, ardent longings for a reformation, which, avoiding the error of the sixteenth century (the identification of Romanism with Catholicity), should

purify the Church, instead of rending her, have been entertained by great numbers of the German clergy, as well as of the educated classes among the laity. Fully half the clergy of the grand duchy of Baden, and a large proportion of that of Bavaria, openly declare their disapprobation of the law which obliges the priestly order to celibacy; and, in the latter state more particularly, a numerous party adheres to the views of the truly apostolic Sailer, who died, as bishop of Ratisbon, in 1831, and whose long life was devoted to the object of raising the spiritual tone of his church, as well as to the most unwearied efforts to purge her of her ritual and ceremonial abuses. The employment of the vernacular tongue in the public services of the church, the removal of images, the abolition of pilgrimages, processions, and expositions of relics, the disuse of the rosary, and of the whole system of mechanical and superstitious devotion connected with it, a more liberal and humanizing education for the clergy, and the abrogation of the compulsory celibate, are among the reforms desired by this school. A body of men thinking and feeling thus, necessarily exerts a wide-spread and most salutary influence on the people. In the pulpit, in the confessional, in their personal intercourse with their flocks, they are carrying into effect many of the reforms which they plead for, inculcating a spiritual religion, and combating the effects of many an old and cherished habit of superstitious feeling and action. They are zealous promoters of the circulation and reading of the Scriptures and have their bible associations for placing the sacred volume within the reach of the poor. They have made and issued literal translations of all the prayers used in their church services, that the people may worship with intelligence, and they have prepared books of private devotion, in which the most jealous search would fail to detect a petition addressed to any other being than the Most High.

It is evident that nothing would so much tend to the reformation of religion in Germany as the increase of this school. The priests who are imbued with its spirit prepare the people for such a reformation; nay, they are effecting the most important of reformations, that which begins with individuals, and in its progress involves communities, the only reformation worthy of the name. The reformation which is silently advancing under the hands of the disciples of Sailer, is not a process of pulling down, but of repairing, not a proclamation of strife, but a noiseless ministration of peace: it is not the addition of one more to the multitude of sects already distracting the church, but the bringing of the largest section of the church into a condition giving hope of the possibility of her becoming a point of union for the sects which now assail, with equal hostility, her and one another.

It is true that this school is not at present, disposed to renounce communion with Rome, but confines its aims to the emancipation of the church from the thralldom of Rome. It considers the Roman See as the organic centre of the church; it honours the Roman bishop as the Primate of Christendom. But it denies what is practically assumed by Rome, that the Roman bishop is the sole and universal bishop, and that all bishops throughout the world are but his delegates in their respective sees. It would have him the church's organ, not the church his. It would have him a president, or at least a constitutional sovereign, not a dictator. No doubt, if all the German bishops shared its

sentiments, they would prefer a position such as that of the English Church towards Rome, to their present position. They would, at the most, acknowledge an abstract superiority in the bishop of Rome, and, appealing to some general council, never to be called, to settle the limits of his authority, or to define the manner of his precedence, would assume, *ad interim*, the administration of the German Church, without any reference to his will. For, however men may hold in theory, that Rome ought to be the originator of reforms, no man in his senses expects any reform to be originated by her. If every episcopal throne of Germany were occupied by a Sailer, a Schwaebel, or a Wessenberg, the dogged conservatism of Rome would not long operate as a hindrance to reform. The Teutonic episcopate would at once place the clergy at liberty to marry; they would banish the language of ancient Italy from the public services of the church; they would purge the confessional; they would put an end to pilgrimages and "expositions" of relics; they would abolish monasteries; they would re-model the theological seminaries; they would make sustained efforts to wean the people from the *abuse* of images, and to bring them to what they would consider an allowable and edifying *use* of them; they would forbid the use of superstitious books of devotion; they would promote the reading of the Holy Scriptures;—in short, they would introduce reforms very much the same in substance with those of the Anglican church, previous to the interference of Bucer. But the school in question numbers its disciples chiefly among the presbytery; we are aware of but one bishop whose sympathies are decidedly with it. Still, as the episcopacy can be recruited only out of the ranks of the second order of the clergy, the spread of these principles among the latter cannot but exercise a highly auspicious influence on the future destinies of the church.

Now, to the tendencies towards a real reform, involved in the existence and diffusion of opinions and feelings like these, a greater obstacle could hardly have arisen than is presented by the strangely misnamed "German Catholic" movement, proceeding under the auspices of Johannes Ronge. In the first place, the defection of this priest and several others, is not unlikely to operate in the same way on the progress of *Sailerism* that the going over of Mr. Sibthorpe and some other English clergymen to the Romish communion, did on that of Tractarian opinions. The more timid among the *Sailerites* will become cautious, will play the game of Erasmus, keep their convictions to themselves, and benefit no one else by their light; the bolder will fall under suspicions which will necessarily put an end to their influence. The devout-hearted Christian who rejoiced in the unction and spirituality of their ministrations, will tremble, lest hearkening to them should insensibly carry him into Rongism. And, supposing Rongism to be really a movement for true religion, we confess that we would rather see a reformation proceeding from within the church, a reformation of the church, than a secession from the church. We would rather see the part of the Christian Church which is under the rule of German bishops purge itself by the multiplication of such men as Sailer, Fenneberg, and some yet living within its pale, than see the secession of individuals, many or few, from it, to form a new community. Were Rongism substantially the same with *Sailerism*, still

our sympathies would be with the latter, rather than the former; but when we look at Rongism, to ascertain whether it *be* indeed a movement for true religion, we are compelled to say that we think those who have embraced it in a far worse position than that they have left. It is not merely that they are in a position less serviceable to the church at large; they are in one more dangerous to their own souls. This will not be denied if it be found that, in renouncing the errors with which Rome has overlaid the faith, they have renounced that faith also which Rome holds in common with ourselves, and this, if we mistake not greatly, will prove to be the case.

It is more than suspicious when a new religious community, especially a community having its origin in the very fatherland of rationalism, goes back to the earliest and most elementary forms in which the church embodied the confession of her faith, before the development of particular heresies obliged her to define more exactly. The Apostles' Creed was found an insufficient safeguard against the error of the Arians, in as much as, having been drawn up at a period when no professed Christian called in question the deity of the Saviour, it did not affirm that fundamental article of the faith. It names Jesus Christ the "only Son" of God, an appellation to which the Arian does not object, though he repudiates the sense in which it is understood by the orthodox. Even heresies more flagrant, which deny the very pre-existence of Christ, and the personality as well as deity of the Holy Ghost, are tenable in connexion with the bare letter of this earliest creed, and a Socinian will adopt it without scruple, as embodying the substance of his religious belief. Thus, the appearance of heresies in the church renders it necessary to make the tests of a sound faith more stringent, and, to the assaults which Catholic truth had to sustain in the earliest centuries of the Christian era, we are indebted for the Nicene and Athanasian creeds.

These considerations make it impossible to look with any satisfaction upon the "Confession" put forth by Ronge and his followers at Breslau, as the "essential substance of their faith and doctrines."

"I believe in God the Father, who, by his almighty word created the world, and governs it in wisdom, justice and love. I believe in Jesus Christ our Saviour, who, by his doctrine, his life, and his death, has freed us from bondage and sin. I believe in the operation of the Holy Spirit upon earth, in a holy, universal, Christian Church, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. Amen."

Now, there is not a word in this which might not be subscribed to by any heretic that usurps the Christian name; even the Arian would find it too meagre an exposition of his belief. It does not pledge its subscribers to the acknowledgment of Christ as the "Son of God," even in the sense in which this acknowledgment is made by the Socinian. It tacitly sets aside the doctrine of the miraculous conception, leaving us wholly in the dark as to whether Ronge believes our Saviour to have been "born of a virgin," or to have been, as his unbelieving countrymen called him, "the carpenter's son." It confesses his death, but is silent as to his resurrection, and it presents no trace of a belief in "judgment to come." It is true that it attributes to the Founder of our Faith the character of a "Saviour," but in what sense? We know that this title is not withheld from Christ by the sects which deny

his divinity and his atonement, and when we find the Breslau confessionists expressly stating "the church sees no ground of difference or condemnation in the diversity of meaning or exposition of the contents of the creed," in other words, that they who subscribe to this summary may affix to the terms of it any sense they please, we cannot admit that the scriptural character of some of these terms is any guarantee for the scriptural belief of the subscribers.

To these negative grounds of dissatisfaction with the Breslau creed, the language used in reference to our redemption, or "liberation from bondage and sin," supplies the addition of a positive one. "By his doctrine, (teaching) his life, and his death," Jesus Christ is said to have "freed us from bondage and sin." By his "life" we are to understand his example; there is no other possible sense to be affixed to it in the connection in which it stands. Redemption, then, is attributed equally to the teaching, the example, and the death, of our Saviour. This is not the redemption announced by the gospel. If Christ's death has had only an equal share with his doctrine and his life in freeing us from sin, then is his death no sacrifice for our sins, but merely a seal to his doctrine, and a crown to his example. In a sense such as this, Socrates might be said "by his doctrine, his life, and his death," to have freed his followers from bondage and sin, in so far as they imbibed his doctrine, as they imitated his life, and as his death inspired them with an heroic determination to brave all consequences in the pursuit of virtue and truth. In fact this is just the sense in which the rationalists of Germany acknowledge a redemption by Christ.

As to the statement of the Breslau Confession respecting the third person of the Trinity, it is impossible to find in it anything less than an intention to get rid of this part of the Christian faith. "I believe in the operation of the Holy Spirit upon earth." It may mean anything or nothing. If the so-called "German Catholics" believe (as the communion which they are leaving has taught them to believe) in "the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, who spake by the prophets," if they *thus* think of the third person of the Godhead—as in the Romish communion they have hitherto professed to do—why not say so? If they do not, then what can we say but that they have, in casting off Popery, cast off Christianity itself.

But at the "General Council" held in March at Leipzig, the Breslau Confession, as if it did not open the door wide enough to rationalism, was further simplified. The acknowledgment that our Saviour, "by his doctrine, his life, and his death, has freed us from bondage and sin," seems to have been too much for the stomachs of the more uncompromising enemies of mystery. In any case, it was dropped, and the *improved* article stands thus—"I believe in Jesus Christ our Saviour," while the article respecting the third person of the Trinity is simply, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," a confession, as we have already observed, sufficient in the earliest days of the Church, when no heresies had been broached as to the Deity or the personality of the Divine Comforter, but not sufficient now to exclude suspicion of Rationalism. We cannot look on these men simply as confessors of what they expressly confess; the circumstances of the Church, the

character of the times, above all, the well-known state of opinions in the country in which their confederacy has its origin and its site, compel us to regard them as deniers of what they do *not* expressly confess. And then, be it again remembered that this creed, more rudimental than that which, for eighteen centuries, every Christian mother has taught her child, is embodied in a series of articles, one of which expressly leaves the "apprehension and interpretation" of it free to each individual subscriber. Thus, the subscription to it is merely formal, and not understood to imply any unity of opinion among the subscribers on the points which it involves. Its orthodoxy, so far as it goes, is no security for the orthodoxy of any one among the hundreds or the thousands who subscribe it.

But one of the worst features about this movement is, that at every stage of its progress its rationalistic tone is more marked, that, in short, its infidel tendency is evidently on the increase. In the Breslau Confession it is said, "the only foundation and object of the Christian faith is Holy Scripture;" the Leipzig and Dresden articles alter this as follows:—

"As the foundation of the Christian faith, we acknowledge only the Holy Scriptures, and reason penetrated and acted upon by the idea of Christianity."

The Leipzig "Council" has definitively adopted the following article on the subject:—

"We acknowledge as the foundation of the Christian faith solely and exclusively Holy Scripture, the understanding and interpretation of which is left free to reason penetrated and acted upon by the idea of Christianity."

Here, indeed, is, apparently, an improvement. Instead of a co-ordinate authority, the province of an interpreter is assigned to reason; but the improvement is more in form than in substance. It comes, in practice, very much to the same thing whether we pronounce Scripture *and* tradition, or Scripture *interpreted by* tradition, to be the rule of faith. A traditional interpretation is a tradition, and if the traditional interpretation be of equal authority with the text—as it must be, in order to constitute, with the text, the rule of faith—then the rule is, to all intents and purposes, text *and* interpretation, scripture *and* tradition. The same may be said of the two formularies, "Scripture *and* Reason," and, "Scripture *interpreted by* Reason." To make the reasonable interpretation a part of the "foundation of the Christian faith," the interpreting power must be of equal authority with what it interprets, that is, reason must be co-ordinate with Scripture as a determinant of religious belief.

But then, the reason which is to be admitted to the office of an interpreter of Holy Scripture, must be a "reason penetrated and acted upon by the idea of Christianity." This is the very jargon of Rationalism, unmistakable as the leprosy in the forehead; "the dialect," as has been beautifully observed, "of a school, from whose miserable freedom the bondage of Rome itself would be a rescue."* The Neologian is as certainly to be known by this kind of phraseology as the Ephraimite by his Sibboleth.

* Dublin University Magazine, November, 1845

There is something plausible in the profession of taking Holy Scripture for the only rule of faith, and the Anglican churchman, who confesses that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation," cannot but give the principle his approbation, if understood in a right sense. But in the peculiar circumstances of the newly formed communities which have so ostentatiously put it forth, it is not calculated to allay the suspicions which other parts of their proceedings have raised. In the mouth of a rationalist, in fact, this principle means nothing else but that past ages have left us no inheritance of faith, that eighteen centuries have failed to establish any one point of Scriptural doctrine, that the question, "What did Christ and his apostles teach?" has to this day received no satisfactory answer. It is not so much to extol the Scriptures as to disparage the creeds, that such a principle is proclaimed by such men; it is to throw discredit upon all that the sense of Christians in all ages has stamped as the sense of the bible; it is to draw men unawares to the conclusion that no certainty has yet been, or ever can be, arrived at, as to the true scope and substance of the sacred oracles.

The frequent reference, in the documents put forth by the "German Catholics," to the "requirements of the age," to the "spirit of the times," and so on, is not less unequivocally rationalistic than the features to which we have already adverted. The Church and individuals are to "cause the substance of the faith to become a matter of living knowledge, *accordant with the spirit of the age.*" The liturgy is to be ordered agreeably to the arrangements of the apostles and the primitive Christians, *in a manner conformable to the requirements of the present time.*" The "Determinations" of the "General Council" are to be altered as the congregation shall see fit, *"agreeably to the spirit of the age,* and the progress made in the knowledge of Holy Scripture." In harmony with all this, we are told in the official account of Ronge's installation as pastor of the "German Catholics" of Breslau, that, when the congregation signified their acceptance of him in that character:—

"A breathless silence followed the unanimous and solemn reply, and it was as if *the spirit of the nineteenth century* were causing the sound of its mighty rushing to be heard through the noiseless space."

We would ask for nothing more conclusive than this as to the "spirit" of German Catholicism. It was not the spirit of their century that descended upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost. It was a spirit that sent them forth to war against the spirit of their century, that taught them to speak of the spirit of their century as the "spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." The spirit of the age—take what age you will—is nothing else than the particular modification of the influence of the "God of this world" of which the age is most susceptible. The spirit of the age is that of which St. Paul spoke, when he said, "We have not received the spirit of the world," but *we*, say the followers of Ronge, *have* received the spirit of the world.

Extremes meet. The ultramontane Papist and the half deistical Neologian are equally friends to the doctrine of "development."

Christianity—their Christianity—is not to be sought in the writings of the apostles, neither is it to be looked for with the primitive Fathers, with the theologians of the Nicene or the Ante-Nicene period. The Christianity of those times was a very good Christianity *for* those times, but it was an undeveloped Christianity. The "developed" Christianity of the ages which all the rest of the world qualifies with the epithet of "Dark" is ultramontane Christianity; the "developed" Christianity of the nineteenth century—the century of Hegel and of Strauss—is Rongite Christianity. The infidelity of modern times is far more insidious than that of Voltaire or Baron Holbach. It comes under the name of theology; it has taken a Divinity degree. It does not deny the religion of Christ, it only adapts it to the exigencies of the time—modifies it in accordance with the spirit of the age. It has a respect for all religions, and just as much for one as for another. It believes in a succession of sages—the only priesthood it acknowledges—the appointed, heaven-ordained, conservators and expositors, as Fichte would say, of the Divine Idea. But the Divine Idea needs new exposition, a new form and manner of presentation to every new century; and "only by mediation and re-interpretation" can the sage of an earlier century become the sage of a later. Thus, the ideas which were very proper for the first century, which—looked at in the light of that time—were the truth, are, when applied to the century in which we live, out of date and false. The religion of the apostolic age was true; the religion of the crusading age was true; the religion of the age of the revival of letters was true; but none of them are true now. None of them is the expression of "the religious idea" suited to the advanced intelligence of this age.

Ronge, in his inaugural sermon at Breslau, left room for no doubt of his adhesion to these views of Christianity. He enlarged on the pernicious consequences of understanding Christ's word according to the letter, and not according to the spirit. Of these consequences he instanced as one the shutting up of faith in dogmas, in articles and symbols of belief, and the connecting the health and salvation of Christian souls with syllables and words. He announced the aim of the new church to be the preventing the faith from being shut up in dogmas and symbols, salvation from being tied to syllables and words, the spirit from being bound with fetters; for, he declared, "there must be a free development according to the heights of the spirit and the depths of the soul. As principles of an universal church," he proceeded, "no other words can serve but these:—'Be ye perfect, as my Father which is in heaven is perfect;' and 'Thou shalt love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself.'"

The meaning of all which, if it have any meaning, is, that "German Catholics" may believe anything or nothing—that they may be Jews or Turks, infidels or heretics, in theory, so long as they are but good Christians in practice.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Of the example of Christ, Ronge talks in the following strain:—

"Christ, too, did not stop short at mere doctrines; he, too, practised what he taught; and much trouble and many dangers had he to

undergo in consequence. They called him a blasphemer, and, when he began to collect his disciples into a congregation, they went so far as to procure him to be cast into prison and condemned to death. But this did not put an end to his great cause: on the contrary, it increased with immense rapidity. And thus had he become the most exalted pattern for us, that we should follow his example."

And this wretched rationalistic twaddler it is whom English prints have named the Luther of the nineteenth century!—whom that *Ideal of a Christian newspaper*, "The Times," speaks of as summoned by Providence "to the defence of reason and the honour of the Divinity."

One of Ronge's English apologists confesses that as yet the movement which he conducts exhibits little that is satisfactory in a religious point of view—that he "speaks only of moral freedom, the dignity of man the emancipation of the people; not of salvation by faith, and repentance, or the work of the Spirit on the inner man; that we do not find, in the reformation which he is engaged in, the marked characteristic features of the great reformation of the 16th century—the paramount recognition of the leading Evangelical doctrines of the Gospel,—Justification by Faith, and Sanctification by the Spirit." (We have seen that these admissions might go much farther, there being just as little recognition of the fundamental articles of the Christian faith,—the Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, the Atonement, &c., these being, indeed, "dogmas and articles" in which Ronge will not suffer the "faith" of his followers to be shut up—"syllables and words" to which he will not have "salvation tied.") But then we are reminded "how gradually Luther himself was led to the full and clear discernment of the truth," and we are encouraged to hope that Ronge also "*will advance yet further*," and "that He who has begun this good work in his servant in our own day, will also *lead him on* from strength to strength, even unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."* And a far more impartial observer and competent critic of the "German-Catholic" movement, maintains that the very "indistinctness and unsettlement" of its principles "gives ground for charitable hopes of a clearer and better future."† Now we must declare our conviction, that this way of looking at the position of Ronge and his adherents, is utterly fallacious, and that there was more hope of them at their starting point, than there is now. They are not merely in a bad position, but they have come to it from a better one. They are moving in a wrong direction. Their being without such distinct and settled principles as we can acknowledge as Catholic and Christian, is not owing to their being as yet on their way to such, but to their being on their way *from* such. To come to the religious position of Luther, Ronge has not to "advance yet further," but to retrace his steps. It has been said that Luther cast off Catholicity along with Romanism; and to a certain extent this is true. He liberated his countrymen from Papal bondage, but he removed them, at the same time, from under episcopal government. Perhaps he did not intend this; perhaps events which he could not control brought it about. But it *was* brought about, and the result of the labours of Luther was not,

* The Apostolic Christians, &c. London: Wertheim.

† Dublin University Magazine. November. 1845.

as in England, a reformed Catholic church, but a Protestant community, formally disconnected with the great Christian body, as it had subsisted in the purest as well as the most corrupt times, under the rule of the Apostles themselves, as well as under the sway of a Hildebrand, a Borgia, and a Medici. But while Luther repudiated Catholic organization, he clung to Catholic doctrine. He came out of the Roman communion, carrying with him "the faith once delivered to the saints," the grand doctrinal system, which the consent of all Christian ages had stamped as the substance of Scripture's teaching. The reformers of the sixteenth century did not come before the Christian world, when Rome cast them out, or when they freely turned their backs upon her, as men who have yet to inquire what Christ and his apostles taught on such subjects as the Godhead, the fall of man, and his redemption. They were Christians before they were Protestants, and they did not protest against Rome's usurpations and corruptions, without at the same time testifying for the essence of that Catholic verity, which Rome's worst corruptions left incorrupt, and which they would cheerfully have endured her worst usurpations rather than lose. Luther came "gradually" out of the errors with which Rome had environed the truth, but he did not come gradually to the truth which Rome had preserved amid the mass of error.

On the contrary, Ronge, while he sets aside, as completely as Luther did, the Catholic constitution of the Church, does not, like Luther, preserve and adhere to the confession of the Catholic faith. Luther believed that the truth could be preserved in a non-episcopal body, Ronge gives up, not only episcopacy, but that which episcopacy was intended to preserve, the truth for which Luther would have laid down his life; he is not advancing towards what Luther attained to; his course, from the outset, is another than Luther's was, and if "a clearer and better future" await those who have committed themselves to his guidance, it surely lies beneath another quarter of the heavens than that towards which their faces are at this moment turned.

In truth, there could scarcely be found between two men a greater contrast than is presented by Luther and Ronge at every point of their respective careers. Luther was the profoundest theologian of his age; Ronge's acquirements in theology are inferior to those of any little girl in our Sunday-schools. Luther was sincerity itself; devotional feelings, amounting almost to enthusiasm, decided him in the choice of a clerical life, and, while he *was* a Papist, he was, as he tells us himself, so hearty a Papist that he could have killed any one who disputed a decision of the Pope. Ronge entered the priesthood, as he "does not blush to own," with motives wholly secular, and he accepted his charge at Grottkau with the firm resolution to be the instructor of the people "in the true sense of the word, *not* in that ascribed to it by the Church of Rome." He gives us to understand that the system of education pursued in the theological seminaries makes hypocrites of its subjects, and we are disposed to allow a good deal of weight to his testimony, but we do not believe in the power of any system of education to make a hypocrite of a Martin Luther.

The tendency of the "German Catholic" movement is, however, not everywhere the same. Czerski and his congregation at Schneideinühl have put forth a confession of faith, far more orthodox than that

of Breslau, a confession, embodying the Niceue creed, and retaining, *with many of the peculiarities of Romish theology*, perhaps all that we should look for as constituting a Catholic scheme of doctrine. To this party we might have looked for that gradual attainment to clear apprehensions of scriptural truth, of which there is little hope in the case of Ronge and his disciples. We might have trusted that they would, in process of time, purge out the old leaven of Romanism, so far as it yet works in them, and yet retain their Catholicity unimpaired, but subsequent events have rendered it extremely doubtful whether this will be their course. A confession was framed at Berlin, the object of which was to hold a middle course between those of Schneidemühl and Breslau; in this the Nicene Creed is retained, but with some modifications. For instance, the article of the Holy Ghost is curtailed of the clause, "Who spake by the prophets." This would seem less pregnant with unsound meaning did we not know that modern rationalists generally deny to the Old Testament Scriptures even that scanty measure and undefined mode of inspiration which they accord to the New. The omission of the words we have referred to, would exactly meet the views of this school, and does not tell well for the soundness of the belief of those who have made it.

For the rest, this Berlin confession, whether we look at it on the positive or the negative side, is perhaps the best, comes certainly the nearest to our own Anglo-Catholic theology, of all that have been put forth. While Schneidemühl acknowledges the seven sacraments of the Roman communion, and Breslau rejects all but those of baptism and the eucharist, Berlin recognizes the disputed five as "pious usages, consecrated by tradition." While the followers of Czerski assert transubstantiation, and those of Ronge reduce the Lord's Supper to a bare "memorial of Christ, and a sign of brotherly union among all mankind," the Berlin confessionists, denying "the change of the substances of the bread and wine into the substance of the body and blood of Christ," still acknowledge that "we partake in the substances of the real spiritual presence of the Saviour." Further, they reject auricular confession, as enforced by Rome, but recognize as a salutary thing the voluntary acknowledgment of sin to the pastor. They reject compulsory celibacy, but if any man devote himself willingly to a single state, that he may be the less hindered in God's service, they commend him in this. They reject pilgrimages and "expositions," but venerate the memory of saints, and contemplate their human remains with respect, nevertheless they do not sanction the invocation of them, but maintain the exclusive mediatorship of Christ. They reject the Romish doctrine of purgatory, but believe in a purification of the soul after death. When we come from the Schneidemühl confession to this, we feel that we are getting nearer to Protestantism. When we turn to it from the confession of Breslau, we feel that we have exchanged the jabber of a conceited rationalism for the grave speech of humble Christians, more fearful of believing too little, than of believing too much, and whose determination to preserve the positively true at all costs is the best guarantee for their being led, sooner or later, to distinguish and cast away the positively false.

But, unhappily, both Berlin and Schneidemühl, subsequently to the putting forth of these documents, joined the party the expression of

whose opinions is contained in the Leipzig "Determinations," and that is manifestly the party of Ronge. We do not suppose that the more orthodox renounced any part of the truth which they asserted in their standards, but they gave "the right hand of fellowship" to those who do not believe that truth. Perhaps they did their utmost to induce the Leipzig assembly to adopt a more Christian exposition of its faith, but they continued connected with it after it had declined to do so.

We consider the presence of Czerski at the Leipzig assembly as having afforded a more decisive proof of the rationalism of the majority than could otherwise have been had. For it placed the assembly in a position to choose between two systems, and in adopting that which now stands as the exposition of their views, they rejected that which was pressed upon them by the more orthodox minority.

However, a letter has since appeared in the newspapers, from Czerski to the rationalist party, in which he seems to wash his hands of them. It was time, indeed, to do so, when the majority of delegates proceeded from Leipzig, from the first "General Council of the German Catholic Church," to fraternize with the ultra-rationalists of Halle, with Wislicenus, the *Robert Taylor* of the German Protestant Church, a man whom it is a mere abuse of words to call a Christian, who, in denying the miraculous conception of our Lord, does so in terms which would go nigh to scandalize Tom Paine, whose favourite subject of catechetical instruction of the young of his flock is "the contradictory character of the different gospels," and who, setting aside the formulary prescribed by Christ himself, baptizes "in the spirit of truth and love." With this man and his party a large proportion of the members of the "Council of Leipzig," including, we are sorry to say, Czerski, dined; and, after the dinner, speeches were made, and toasts were given; and the admirers of Wislicenus congratulated the admirers of Ronge, and the admirers of Ronge congratulated the admirers of Wislicenus, on the success of both in their labours for the advancement of truth; and Kerbler, the "German Catholic," or Rongite, pastor of Leipzig, toasted the "Protestant Apostle," Uhlich, whom he pronounced "one of the noblest men of the people." We rather suspect Czerski must have protested against the turn things were taking, as his speech is suppressed in the account of the convivial proceedings given in the "Courier of Halle."

Uhlich, the "Protestant Apostle" is a less coarse and indecent, but not a less decided infidel than Wislicenus. His object, and that of the ultra-rationalistic party, at the head of which he stands, is to "establish such a view of Christianity as could form a centre of union for all, not only for all classes of Protestants, but for Protestants, Catholics, and Greeks, yea, and for Christians and Jews." In so comprehensive a religion of course, the doctrines of original sin and the atonement, as well as of the divinity of Christ, find no place. The "German Catholics," hitherto, have contented themselves with passing over these doctrines in silence, but their Protestant allies (the only section of the German Protestants, be it observed, who have shewn any disposition for an alliance with them) repudiate and denounce the doctrines aloud. "The doctrines of original sin, of vicarious satisfaction, of the Trinity," says Uhlich, "we pronounce to be mere doctrinal developments of an obsolete theology, which no man has a right to impose as absolute

points of evangelic faith." Again, "the evangelic records are drawn up by honest men, but they do not contain the gospel with documentary precision, and therefore an isolated sentence, even from them, can have no decisive weight. As to the Apostles' Creed, we have been unable to discover any argument which could justify the church in continuing to use it. It has ceased to be the expression of the faith of the congregation, and it is therefore to be wished that proper means may be devised for putting an end to its use in the church."

We have seen it asserted that this party is only incidentally connected with the real "German Catholic" movement, though it is the interest and the tactic of the enemies of the latter to confuse its operations with the proceedings of these truly "ultra Protestant" teachers. If this be the case, the German Catholics have certainly played most effectually into their enemies' hands, and done *their* utmost to facilitate this confusing of two so totally distinct parties. If the two classes are distinct in origin, (which we do not dispute) their coming together only shows how potent an attraction, how profound an electric affinity, subsists between them. The orthodox Protestant pastors of Germany, as "the Record" itself confesses, have not hailed Ronge and his movement; the "Friends of Light" have. The "Friends of Light" and the "German Catholics" toast each other, congratulate each other, cheer each other on in their convergent courses, which, we anticipate, will ere long unite, and thereby afford a drain for carrying off all the elements of infidelity now diffused through both the Protestant and Romish communions in Germany, a consummation, we should say, not by any means to be deprecated. We should have far livelier hopes of a reformation in Germany, a reformation which should restore to the one great body its lost Catholicity, and free the other from its dominant Romanism, were the elder communion once purged of such men as Ronge and Kerbler, and the younger of such as Uhlich and Wislicenus.

While the orthodox Protestant pastors have stood aloof from the new "Church," the enlightened, and what we may call *evangelical* party among the Roman Catholic priesthood, have, without one exception, pursued the same course. Among the few priests who have thrown themselves into the movement, we find no disciple of Sailer, no one like-minded with the saintly Martin Boos, no fellow-labourer of Wessenberg. To the spirit of these men Rongism is utterly abhorrent; and the Bavarian school, to which reference was made in a former page, will not think it any impeachment of their monarch's well-known veneration for the Apostolic Bishop of Ratisbon, that he will allow no footing to "German Catholicism" within his dominions. We have means of knowing what the feelings both of the sound Lutherans and of the evangelical Roman Catholics of Bavaria are with respect to the new schism, and we can state with confidence that they are thankful for the protection against its inroads which the royal policy promises to afford them.

"The "German Catholic Church" has adopted a Presbyterian polity, thereby rendering its assumption of the name of "Catholic" wholly unwarranted and illusory. It has not done this on the plea of necessity,—the only plea which Calvin himself would admit for dispensing with the episcopal order,—but, in the plenitude of its ignorance of Scripture

and ecclesiastical history, has asserted this to be the ancient constitution of the church! It has "restored to the people the *ancient right* of choosing their own pastors!" It assigns to the congregation the province of "determining the rights and duties which *it* (the congregation) devolves upon the minister and the elders, as well as those which it retained in its own hands." And, in the general government of the "Church," it gives to the laity a preponderance of voice over the clergy, in the proportion of two to one.

This is the "good" which that eminent Christian oracle, the "Times" newspaper, recommends to the people of Ireland, as "coming with the sanction of a Catholic priesthood, and without the offensive odour of Protestant proselytism."

Their is no possible reason to be given (favourable to their claim to be considered as holding the Christian faith) why Ronge and his fellow-seceders from the Romish Church should not have joined the German Protestant Churches, instead of forming a new community. The only reason which, had it existed, could have justified this course, would have been their adherence to the episcopal principle, which the bodies alluded to have relinquished. But this principle they have also denied. The only solution left us, therefore, of their conduct in this point is—that the Protestant churches were still too Catholic for them, had too positive a creed for the slender measure of their faith, and that in separating from Rome they left behind them that Christianity which Rome and the Protestant churches hold in common.

In whatever point of view we look at it, we repeat that we cannot consider this movement otherwise than as pregnant with calamity for the interests of religion, both on account of the good which it seems but too likely to hinder, and of the mischief which it is its manifest tendency to do.

THE DYING HEROES.

Die Sterbenden Helden.

UHLAND.

Now Danish swords had scattered Sweden's host,
On the wild coast—
Far o'er the sounding sea their armour gleams,
In the moonbeams;
And on the bloody field of battle dying,
Fair youthful Sven, and grey-haired Ulf are lying.

Sven.

And must I die so young? O cruel doom,
In youthful bloom!
Never again a tender mother's care,
Will smooth my hair;
In vain my love, sweet singing in her tower,
Will wait for me through many a weary hour!

Ulfr.

Sore will they sorrow, in the dreams of night,
 To see this sight.
 Yet be not sad ! Soon will thy gallant heart
 In death depart—
 Then shalt thou high at Odin's feast recline,
 And bright-haired maids shall pour thee sparkling wine.

Ben.

I have begun a song, for festals meet,
 With music sweet—
 A song of kings, and men of ancient times,
 In lofty rhymes.
 Never again my lonely harp shall sound,
 Save when the wild winds sweep its chords around.

Ulfr.

All glorious in the sun-light, beam the walls
 Of heaven's halls,
 Far down, the storm-clouds roll and flash below,
 And bright stars glow.
 There, with our fathers, we shall find repose—
 There shall thy song be raised, and there shall close !

Ben.

And must I die so young ? O cruel doom,
 In youthful bloom !
 No daring actions in the battle-field
 Adorn my shield ;
 The twelve stern judges, throned so proudly there,
 Will deem me worthless that high feast to share.

Ulfr.

One glorious deed may many deeds outshine,
 And such is thine !
 Fighting for fatherland, to yield thy breath,
 A hero's death !
 See here—the foe hath fled ! look far away,
 Where heaven brightens—thither lies our way.

OWEN TUDOR.

PART II.

"Not we from kings, but kings from us."

QUEEN Katharine was not happier amid the dull pomp of a court, which, though held at Paris, was in all its elements English, than Owen Tudor was at the side of his frozen well. Henry had loved too variously and too lightly in his youth to be now capable of a love such as she deserved. Like all profligates, he despised women, and the daughter of France was no more to him, save for the accident of rank, than any one of the Eastcheap divinities, at whose shrines, he had worshipped in brotherhood with Poinc and the fat knight. Add to this that the treaty of Troyes had been evaded in some important particulars, a valid excuse, to a mind like Henry's, for forgetting some points of his own marriage-vows. Every town he took, therefore, was the scene of new *liaisons* : every month raised up new claimants on the wasted store of his affections, while Katharine saw herself every day treated with increasing coldness. Happily for her peace, the King of England had been from the first an object of indifference to her, and neither his infidelities nor his unkindness could very deeply wound her heart, though they did not fail to irritate her pride.

Katharine had too pure a heart to think of revenging herself for her husband's inconstancies by imitating them ; to forego *all* revenge, however, was a stretch of virtue beyond her ; she resolved to make the king jealous, though she would give him no ground for jealousy, and Owen Tudor seemed to her an instrument provided by heaven for the purpose.

One day, accordingly, she began to lament over the ugly faces and awkward carriage of her English pages, not one of whom, she complained, she had ever been sensible of the most passing inclination to dance with, much less to kiss.

Henry stared.

It was very different, Katharine proceeded, with her Welch page, who was not only the handsomest boy, but the best dancer she had ever seen, and whom she should never cease to regret having suffered to be removed from about her person when she married.

"The devil !" said the king.

"Poor youth !" sighed the queen, "I think I never cried so much in my life as the day we parted : certainly, nothing ever was half so touching as his vows of eternal constancy. Heigh ho ! I wonder has he kept them."

The king was too much confounded to swear, and Katharine went on :—" *Mon dieu !* I scarce know whether to laugh or weep when I think how your grace stood in your own light that evening !"

"Stood in my own light, madam ?" said the amazed king.

"Heavens, my lord ! yes," cried Katharine,—"had not your counterfeit self, your great picture, by good luck stood between us poor children and your real self, your grace would not only have surprised us, but, I will venture to say, been very much surprised yourself in

in return. Figure to yourself, my lord, that I had just given my page a kiss!"

"By Saint George, madam, your confidences are curious!"

"A kiss, my lord, I assure you. It is true that I had just before given him a box on the ear, so that the one did no more than balance the other. God forgive me! your grace would be shocked if you knew how ill I often used him. But I always strove to make up for it, by afterwards using him as well as I knew how. And he had such an angelic temper that he was quite satisfied to take the bad usage with the good."

Katharine then recounted a number of the pranks and caprices with which she had alternately tormented and soothed her page, and had the satisfaction of seeing Henry as jealous as heart could wish. She had now found out a way to plague him, and the will was not wanting. She affected a passion for every thing Welch, distinguished a certain Captain Fluellen, who came sometimes to the court, by the most gracious attentions, and often, as in a fit of abstraction, hummed "The rising of the lark," "*Ar hyd y nos*," or some other Cambrian ditty, when the king was near; then, breaking off with a very natural start, sighed, smiled, and said,—

"Your grace would not guess who taught me those notes?—Ah me! that was a merry time!"

Henry was now fairly piqued out of his indifference, and the royal pair for some time teased each other with great spirit. But this agreeable state of things was not to last long: the fatigues of his military career, acting upon a frame enfeebled by early excesses, shortened the king's life; a brief illness carried him off, and Katharine's kind heart now made her the bitterest reproaches for every moment of irritation she had caused him. With all her natural vehemence she gave herself up to her regrets, to penances that impaired her health, and to nights and days of weeping that nearly destroyed her eyes. For her loss as a widow she might soon have been consoled, but her sins as a shrewish wife were not so easily put out of remembrance. At this juncture she was one day agreeably surprised by the arrival of her ancient mistress of the ceremonies, or *gouvernante*, Sarah, accompanied by the Chevalier Oswestry. They had, they informed her, given up the Dauphin's cause, were married, and intended, with her gracious permission, to attach themselves to her court for the evening of their days. The queen was delighted; the presence of Sarah brought back a host of girlish recollections, and for the first time since her marriage she felt herself the same Katharine who in happier times had been the plague and the delight of the court of France. The first question she asked Sarah when they were alone was about Owen Tudor, but the *gouvernante* could, or would, give her no information, possibly because she wished to give none to a certain Mistress Clariassa Bobjohn, who served Katharine in the united capacities of tire-woman and confidante. The last she said, she had heard of the boy was that he had taken to his bed at Paris, on being separated from his royal mistress; whether he had ever got up again she could not tell: on the whole, she thought it as likely he was dead as not. Katharine's eyes filled with tears; this, in their present condition, gave her acute pain, and she complained to Sarah of the affliction with which she was menaced in the loss of

her sight: she had wept herself half blind, she said, on account of the king, and now this fresh cause of grief was come, to destroy the last remains of vision. It was indeed evident, from the inflamed state of the queen's eyes, that these fears were by no means chimerical; however, Sarah trusted that the evil was not too far gone to be healed by the removal of its cause, and she advised her mistress to try the effects of the holy well of Clymag, expressing her assurance that St. Benno would not refuse to shew his face to so illustrious a pilgrim.

Katharine pondered the suggestion, and, as the strangely mis-named "merry month" of May came on, tuning all spirits to a deeper pensiveness, a stronger yearning towards those who awake not with the awaking flowers, who return not with the returning birds, the increased floods that gushed from her eyes aggravated every threatening symptom so rapidly, that, in serious alarm, she resolved to betake herself to the pilgrimage without further delay. Sarah and Oswestry set out some days before her, ostensibly to provide for her accommodation in travelling through a country which the armies of England had not long before wasted with fire and sword; but in reality they had another object in view.

The first visit Sarah paid in Wales was to Owen's mother, whom she besought to prepare herself to receive Katharine with something of the dignity that befitted the relict of a knight of Plas Penrynidd, and the mother of a son who was the representative, not only of St. Benno, but of a house as old, to speak within bounds, as Christmas. But the straightforward old lady, who all her life long had planted her own leeks, milked her own goats, and toasted her own cheese, proved a more intractable pupil than the court *gouvernante* had counted upon. She was little beholden, she said, to them that told her how old her house was: the rain, that came in through the roof, and the wind, that shook the windows out of their frames, told her that every stormy night. Marry, she would call him a friend that showed her how she might build a new one. As for the queen, whenever that lady asked her a question, she—Dame Tudor—would know how to give her an answer: more was needless, and moreover she had a sorrowful proof in her son how little was to be got by a court life.

Somewhat disconcerted with the reception she and her lessons had met with in this quarter, Sarah now sought out Owen Tudor himself, and found him hanging out his working (that is, his miracle-working) dress in the sun to dry. This was a sort of haircloth shirt, such as a saint might be supposed to like next his skin, and had bladders under the arms, that the wearer might be buoyant as well as holy. The *gouvernante* asked him how he fared: the ex-page smote himself on the forehead, and said that his life was a burden to him, and that he often felt tempted to drown himself in his own pond. He would turn robber, he declared, if there was any body in Wales to rob: taking purses, he could not but feel convinced, was a more gentlemanly way of getting a livelihood than working miracles. He had hoped, when he got a place at court, that his days of saintship were over. The only thing that somewhat reconciled him to the part he was reduced to play was, that now and then pilgrims, who were perhaps less ill than they fancied themselves, got well for pure joy at the sight of his face in the water: this encouraged him to think that he did not quite live in vain.

"There is one miracle reserved for you," said Sarah, "greater than any you have as yet wrought, and which if you can achieve, I promise you you will be troubled with no more misgivings of having lived in vain."

"What is that?" asked Tudor.

"To reconcile England and Wales," answered the *gouvernante*: "to give to the Saxon a line of Celtic sovereigns: to place a Tudor on the throne of the Plantagenets!"

"That were a miracle worth the working," said Owen; "but, I fear me, one beyond the virtues of St. Benno's well."

"We will try it, however," said Sarah. "Hear me. We Welch, as I need not tell you, will never be satisfied to obey a sovereign that is not of Welch blood. Why should we? Your own house is one of the youngest in Wales, yet how immeasurably older than the oldest among England's mushroom nobility! Even to the ancient race of the Saxon, while it yet bore sway in Britain, the Briton refused his homage; and should he then yield it to the upstart Norman? I say, no. If one monarch is to rule Normans and Britons in this island, British blood must flow in his veins."

"But," said Owen,—

"Yes, yes, I know all that," proceeded Sarah, who had paused, not for a reply, but to take breath: "there are older races than yours in Wales, races that were royal in their day: that is all true; but we have reasons, I and Oswestry,—by the way, perhaps you haven't heard that we are married?"

"No indeed," said Owen: "I wish you joy."

"Thank you. Oswestry and I have reasons, I say, for fixing upon you, in preference to a descendant of our ancient British kings, of whom there are plenty to be found, did we count them worth the seeking. But we don't. A race that has ceased to be royal, be assured, will never become royal again. How should the hand which could not hold the sceptre that was in its grasp, recover that sceptre when wrested from it? No no. It is just because you are not from kings that we may hope to see kings from you."

"But how is all this to be brought about?" asked Owen.

"By your marrying the queen," said Sarah.

"You are cruel," said the young hermit, as his cheek flushed and paled again, "to jest with feelings which I know not how you have discovered."

"I do not jest," replied Sarah. "Listen to me. Katharine has cried herself nearly blind since the king's death, and is now on her way hither, by my advice, to try if St. Benno will exercise his powers on her behalf, which I have ventured to promise her he will, so far at least as to show her his face, the sight of which, as all the world knows, is good for sore eyes. If, after that, she does not get well, she will only have her own want of faith to blame for it. At all events, you will have an opportunity of finding out whether she still loves you, as I am confident she did before her marriage,—and, if so, it will be your own fault if your posterity do not reign in Britain. Bedford, the Lord Protector, is unpopular, and your first object, when married to Katharine, must be to get her declared regent and guardian of the young king in his stead. With all Wales at your back, you will be at the

head of the most powerful party in the realm, and will easily accomplish a purpose to which jealousy of Bedford will cause many of the English nobles to lend a helping hand. When Katharine is regent in title, you are king in substance, and, I say again, it will be your own fault if your children do not supplant young Henry, even supposing that the sickly brat survives his teething."

Owen's transport, at hearing that he was shortly to see his adored Katharine, knew no bounds; he hugged Sarah till she was well-nigh strangled, then, seizing her by both hands, he whirled her about the open space in front of his cell, in the same wild Welsh dance which he had danced with Katharine the day they parted. As the situation of the hermitage was conspicuous, this ebullition of rapture did not pass unnoticed, and the unusual gambols of the holy recluse being set down by the people of Clymag to the account of religious ecstasy, made so profound an impression on their minds, that they were never after able to dissociate the idea of devotion from that of dancing. And thus arose the Welsh sect of the Jumpers.

Owen now exercised himself with redoubled assiduity in swimming and diving, that he might find himself capable of executing the bold manoeuvre which he projected, when the Queen should present herself at the sacred pond. To be the surer of his movements, he placed a ladder under the water, against the side of the basin, at the spot where the pilgrims were accustomed to await the health-bringing apparition of the saint. The topmost step of this ladder was on a level with the surface of the water, and it appeared as if placed there for the convenience of those who wished to wash their limbs in the well.

It was on the young summer's fairest afternoon that Katharine, with a gallant train of knights, rode down the way which, passing close to our anchorite's retreat, led towards the hamlet of Clymag. The Queen sat on a milk-white palfrey, a black veil concealed her features, and she carried on her hand a falcon, whose hood was wrought in the well-remembered colours Owen had worn as her page, red and blue. It chanced, in playing with her bird, that, just at the moment the way brought her nearest to the hermitage, she removed the hood from his eyes—a favour which he returned by plucking the veil from her's. She was more beautiful than ever, at least she seemed so to Owen, who, his cowl drawn over his face, stood with beating heart at the door of his cell. A certain cast of melancholy gave to her countenance a more softened expression than it had had in the days of her madcap girlhood, though there were not wanting indications that the girl and the madcap still had a larger share in her than the widow and the queen. It was with difficulty that our ex-page resisted the impulse to throw himself into the road, to kneel at her horse's side, to kiss her stirrup, her foot, the hem of her riding-dress, especially when he heard her, as she toyed with the falcon, call it "her Owen!—her darling varlet!—her heart's Owen!" But Sarah's court-lessons had trained him to suppress all untimely exhibition of his feelings, and, in respecting the *incognito* of others, he had learned not to betray his own. He controlled himself, therefore, till the proper time should arrive for the revelation which he had to make.

The royal train had now halted by the well, and a tent was speedily pitched for the Queen in its neighbourhood. The knights posted them-

selves at measured spaces along the heights that on all sides sloped up from the spot, to prevent the approach of any pilgrims of lower degree, who might divert the attention of St. Benno from his illustrious suppliant; for they had heard that earthly riches and rank are any thing but a recommendation in heavenly eyes, and they feared, if the saint were called on at the same moment by a Welsh beggar and an English queen, he would show himself uncourtly enough to attend to the beggar first. But they little knew who wrought miracles at Clynag.

In the mean time Katharine, accompanied by her tire-woman, Mistress Clarissa Bobjohn, retired into the tent, and divested herself of her riding dress, in place of which she assumed the long, coarse frock which the rule of the pilgrimage prescribed. She then proceeded, first, to St. Benno's grave, where, having dropped her offering into the alms-chest of the little chapel, that surmounted the holy remains, she prayed for a favourable issue of her journey. This done, she turned to the well.

Notwithstanding the crystalline purity of its waters, the little basin, overshadowed by beetling rocks, presented only an abyss of darkness to the eye that sought to penetrate its depths. An object immediately below the surface was visible, but all that lay farther down was lost in the brooding gloom. This was favourable to the success of the pious artifice practised by our recluse, the sudden appearing and disappearing of whose face beneath the water, as he rose nearly to the top, and then dropped plumb into the lower deeps again, had really a very strong cast of the supernatural about it, and passed extremely well for a miracle when people were predisposed to find one. As Katharine now knelt on the well's brim, and lifted the cool water with both hands to her eyes, she had indeed a very distinct view of a human countenance from below; but it was one which she had too often seen in her looking-glass to be able, by any effort of faith or imagination, to hold it for that of the sainted Benno. After gazing wistfully for a while into the still mirror, she sighed, and said—

"The saint does not count me worthy to see his face. I am too great a sinner. What a bad wife I was! Ah me! if the poor king were alive again, I am quite sure I should plague him as much as ever! But I'm not so selfish as to wish for any thing of the kind. My poor page!—how I plagued him, too! But that is a sin that I would certainly not fall into a second time, were my dear Owen, my heart's Owen restored to me! O holy Benno, I can bear thee no grudge that thou deignest not to heal my poor eyes! What are eyes to me if they cannot show me my Owen?"

As she spoke, tears dropped from the organs which she thus abandoned to their fate, into the water. And, as if a mystic influence had accompanied the drops, scarcely had the first of them broken for an instant, the basin's glassy surface, when a face—not her own face—emerged out of the shadowy depth. As distinctly as she saw the reflection of her own features, did she see, side by side with these, features which were familiar to her as her own—features which her looking-glass did not present to her, but which as true a mirror—the memory of a loving heart—did. A feeling of awe crept over her: it seemed to her that she beheld, not the saintly patron of the well, but the spirit of Owen Tudor. The apparition continued but for a few

seconds ; the face vanished ; the Queen rose from her knees, and stood in emotion too profound for speech, gazing into the mysterious gloom which had, for a moment, given the beloved features to her view, and which now seemed to her the veil that covered the secrets of another world. Scarcely a minute had elapsed when the unearthly face, as she deemed it, appeared a second time, and Katharine saw hands stretched out towards her from beneath, as if beckoning her away from a life which did but mock her with its outward splendour, while it left her inwardly desolate.

"He calls me to him!" cried she. The ladder, its top step hardly covered by the water, was before her ; her feet—such was the rule of this pilgrimage—were naked ; to the ineffable consternation of her attendant, she stepped into the basin.

With loud cries for help, the distracted Bobjohn, who believed her royal mistress seized with a sudden frenzy, endeavoured to hold her back. Katharine certainly had no intention of drowning herself, and, if let alone, would no doubt have recoiled at the first shock which the icy coldness of the water sent through her frame. All the waywardness of her nature, however, awoke at the attempt of her maid to controul her, and dealing the astounded Clarissa such a buffet on the ear, as, in happier days, she had often bestowed on a dearer object, she made another step downwards. But, unaccustomed to measure the distance of objects under the water, her eye deceived her ; she could distinctly see the round of the ladder on which she intended to place her foot, but she miscalculated the depth at which it stood ; it seemed to her nearer than it was, she stepped short and missed her footing. With one faint cry for aid, she sank, and the waters closed over her head.

Clarissa's shrieks were now redoubled, the knights came running down from their respective posts towards the well, and all was dismay and confusion. While they were sounding the well with their long spears, Owen came down from his hermitage, his cowl, as usual, drawn over his face, and asked very innocently, what was the matter. On hearing what had happened—in particular on being informed of the words the Queen had spoken, just before she stepped into the water, "He calls me to him"—he declared that there was no ground whatever for alarm, and that they might spare themselves the trouble of searching the pond for Katharine's body, as it was evident that St. Benno had taken her with him bodily to the other world, to give her a sight of the place where they all hoped to go when they died ; a privilege which did not fall to the lot of one pilgrim in a million, being reserved for persons of very extraordinary piety, such as, he doubted not, the Queen of England was. For the rest, they might be sure the saint would not fail to bring her Highness back, and that within the space of twenty-four hours, beyond which time no child of earth was permitted to tarry in the abodes of the beatified. Their valiancies, therefore, must even be content to stay where they were till the next day, when, he would venture to promise them, they should see their sovereign lady again, safe and sound.

Notwithstanding the intrinsic likelihood of this view of what had occurred, the knights, without giving much heed to the reverend propounder of it, continued to poke about with their spears in the pond.

They were soon satisfied, however, that the body of Katharine was not there, and began to think there might be some truth in what the hermit had told them. Meanwhile, that pious person had returned to his cell, where Katharine, in an old cassock that had been Oswestry's, sat before a blazing log-fire, and dried her pilgrim's dress, which recent circumstances had converted into a bathing one. Owen, after he had carried her to the hermitage, had waited but to see her recover from the momentary *stun* which her unexpected plunge-bath had occasioned, had caught her first glance of recognition, and then, throwing on his frock over his wet diving-shirt, had hurried out, as well for the purpose of putting the knights on a false scent, as of giving Katharine an opportunity of changing her habit. He now found the Queen impatiently awaiting his return, trembling, laughing, weeping, with a strange mixture of joy, wonder, and doubt. She scarcely yet knew whether to think the events of the last few minutes preternatural or not. She felt sure, indeed, that Owen was no spectre, but it bewildered her to find him living under water like a fish. Would she, if she married him, have to live under water to? Or was he, perhaps, already married to some Welsh water-fairy, who had bestowed on him the power of existing amphibiously? Poor Katharine knew not what to think.

But Owen soon cleared up to her the whole mystery of his life and habits, and Katharine's joy was not small, at finding him still true to the dry land and to her. He now laid before her Sarah's plans, though without naming the ancient *gouvernante* as the author of them. He adverted to Bedford's unpopularity, to the numerous parties into which the Barons of England, as well as the Commons, were divided, and to the ease with which he, once married to Katharine, and supported by the whole Welsh interest, could unite those parties under himself, and secure to her the regency of the kingdom, and the tuition of her infant son. Of ulterior and more ambitious projects, of ousting the heir of Plantagenet in favour of his own progeny, Owen spoke not, for in truth he did not entertain such. His was far too loyal and knightly a soul to contemplate such treason against a youthful prince, whose guardian, by his marriage with the Queen Dowager, he would virtually become. In fact, he cared little to become either king or sire of kings, though there was a potent charm for him in the thought of placing the royal power in the hands of the lady of his love, and of freeing her from the control of an arrogant subject. For the rest, it was Katharine's self, and not her queenly state, that he wished to make his own.

As for her, she was ready to become his, even at the cost of that queenly state, though, could she retain it and share its splendour with him, her satisfaction would naturally be still more complete. Of the feasibility of his plans she was not politician enough to entertain a doubt; the only point in which she apprehended any difficulty was the obtaining the consent of the English Barons to her marriage, and to meet this difficulty the two lovers forthwith set their wits to work. Katherine, in the first place, questioned Owen about his castle of Plas Penmydd. He described it to her,—an old, grey fortalice, looking from the brow of a rocky hill over a wide and fertile valley, a waterfall bounding down the rocks, wonderful caves in the hill side, the depth of which no mortal knew. She then made him describe to her, as accurately as possible, the way from Clymag to the castle. He

caused her to understand how the road ran direct and not to be mistaken as far as a certain mill, standing at some miles' distance; how it then turned to the right, crossed a bridge, turned to the left again, and led to a ferry; how on the other side of the ferry it ascended a height, on the summit of which was a cross, and from this point Plas Penmynidd was to be seen.

"That will do," said the queen: "in the morning you will bring me back privately to the well, then set out with all speed for Plas Penmynidd, have a priest ready in the castle-chapel, and await me there in your father's armour and with closed vizor."

The lovers passed the night at the log fire, in conversation on the past, present, and future. By the first grey of the morning they saw, on looking out, that the knights, wearied with the fruitless search for the Queen, had wrapped themselves in their mantles, and lain down, about the well and the royal pavillion, to sleep. Katharine now hastily exchanged Oswestry's cassock for her pilgrim's frock, and Owen carried her, with as little noise as possible, down the rocky bed of the stream and through the basin (the shallow places of which were well known to him), to the spot at which she had the day before disappeared. Here he placed her standing on the top step of the ladder, having taken care, during the transport, that her dress should get no wet; then, with the cry—"Ho, knights of England! up, and receive your Queen!" he dived, and was out of sight in an instant.

The knights leaped from the ground, gazed in dreamy bewilderment towards the well, saw the tall figure, that seemed to them in the pale twilight to stand on the surface of the water, and crossed their foreheads in profound awe, for they believed it to be Katharine's spirit. But Clarissa, who came out of the tent just in time to see her mistress step from the ladder to the edge of the stone basin, and who had all along believed firmly in the assurances of the hermit, now doubted not for a moment that St. Benno had brought the Queen back to the world, and that the voice which had so strangely broke on the stillness of the morning, was his. Springing forward, she threw herself at Katharine's feet, not, as the reader may perhaps imagine, to pour out the emotions of her heart, but to feel if the Queen was not wet through and through.

"Holy powers!" exclaimed she, in boundless astonishment, "Your Grace is as dry as a bone!"

"Ah, heavens!" sighed Katharine—"where have I been? Why must I return to this miserable world? After a year of such celestial bliss, how shall I live on earth?"

"A year!" cried Mrs. Bobjohn—"What says your Grace of a year? It is but a day since you left your faithful servants—nay, if we reckon by the hour, it is scarce half a day."

"Ah, me!" said the Queen, with a deeper sigh than before, "What a thing it is to be a saint! What a life that is!—a king's or a queen's is a joke to it. Oh, my children! never wish to see the other world till you have done with this for good."

The knights asked if her Grace, then, had been in heaven, and how she got thither and back: also, whether there was any way back from the other place.

"I was not exactly in heaven," answered the Queen; but, as it

were, in the vestibule of it. The saint carried me through the water; the rocks opened to give us a passage; but whether we went upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left, or what direction we took at all, is beyond my skill to say. I only know that both in going and returning the water stood like a crystal wall on either side of us, so that we passed through without being in the least wet. The elements, of course you know, have no power over the saints. As for the other place, I saw nothing of it, and, indeed, not feeling interested in the subject, asked nothing—which I am sorry for now, gentlemen, on your account.”

“And what, if I may be so bold,” inquired Mistress Clariassa, “did your Grace hear and see among the saints?”

“I heard a great deal of good advice,” answered Katharine, “and I saw my destinies, just as they are to befall me in life. The advice, I am sorry to say, has somehow escaped my memory—(advice always did); but my destinies I remember distinctly, and they are very important indeed, not only for myself, but for the kingdom.”

She then informed them that, in that vestibule or outer hall of heaven, the events which were to happen on earth were seen beforehand in prophetic shadow, and that thus the pious departed, being adverted what troubles, temptations, or dangers awaited their children or surviving friends below, know, in their intercession for the latter, how to shape their requests. To see these shadowy pictures of the future, was a privilege seldom accorded to the living; nevertheless, it had been vouchsafed to her—less, she was sure, for her own sake, than for the sake of the British realm, with the fortunes of which hers were in a wonderful manner bound up. She had seen herself, she said, with the knights, ride away from Clynag, not back to England, but along another road, that led farther into Wales. This road carried them to a place where a mill stood, and where the way branched into two. They took the right-hand path, which they followed till they came to a bridge, having crossed which, they turned to the left, and rode on till their way conducted them to a ferry. Here, being ferried over, they found themselves at the foot of a mountain, which they had to ascend. On the top of this mountain was a cross, and from the foot of this cross an old grey tower was distinctly visible, planted on the brow of another mountain, and commanding a wide and enchanting prospect over the fertile vales between. From the cross they rode down into the valley, traversed it, and came to the foot of the rocky hill from which the old fortalice looked. A water-fall bounded down the rocks, and strange, gloomy-looking chasms yawned in the side of the mountain, that seemed entrances to a world of night. By a winding bridle-path they reached the door of the tower, and here found an old chieftainess, under whom the whole country was, as far as she could see from her castle battlements. This old chieftainess conducted them to the castle-chapel, where her son stood in his armour, attended by his household chaplain, and waited for his bride, who had been shown him in a dream. This bride was no other than she, Katharine, herself; the young warrior recognised her as such, and the chaplain forthwith joined their hands together.

The result of this alliance was a lasting reconciliation between England and Wales.

"As a sign," concluded the Queen, "that the things I tell you are no fables, know that St. Benno, after he had replaced me on earthly ground, appeared to the hermit of the well, and, in recompense of the singular piety of that holy person, took him back with himself to the other world. Moreover, you will presently see the hermitage miraculously take fire; and, I regret to say, that the saint's face will appear no more in the well of Clymag."

While Katharine was mystifying the knights with the foregoing legend, Owen, as had been concerted between them, had returned to the hermitage, thrust a blazing brand into its straw roof, and then set out, unobserved, for Plas Penmynid. Smoke and flame now began to envelope the little retreat; the knights could not withstand the evidence of their eyes; the seal of heaven appeared to them to be stamped on Katharine's communications; they resigned themselves to the guidance of a higher power, and, making no attempt to put out the fire, prepared to follow the Queen in search of her fated bridegroom. She waited only long enough to give Owen, as she calculated, time to have all in readiness at home, and then, with her gallant retinue, took the way indicated by her vision. Every step of the road impressed the knights more and more deeply with the feeling that they were under the direction of a supernatural intelligence: they found all as Katharine had described it to them,—mill, bridge, ferry, mountain, cross, vale, cataract, caverns, bridle-path, and castle. They alighted at the door of Plas Penmynid, and, led by the Queen, entered the house, where, in the vaulted hall, they found old Dame Tudor, and asked for her son.

"My son has lost his wits," growled the dame. "He is in the chapel with the priest, waiting for a bride whom he has never seen, except in a dream. I tell him that a bride in a dream will never make a wife in waking; but I might as well hold my tongue: Young people now-a-days think themselves wiser than their elders."

"You have large estates hereabouts, noble lady?" asked one of the knights.

"Estates!" quoth she—"I don't call them my estates, but—look out of those windows—go to the top of the house—turn to what side you will, and you will see no land but what is under me."

"You should have said territories," whispered Katharine to the knight. She knew very well, however, what the old lady—(a wag in her way)—meant, namely, that she, in her high-perched tower, could see no land, for many and many a broad mile round, that did not lie far below her.

"I grieve me, fair sirs," added the old lady, cynically, "to have no finer house to receive so many fine visitors in; but ye have only yourselves to blame. Why have the English burnt up the whole country?"

At these words, Katharine knelt before the dame, and entreated her to forego all hostility to England, and to forget the causes which had engendered contention and ill-will between two kindred races: she was come, she said, to reconcile and to unite both nations by a matrimonial alliance; she was the widow of King Henry the Fifth, her year of mourning was over, and she had been sent, by a communication from the holy patron of the well of Clymag, into this castle, that she might present her hand to its chivalrous heir as bride.

Dame Tudor said, she supposed there was no help for it, and the queen, accompanied by the whole train, proceeded to the chapel, where Owen Tudor, in his father's armour, and with closed visor, stood before the altar. The priest, too, was there, the marriage was solemnized without delay, and when the bridegroom, at the end of the ceremony, raised his visor, for the purpose of taking a kiss of his bride, the English knights confessed that never had knightly crest nodded above nobler features.

The new-married couple thought more of love than politics—of each other, than of English parties and protectorates. Instead of attempting to supersede Bedford, they lived in retirement at Plas Penmynidd, to the extreme disgust of Oswestry and Sarah, who thus saw their plans for restoring the Celtic rule in Britain, as it seemed, utterly frustrated. How could Owen have nursed his dream of love so long by the pool of Clymag, had his soul been of a temper to concern itself about the destinies of nations? How could Katharine have so frankly abandoned herself to the impulse of her love for the almost nameless squire, had hers been a heart to find beatitude in regency, and a paradise at court? Forgetting—and forgot by—parties and their heads, they devoted themselves to the education of their children, and made no noise in the world. Yet who knows what prophetic forebodings may have wrought within them—what instinctive feelings may have suggested to them that they were destined to fulfil, by those children, the pledge they had given to the friends who had brought them together,—that a Tudor would yet sit on the throne of the Plantagenets, extinguishing the name of that ancient house, though claiming in right of its blood? Whether they had such dreams, is, and must remain, a secret to the world; one thing is certain, that they needed no such dreams to render their happiness complete. It is remarkable that they were the only Mr. and Mrs. Tudor, historically known to us, that were really happy in the marriage-state. Henry the Seventh was not a good husband, and Henry the Eighth was not even an indifferent one. Mary was just such a wife as her Philip deserved, which is not saying much for either of them; and Elizabeth was such a wife—or would have been such a wife—as no man on earth ever did deserve, bad as the deservings of men, in all ages, have been. After all, Mr. and Mrs. O. T., we think, had no reason to envy their royal descendants. For our own poor parts, had we to choose, we are free to confess that we would immeasurably rather have been the Tudors whom the kings were from, than any one, or two, of the kings that were from the Tudors.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.*

It may be impossible, in the following article, to avoid altogether the use of strong language in reference to the enemies of the Irish Church,—who, in her present critical position, are rising upon all sides in the sister island,—and to the statements advanced by some of them, for it is hard to check the pen in the heat of important controversy when the writer is in earnest; but lest that, which, if it arises at all, will spring from the spirit of zeal in what we earnestly believe a righteous and most momentous cause, should be attributed by any to a bitter or unkind temper, we shall commence by simply stating the relation in which we stand to those against whom our strictures are directed. We do not regard them, at least with very rare exceptions, as dishonest or irreligious; we believe that for the most part they are sincere in their convictions that it will be to the benefit of true religion to destroy the Irish Church. We ourselves, who have been reared and built up, by the grace of God, under her fostering influences, receiving in affliction peace and comfort through her pure prayers and at her altar, studying God's holy word even from infancy at the feet of her ministers, deriving at their hands the knowledge and the love of God and our Saviour, and, when by the will of Providence we had to combat with difficulties and distresses in this world, finding in them the sympathy of true and godly friendship; we, who have grown up in our membership with a pure and gospel-loving Church of Christ, the very life and texture of whose heart, in all its best and holiest associations, adheres to and is bound up in the forms—still more in the Spirit-born substance—of the Irish Church; we, who know by the truest of all evidence, our own personal experience, that God is with it still, have found it hard to understand how those that are its enemies can be the friends of Christ. Yet, notwithstanding this, we do believe that among its most dangerous, because its most sincere, antagonists, there are many Christians. While, therefore, with the like earnestness with which they press forward to attack her, we are resolved to stand forward in her defence, we nevertheless dare not refuse to those, whom we believe Christ to have acknowledged, the affectionate wishes of a brother for their welfare. It is hard for us to understand how those whom we are bound to love with that high love which is in Christ Jesus, should hate or oppose themselves to that, which, above all things earthly, has our truest love; yet we would strive to be content even in this difficulty, to await in patience the revelation of God's purpose, to believe and hope.

Let us, however, make one appeal to their sense of justice. While we cling with zealous affection to our own, we make no attempts to deprive them of the means of communion and grace which they possess and prize. Why do not they show an equal forbearance towards us? Let them beware, lest, in withdrawing their thoughts from contemplating, and their talents from improving and exercising their own mercies, in order to employ them in depreciating and removing ours, they may be found to have been made the instruments of the enemy to

* *The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1845.

The North British Review, November, 1845.

The Catholic Claims. By Baptist W. Noel.

Letter to the "English Churchman." By Lord John Manners.

deprive of his heavenly food many a hungry child of God. Let them rather employ themselves more diligently upon their own holy things, that while we are permitted to continue to enjoy ours, theirs may not slip from their grasp and their affections.

In this contest against the Irish Church, which is by degrees engaging, and drawing out into a hostile attitude the thoughts of almost the entire empire, we stand on the defensive; and if we speak harsh words, or deal hard blows, they are the blows of patriots fighting for their own dear birthright, for their children, we humbly and earnestly believe, for their God; while the blows of our antagonists are those of an invader, eager to subdue us, and to deprive us of our ancient and deeply-cherished privileges. These may appear obsolete notions in these days, in which "old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new," in a sense very different from that which was meant by the sacred penman; but there is still in the hearts of Irish Protestants a clinging to the good old ways of their fathers, which gives them, in their minds, the character of a real possession, and we are firmly convinced, that they will not be compelled to yield them without a deadly struggle. We know that such language as this has been characterised as "fire and fury," such as "any speech of O'Connell's ever breathed out;"* but surely there is an essential difference between the virulent determination of the agitators to drive from this unhappy island the remnant of the Protestant Church, and the deep-rooted and cool determination of the Protestants to resist what they conceive an impiety towards God, and a gross injustice to themselves.

It cannot have escaped the observation of any one who takes an interest in this subject, that the enemies of the Irish Church are rapidly increasing, and that of late there have been more than one instance of those from whom we ought to look for sympathy and support, "lifting up their heel against us." It is our present purpose to notice a few only of the attacks of these our enemies, old and new, that we may exhibit their fallacy or falsehood.

We shall begin with the "*Edinburgh Review*." In the number for last April of that ancient and more than respectable organ of the Whig party, there is an article entitled the "Churches of the three Kingdoms." It is not our purpose here to quarrel with all that the Reviewer has said upon this important subject, although we confess that there is very little in his essay that accords with our own judgment or opinion. We shall confine ourselves principally to his remarks upon "the National Church of Ireland." His classification of the three churches is, under existing circumstances, not a little remarkable:—

"In classing the Churches of the three kingdoms, we have been accustomed to consider the Church of Scotland as really national; that of England as semi-national; that of Ireland anti-national. We assumed, accordingly, that a Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Irishman, would probably look on them with corresponding feelings."—Page 536.

We may presume that the "*Edinburgh*" Reviewer knows something of the feelings with which the Scotch look upon *their* "National Church." We always supposed that the leaders of the Free Church party represented no mean section of the Scotch people, and they have been for some years back expressing their feelings by declamations against

* North British Review for November, 1845.

the National Church of Scotland, which at least equal in virulence any thing that has been spoken in Conciliation Hall against our own Church. The affections of the members of the National Church of Ireland are becoming stronger towards her as her difficulties increase—this we shall presently prove on unquestionable authority. The feelings of the former members of the Church of Scotland present a strange contrast with theirs—very different from that intended by the Reviewer. We apprehend that animosity runs as high between the Chalmersian Scotchman and the National Church of Scotland, as between the O'Connell Irishman and the National Church of Ireland. And good reason wherefore it should, for they have extensively dissented not from the discipline only, but from the doctrine also of their Church. We cannot forget that these seceders, by adopting the "solemn league and covenant," have excluded us, as well as the Romanists, from the pale of the Church of Christ; and, in this respect, have altogether changed the relation in which they previously stood to the rest of the Christian world.

But on this subject we will allow the Reviewer to refute himself:—

"In the year 1835, it was observed by Mr. Dick, an able writer on 'Church Polity,' that one half of the civil disorders of Scotland were owing to its Church. That Church has since been torn asunder, and many a parish and many a household divided against itself. A large proportion of its most eminent ministers have seceded, and their people with them. The representatives of Knox and Melville have resigned their livings by hundreds; and their congregations have followed them into free churches. Can we be wrong in thinking that but for the spirit at which Sir Walter Scott had been alarmed, (the embers of the covenanting spirit), reasonably or unreasonably, the particular controversies between the General Assembly and the Legislature, never would have been brought to this fatal issue."—Page 527.

And yet the Reviewer is one of those who wishes to produce in the Church of Ireland the same unhappy effects which he so much deplures in Scotland.

But let us see how this Reviewer, who is so much enamoured with the unanimity of the Scottish Church, speaks of us:—

"A few words will suffice for the national Church of Ireland. During the debates on the humble proposal of the Whig government for regulating the Irish Church, it was christened by Mr. Gally Knight, the "monster Church." Its position is so truly monstrous—so much more like that of an ecclesiastical garrison than a national Church, that it would be ridiculous to stop and criticise it. Nobody ever thinks of it as a national Church; nobody can defend it on the principles on which any other national church that ever existed was ever deemed defensible, or ever was defended; nobody can take a rational look on church establishments, without finding the arguments in their behalf proceeding, from first to last, upon facts and reasonings by which the Church of Ireland stands utterly condemned. Practically, too, it has done as little for the Protestant religion as for the Protestant interest and Protestant ascendancy. Both the Protestant religion and the Protestant interest would have been in an infinitely sounder state, if it never had been heard of. We long have wondered how any man, with an adequate notion of the nature of a church,"—(*the reviewer's notion of the nature of a Church may be gathered from what he has said of his own church*)—"can have reconciled it to his conscience to unite himself in membership with, still more, to accept preferment under, so unnatural an institution. Less, if possible, is it to be expected from it now than in the good old times, when it was often used as a middle term—something between an honourable exile and a penal settlement—for many a man less worthy of promotion in any Church than even Swift." (*This*

last observation is too true. English statesmen, both Whig and Tory, by the vile uses they have made of Irish Church patronage, have given to the Whig reviewer this argument. For the sins which did indeed exist in our Church, England has much to answer ; yet she also is now turning against us. She first corrupted her Irish sister, and now, when the innate vitality of the latter has thrown off the effects of her corruption, she is betraying her.) "The evil is a growing one. During the first half of the last century, the Pope had a capital ally in Protestant penal laws ; during the latter half, and down to our own time, in Protestant political exclusion. There still remains for him the Protestant Church Establishment, almost as effectual an assistant, from the sense of indignity and scorn belonging to it!" (*Truly, the Pope does not show much affection for his ally, nor does he seem over-anxious to prolong its services.*) "It may not positively make Catholics ;" (*it does make many true Catholics ;*) "but we have not the least doubt but that it prevents conversions. Were it to last, by any possibility, for another hundred years, is there a man alive who believes that, of itself, it would have brought over a hundred converts, nominal or real ? Occasional converts to masters' coat are quite another thing."—P. 536.

What does the Reviewer mean by making converts, when first he would destroy the Church to which they are to be made ? It is strange if the truth is to advance by a retrograde motion ! She is however at this present time making many converts ; hence the increased bitterness of Rome against her. This wily adversary has been accused of planting her Jesuits in the bosom of the Church of England, and recent events at Oxford give a high degree of credibility to such a charge. We believe that the Church of Ireland is, at present, more than any thing else in the way of her usurpations. It would be a scheme worthy of her cunning to send her emissaries to quicken the zeal and animosity of Scotch reviewers.

"We are as convinced as of our own existence that there can be no peace for Ireland, or for England in connection with it—no real Civil union between the two countries, until the nominal union between the Church of England and what only a parrot or a mocking bird can call the Church of Ireland, has been dissolved. If the Irish Church were merely a failure—a pure waste of the national funds for religious instruction—that would be bad enough ; but, from all we hear of it, it is so much money successfully spent in the spirit of all evil."—P. 537.

We might justly retaliate by suggesting the possibility that it was the spirit of all evil that prompted this evil sentiment ; though, doubtless, coming from us, it would be "fire and fury" to say so. But truly these Scotch people do not show a very friendly disposition to the Irish Protestants, so nearly allied to them in blood. One half of them, by adopting the solemn league and covenant, have unchurched us : by the eulogist of the other half, the National Church, we are calmly designated "the Church of the devil !"

To the large majority of our readers the passages quoted will appear so preposterous, so alien to what they have themselves felt and know, as to require no refutation. Unhappily, however, Satan never broached a lie, however improbable, that he did not find many to believe it. If it were otherwise, his trade were gone : and these assertions of the Edinburgh Review are extensively believed among men who either have not the opportunity or will not take the trouble to investigate their falsehood for themselves. We shall, therefore, afford an answer to them—one which we feel confident will be complete and satisfactory.

There are three things in these charges to be replied to:—1. The general charge of inefficiency ; this we shall reserve for the conclusion

of this article :—2. The condemnation of the Church of Ireland on the grounds of its being termed the “National Church ;” we shall answer this as soon as first we have said a few words on the subject of—3. the following assertion :—“During the first half of the last century, the Pope had a capital ally in Protestant penal laws ; during the latter half, and down to our time in Protestant political exclusion. There still remains for him the Protestant Church establishment—almost as effectual an assistant,” &c. &c.

Who does not remember the argument often and strenuously urged, by those who dreaded the effects of giving, to a foreign, and adverse power in Rome, a place in the constitution of a Protestant country, and as often and as vehemently repudiated by the emancipationists, that the admission of Romanists to have a share in the government of Great Britain would be followed by further and fatal aggressions upon the Church? We find the declaration just quoted in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1845. Let us turn to the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827 for its opinion upon the same subject at that date.

The following passages are extracted from the March Number of 1827 ; they appear in an article upon the question of Catholic emancipation, then pending :—

“It is contended that the Catholics would not be satisfied by these concessions ; meaning thereby that many would not be so—but forgetting to add, that many *would* be quite satisfied—all more satisfied, and less likely to run into rebellion.”—Vol. 45, p. 439.

“Those who use such arguments know the answer to them as well as we do. The real evil they dread is the destruction of the Church of Ireland, and through that, of the Church of England. To which we reply, that such danger must proceed from the regular proceedings of Parliament”—(*we suppose in refusing to grant emancipation*)—“or be effected by insurrection and rebellion”—(*in case they continue to refuse it.*) “The Catholics, restored to civil functions, would, we believe, be more likely to cling to the Church than to Dissenters. If not, both Catholic and Dissenter must be utterly powerless against the overwhelming English interests and feelings in the House.”—p. 441.

And yet we find the *Edinburgh* reviewer of the present day classing the very existence of the Irish Church in the same category with the refusal of emancipation, which is here recommended as a means of strengthening it, and the same organ which, previous to emancipation, said, that even supposing an (almost impossible) alliance between Romanists and Dissenters to assail the Irish Church, they must be “utterly powerless against the overwhelming English interests and feelings in the house ;” now, that that alliance has in fact occurred, ventures to recommend to the British Parliament the extinction of this very Church, in the gross and indecent language which we have quoted above.

There is a remarkable similarity between the passage last quoted from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827, and a passage which occurs in Mr. Baptist Noel's recent pamphlet on “Catholic Claims.” He in his proposal for the extinction of the Church of Ireland, treats those who fear ulterior objects in the Romanist party, in the same sneering way as the *Edinburgh Review* treated the persons who dreaded this attack upon the Church, as a consequence of emancipation, and concludes his observations in these words :—

“I believe these designs not to exist, because..... But should

they ever come into existence, this country, with clear justice on its side, would with the blessing of God, speedily extinguish them."

We have not quoted these passages merely for the purpose of pointing out the inconsistency in the Edinburgh Review. By this we should gain very little indeed. But that men may learn from experience the weakness of such reasoning as was used by it in 1827, and is now repeated by Mr. Baptist Noel. For our part, we have little doubt that the Romanists have ulterior objects; indeed they have not concealed them. Their ultimate object is to cast themselves loose from Great Britain, and to recover the lands from the Saxon possessor of them. The Irish Church is at present more than any thing in the way of their accomplishing this object and hence the violent attacks upon it.

We state that the Irish Church is in their way, not from mere conjecture, or without a reason, and we will give our reason. The Irish Church forms a centre, and a powerful bond of union for Irish Protestants; it is a strong fortress, embedded into, and built up upon the constitution of the country. The religious stability which it possesses it imparts to the structure of society, and gives an enormous political stability to the Protestant interest in Ireland. This is a consideration altogether independent of its scriptural character. While it continues, Popery, (whether by that we understand the Pope, the Jesuits, or the Roman Catholic hierarchy) never can attain to complete political power in Ireland. But destroy the Church; break up into detached fragments the Protestant population; deprive them of the strength afforded by the Establishment; and leave them thus open to the unequalled organisation of the Romanists, and the unscrupulous persecutions from which even now they suffer so dreadfully; and we shall say nothing of the religious effect that will be produced, but assuredly there will be no Protestant power in Ireland sufficient to prevent the complete political ascendancy of Rome.

It seems absurd to have to argue such a question with any one who is not ignorant of the simplest among those laws by which communities exist. We do not, however, apprehend that what we have just said will be disputed. It is the other object only which our opponents see. They think that all will be effected when Rome, being conciliated by the destruction of the Church, and thus having every cause of disaffection removed, will allow the Irish people to continue henceforth in peaceful alliance with Great Britain. But assuredly the Irish Romanists have not said so themselves, and neither their palpable self-interests nor their actions give us any reason to hope that they will be satisfied.

We know that there is another way of escaping from the difficulty—either by drawing the people from the priests, or gaining the priests over to the state. For our parts, we conceive either of these notions utterly chimerical, and founded upon complete ignorance both of priest and people. This however is an opinion only, and therefore we cannot press it. But what we shall now state is more than an opinion—that he is a hardy statesman who will make an experiment on such uncertain materials, which, if it fails, must bring irretrievable ruin upon the empire. To remove the stronghold which we have in the Irish Church would be absolute madness. A prudent government, instead

of continuing to weaken, will take every measure to strengthen and extend it.

We say that the complete political predominance of Rome in Ireland would be attended with ruin to the empire, because we feel assured that the Union could not last a year after it took place. To argue this question would be apart from our present subject. We shall merely reply to those who think the Repeal impossible under such circumstances, that there are many ways besides open war by which a united and unanimous people could drive the Saxon out of Ireland; and of these ways the repealers are not ignorant.

A few words will suffice to reply to the objections taken to us by the Reviewer, on the grounds of our being called the "National Church." If we are a true scriptural Church existing in this country, the State would have no more right to take from us the means of carrying on the ministrations of our Church on the grounds of our being in a minority, either to appropriate them to the service of a corrupt religion, or to the purposes of state, than the heathen governors of the Corinthian, or Ephesian, or Roman people of old, to perform a like act of sacrilege, because the Christians being few in number, dared to worship God in truth.

1. It would be robbery to do so; for this property has been in our possession from time immemorial, not transferred to us at the Reformation, as men who are accustomed to make assertions in the face of historical truth persist in saying, but retained after the Reformation by those who possessed it previously. The Reformation was complete in Ireland. The enormous defalcation which took place afterwards, amounting almost to the entire Celtic nation, to Rome, arose from the absurd enactment of English laws, by which the clergy were forbidden to minister to the people in their native tongue. And thus, easily enough, the entire body of the Irish people were converted to Popery.

2. It would be impiety to take from the purposes of true religion the means which God has granted. No doubt, the State has power to do so; but statesmen who act in opposition to the will of God must be prepared to undergo the penalty.

This last observation, though we confess it has greater weight with ourselves than anything else that can be said upon the subject, we do not put forward with the expectation that it will make any impression upon the generality of men in these times. For, some how or other, it appears to have become a part of the public opinion of the day, even among those who object strongly to Church and State connexion, that the property of the Church is essentially, and in a different sense from all other property, the possession of the State—that it is to be employed in the purposes of religion so long only as no other use can be found for it more accordant with the political views of the present minister or dominant party in the country. It is extremely unfortunate that this opinion has become so prevalent; for the interests of the Church having been hitherto respected, at least professedly, by all respectable politicians of either party, the constitution of the country, with which it is bound up, found security and stability in the permanence thus afforded to the most efficient, because most general and comprehensive, "solder of society;" and the painful fact, that, with a few bright but almost powerless exceptions, the respectable states-

men of all parties have, ever since conservative principles gained a position of influence in the empire, adopted the theory that the Church is no longer to be supported, or its property held sacred, except so far as it will subserve to easy government, holds forth the prospect of a very quick disruption of the entire constitution of the empire. This principle, professed and acted upon by modern statesmen, holds out to the disaffected against the Church and to the revolutionary party, who in this cause have been always ready to join forces, a bonus for agitation. They can easily render the Church a difficulty to these governors, and when they have succeeded in overturning it by piecemeal, the effects upon the country at large will be such as thinking men only, of whom, unhappily, in our age of business and bustle, there is a great deficiency, can anticipate. It would be impossible to enter fully into this subject. The view that is taken of it by our present governors appears to us to exhibit the most unpardonable ignorance of the history of the world, and of the character of the human mind. Even in heathen nations, much more among Christians, religion has been the great and ever-moving principle by which mankind is influenced. In neglecting, on the one hand, the influence of Romanism upon its professors, in the hope that, because a few individuals accept offices from the state, the prevalence of worldly motives, even if they could be applied to all, will be sufficient to overcome this influence, our statesmen are trifling with an engine of whose power they have no conception. Or to suppose that the earnest Dissenter, after he has succeeded in overthrowing the order of church discipline, will not be led on, by the same feelings which urged him so far, to destroy the order of the state—as in religion, so in society, bringing down the aristocracy to a level with himself—shows profound ignorance of the history of our country. So, likewise, on the other hand, to neglect the engine which the Church affords, for holding this all-absorbing principle of religion in the direction of order and authority and union, is to exhibit a weakness and fallacy of judgment of which former statesmen have been seldom guilty. We make these observations on the supposition that our estimate of the intentions of the present ministry, already stated in this Magazine, is correct. We pray God that we may be found in error.

If the Edinburgh Review were the only enemy the Irish Church had to contend with, it would be well for the interests of Christianity. We have already noticed the very remarkable attack made upon it by the Rev. B. W. Noel. We may take him as the representative of no mean portion of the Church in England, and the more so from the favour his pamphlet met with among many in that part of the empire. In his publication, therefore, we find symptoms of greater danger to the Church than in all that has been written by her professed opponents. Even the endless false statements and complete ignorance exhibited by the writer, instead of lessening our fears, from the appearance of his publication, have very considerably increased them, because, as even these have gone down with the public, we must suppose that they are prepared to swallow any amount of libel against us.

We pointed out not a few of Mr. Noel's *mistakes* in our review of his letter, and yet we find, in the North British Review of November, 1845, an article which notices together Mr. Noel's letter and our observations upon it, and extracts largely from both, and is yet silent

in regard to these *mistakes*. Upon this subject all that is there said amounts to this :—

“In the pamphlet before us we have noticed a few inaccuracies of reasoning, which are comparatively unimportant.”—p. 267.

We are the more surprised at this because the article is written in a calm style, and with all the appearance of grave sincerity. Mr. Noel's pamphlet is spoken of throughout in terms of strong approbation. At this we do not wonder, for the North British Review is the organ of the Free Church party in Scotland, which sympathizes strongly with Mr. Noel's party in our church. Neither were we surprised to find that we ourselves were treated with considerable disapproval by the same writer, though we might have expected a little more courtesy at his hands. We do, however, wonder how so calm and evidently so cool a controversialist could feel himself justified in strengthening his party by the unmeasured recommendation of an attack upon the Irish Church, which contained not a few false and injurious statements, the denial and refutation of which was in his hand at the time. The large extracts taken from other portions of our observations is a sufficient proof that the omission to warn his readers against these misrepresentations was not an error of ignorance. We have no inclination, however, to speak harshly of this writer, for though he does join in the attack upon the Church of Ireland, it is in a strain of gentleness which contrasts most favourably with the bitter and wanton sarcasm of his brother Reviewer. We shall be satisfied with one or two quotations, to show that though his spirit is comparatively mild, it is not the less dangerously hostile.

Upon the prevalent notions with regard to church property, alluded to above, he says :—

“Whatever obsolete dreams may still haunt the minds of churchmen, statesmen of all shades of opinion are pretty much agreed that in maintaining that, at the very least, there is some considerable difference between property belonging to individuals, and that which is in the hands of great public corporations, such as, in reference to this matter, the established churches must be held to be; and that there is a corresponding difference in the measure of controul which the state has over these two kinds of property respectively.”—p. 276.

In confounding the Church with civil corporations, over which the state has necessarily an absolute controul, as they are mere engines of the state, the writer overlooks the fact, that the Church is not a state engine, but the divinely appointed machinery by which the offices of religion are administered, and the gospel preached and perpetuated. This distinction goes, at least, the length of destroying his analogy:

“Our anxiety rather is to make it palpable, and proclaim it openly, in the first place, that the question of religious establishment is now fairly raised, not as regards Ireland only,—for we at once allow that the settlement of it must embrace the whole empire, since we have no idea of its being possible, as Mr. Noel seems to think, to confine it to Ireland.”—p. 279.

Short-sighted indeed would he be who did not see the truth of this. We can conceive nothing more disastrous to this empire than the overthrow of the Church Establishments; and, yet, assuredly, if that of Ireland be destroyed, nothing short of a miracle can preserve her English sister. Let statesmen take the above quoted warning from an

enemy, and set themselves down vigorously to check in time the progress of this evil. The question of the Irish Church is not only the crisis of religion, but with it also of the Empire.

The next quotation repeats the old charge of inefficiency, to which we shall shortly direct our reply.

"And in regard to Ireland, what fair promises in the Episcopal Establishment have been blighted? and who would purchase the small infinitesimal portion of its endowments that actually goes to the support of a zealous and pure Christianity, at the cost of a large grant to the priests of Rome?"—p. 279.

We are as little willing to endow the Romish priests as the Reviewer, and yet must protest against this unjust and uncharitable charge against the Irish Church. Perhaps it is not known to the writer, that while the Irish clergy are among the most active and zealous in the world in their own flocks, it has been no part of their character, at any time, to show a disposition of attacking the religious communities of other parts of the empire. A solitary instance occurred lately in an eminent member, and we hope, that while the rebuke he received from his aged and Christian brother, will have the effect of deterring others, the Scottish Presbyterian will take example from the conduct of the Irish clergy in this respect, and withdraw himself from a participation in the assault made upon them; which, however it may terminate, will not add either to the credit or advantage of the assailants.

While Mr. Noel and the low church party on the one side are joining with these Scotch Reviewers against the Irish Church, we find that section of the High Church party, which is represented by Lord John Manners, glad to seek exceptions to it on the ground of a mere quibble. We have no disposition to enter into the question raised by him: the reader will find it ably handled and put to rest in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal*, in the numbers for June and October, 1845. Our only reason for noticing his Lordship's charge, was in further confirmation of our assertion, that the minds of Englishmen are turning away from us at a time in which we naturally look for their sympathy and support.

We turn now to the question, is the Irish Church really inefficient? Does it deserve these repeated and bitter attacks from so many quarters? It is extremely difficult to produce documentary evidence in answer to such a charge as this, for, in general, it is just in proportion as men are more zealous in the business of their calling, that they are less brought out of the usual routine of homely, or parochial duty, to figure before the public. This is especially the case in religious matters. Waddington, in his history of the church, after a detail of several centuries, not very creditable to the Christianity of the time, makes an apology for the ages of which he wrote, to the effect, that true piety is retiring and humble; and that it is for the most part spurious piety only, which, being forward and ambitious in its nature, comes much before the observation of the historian. And though we could enumerate very many instances illustrative of the zeal and efficiency of the present body of the parochial clergy of Ireland, it is not easy to find documentary proof to this effect. We are not, however, altogether without means of proof, and we hope to be able to bring forward sufficient to satisfy any honest mind. In connection with the question of efficiency, we shall also reply to the charge of "enormous wealth."

The confirmations which have been going on during the very week in

which we write, in the city of Dublin, has suggested to us one striking evidence of the vitality and efficiency of the church ministrations in this diocese at least. We have procured a list of the numbers confirmed by his Grace the Archbishop, since May, 1842, which we copy for the reader—

May, 1842, the number of young persons confirmed in the city of		
Dublin amounted to,	- - - - -	823
During the same month, in the entire Diocese of Dublin and		
Glandelough,	- - - - -	1788
Nov. 1843, in the city,	- - - - -	750 750
May, 1844, in the city,	- - - - -	453
Total amount in the Diocese in that month,	- - - - -	1607
In November, 1845, in the city,	- - - - -	826 826
Thus in this Diocese alone there were confirmed in the interval		
between May, 1842, and November, 1845, young persons,	- - - - -	4971
And out of these in the city of Dublin alone,	- - - - -	2852

This list proves three things, that his grace the Archbishop of Dublin is zealously active in the performance of this duty, of holding frequent confirmations; that the clergy of his diocese are zealous in preparing young persons for this most important rite; and that the people are alive to its importance, and anxious to take advantage of it.

We shall now quote from the appendix of a charge delivered by the same most reverend prelate, at his latest held visitation, a passage which has already appeared in the September Number of this Magazine, and which bears in two ways upon the attacks made against the Church of Ireland:—

“With regard to the supposed vast revenues of the Established Church in Ireland, generally, similar misapprehension seems to prevail. Many persons in England, probably, are ignorant, many in Ireland seem to forget, that the whole of the church cess has been extinguished—that one-fourth of the revenues of the clergy (i. e., of what remained after the extinction of the agistment-tithe,) has been transferred to the land-owners, and that the remainder is subjected to a heavy tax for defraying the expense of repairs and church requisites; and, accordingly, that it has been found necessary to establish a society—(the Additional Curates' Fund Society)—supported wholly by voluntary contributions, for maintaining ministers in districts which would otherwise be destitute of spiritual ministrations, of which they have great need; in addition to which, it is found necessary in many dioceses—(my own, amongst others)—for the diocesan to provide curates in several places, wholly or partly at his own expense. And yet the revenues of the Church, thus impoverished, are calculated on, as if they were in their original undiminished condition, and are pointed out as a never-failing source from which to provide for fresh emergencies.”—p. 53.

Here we have an answer to the so often repeated outcry against the Irish Church for its “enormous wealth.” In truth, any diminution now made in its revenues will take directly from its necessary means of carrying on its administrations; it would directly neutralize its powers of usefulness. There is a misapprehension abroad upon this subject which never, so far as we have seen, has been cleared up. It is said that if you take from the Church its revenues, you will leave it in a position not worse than that of the dissenting bodies; but in truth it would be immeasurably worse, for, in point of fact, there is no dissenting body in the kingdom which does not possess, *in proportion to their numbers, revenues as large—indeed, in most instances, considerably larger—than the Church.* It seems to be forgotten that those bodies, growing up

precisely in the same way as the Church itself has grown up, have been accumulating property as real and certain as hers is. Beginning from small numbers, by donations and legacies and permanent subscriptions, they have been able, as their body extended itself, to extend their ministrations in proportion. They have built chapels, founded schools, endowed ministers, provided permanent funds for the conduct of their services and the relief of their indigent brethren, and in Ireland, at this moment, the Methodist preachers, as a body, are as well off and can live in as great comfort, as the clergy. The funds of the Church are so crippled and curtailed, as to cause almost inconceivable difficulties to the clergy in carrying on the duties of their office.

If it be said, in answer to this, that the dissenting bodies receive their supplies in a great measure from annual subscriptions, we reply that this does not at all weaken our argument, for the members have fallen into the habit of taxing themselves in this way, and it is no burden to them; they have, moreover, considerable and increasing funds, independent of these subscriptions. It would require a long time before men, accustomed to another and a better system, could bring themselves to adopt this habit. It must begin, as with the Dissenters, in few and small bodies; and long before it could amount to any thing like a general and permanent endowment, the present generation, after having been spiritually starved, would have passed away. The poor, likewise, who are almost solely dependent upon the Church, would be left destitute for a much longer time. Annual subscriptions, if actively paid, and considerable in amount, may be sufficient to provide church machinery for the subscribers; but before the poor can be included in these ministrations, a fixed and permanent fund must be established. Even in the Apostolic age, so necessary was this, that one of the first measures taken by the Apostles, was to form a fund, by the enormous sacrifice of the entire of the personal property of the first believers. In the instance of the Romanists, the case is still stronger than with the Dissenters; for besides the length of time that their sect has been in existence here, during which they have amassed enormous funds—as is evident from their buildings—their system is peculiarly suited for the accumulation of money. We cannot conceive a more melancholy event, than the sudden deprivation of a community such as the Church of Ireland, of its temporalities; and those who talk calmly of depriving it of them, would do well to consider first, what is to become of those numbers of pious young, such as we have mentioned in the confirmation list above, many of whom belong to the humblest classes of society. Then indeed would follow a spiritual famine, such as we are not able to contemplate even in imagination without shuddering. It would be vain to quote the instance of the Scotch Free Church, in reply to this; for the formation of that communion, taking place from within, and under extraordinary excitement, immediately produced, as a natural fruit, funds sufficient for its support; and besides, the National Church of Scotland still remains for those who are too poor to join the Free Church. May God of his mercy avert such a calamity from Ireland!

The above quotation from his Grace's charge goes still further. It indirectly, but very plainly, shows that the Irish Church is alive and active. The very necessity for the Additional Curates' Fund Society

proves a desire on the part of the people for increased clerical superintendence. It shows that there is an extension going on in the Church, and that the people appreciate the labours of the clergy.

The following passages are quotations from the last annual report of this Society. It is for the year 1844—

“On referring to the report of last year, it will be seen that there were then thirty-six parishes, or districts of parishes, to which the committee had promised aid towards the establishment of additional clergymen; in one of these the grant, having been made for a limited period, which has just expired, has been discontinued. During the past year, ten applications for aid have been submitted to the committee; two of these, the committee conceived did not fall within the rules of the society, and were consequently not acceded to; the remaining eight were favourably received, and grants were made to them; two of which, however, were but temporary, and have ceased. There are thus in all forty-three cases in which the society has been contributing to maintain additional Curates, forty-one of whom are still engaged in discharging the duties of their solemn office, in the districts respectively assigned to them.”—pp. 5, 6.

The report proceeds to describe a few of those cases in which the Committee had made grants. From these we have room for two only. The first is a permanent grant.

“The Grange O’Neil, supposed to form part of the parish of Newry, in the diocese of Armagh, is one of those districts in which the land is tithe free, and in which there is therefore, no endowment or provision for the maintenance of a minister. It consists of 968 acres, and is inhabited by a population of about 1000 souls, nearly all of whom, as well as can be ascertained, are members of the Church. Until lately, no religious instruction of any kind was provided for the people; there was neither minister, nor church, nor school to be found amongst them. Within the last few years a school house has been erected, at the expense of Mr. Cope, the lauded proprietor, at which the younger part of the population received a sound education, and the building having been licensed by the Primate for divine service, the curates of the adjoining parishes, already over-burdened by the demands of their extensive districts, undertook to officiate there on Sunday evenings in rotation. Still there was no minister who considered himself responsible for the spiritual oversight of the people, and the seed that was thus scantily sown upon the Sabbath, was left unimproved and uncultivated. The importance of establishing such a minister permanently among them was manifest, and a sum of £30 having been contributed by Mr. Cope, the Committee completed the usual stipend, by voting a further sum of £45.”—pp. 7, 8.

The other case is of a temporary grant—

“The parish of St. Peter’s, Athlone, comprises a population of about 1000 members of the Church, and 9000 Roman Catholics; in length three miles, and in breadth two; and produces an income of not more than £150 a year. The duties of the parish, which are considerable, had been most efficiently discharged, until the sudden and alarming illness of the incumbent wholly incapacitated him from continuing to fulfil them. He was attacked with a disease of the lungs, which had almost terminated his life, and which, even after he was placed beyond immediate danger, did not admit of his making any exertion for a considerable time. The income, too, could not be reasonably expected to bear the reduction of a curate’s salary, and the Committee therefore granted £50 for one year, in the hope that at the termination of that period, the health of the incumbent would be sufficiently re-established, to enable him to resume his labours. The period for which this grant was made having expired within the current year, it has therefore been discontinued.”—pp. 9, 10.

The following are a few examples of the advantages of the Society,

extracted from the correspondence of persons who had received assistance from it:—

"An incumbent in the diocese of Armagh writes:—'The grant has proved to be a most exceedingly beneficial one; the services of the curate have greatly altered, by God's blessing, a very wild, and formerly ignorant and irreligious neighbourhood.'

"Another from the diocese of Elphin, says:—'Two services have been established by means of the Society's grant, where there had been none hitherto, attended by increasing congregations.'

"Another from the diocese of Connor, states:—'The new church holds four hundred and fifty, and is always full; some members of other denominations have joined the church.'

"Another in the diocese of Dublin, writes:—'In consequence of having the assistance of a curate, I have established an evening service on Sundays at the church, at which the average is now close upon two hundred persons, being as many as the church will contain; the curate assists in giving catechetical instruction on Sundays and week-days, and in the routine of parochial visitings. From the prevalence of dissent, and the class to which the population belongs, frequent visiting is of main importance in this parish.'

"Another, from the diocese of Meath, states:—'Persons are enabled to attend public worship in the licensed school-house, who, from the distance they lived from the church of the union, were seldom, and some never able to attend on the public means of grace previously. The parishioners receive pastoral superintendence from a resident minister in their own parish (the tithes of which are wholly inappropriate,) which has not been the case for two hundred years; a school has now been opened for the scriptural instruction of the children, where one did not previously exist; and public worship established, the Gospel preached, and the sacraments duly administered, in a parish where some had to come five or six miles to church previously.'—p. 13.

It may be said that these quotations go a very short way in proving the efficiency of the Church of Ireland; and if it be so said, we acknowledge it. They are nothing more than a symptom of activity in one direction only, but so far as it goes it is a complete and satisfactory one. The confirmation list of the Archbishop of Dublin is another symptom, and they both testify the existence of health in the body of the Church. Could we bring the objectors to look with their own eyes into the internal working of our parishes, this would be, no doubt, a better mode of answering them; but as this is impossible, we must be satisfied with such scattered proofs as we are adducing.

We shall now proceed to quote from the charge delivered by the Primate at his late visitation, as we find it reported in the *Newry Telegraph* for October, 1841:—

"And, first I would refer to the revenues of the Church, which are still spoken of as being 'enormous.' The 'immense riches,' the 'lavish endowment,' of the Irish Church occupy a prominent place in every speech and pamphlet on this subject. Even in the last of these publications that I have seen, the attempt is made to lead the British public to believe that tithe, meaning thereby, as is specifically asserted, the tenth part of the produce of the land, is still paid to the Clergy by the cultivators of the soil; although, even when what was called tithe was formerly paid, it was not a tenth, but a thirtieth part that was received by them. And, since that which was denominated tithe has been commuted into a rent-charge, paid by the landlord, it has been diminished by one-fourth; and it is, in reality, but a fortieth that is paid to the Clergy of the Established Church. In other words, they receive a fourth part of the tithe. And, were the income derived from this source, and from Ministers' money, to be divided equally amongst the beneficed clergy, it would yield them (after paying the salaries of their assistant

Curates,) about £230 a-year each. Were it equally shared amongst all the clergy, Incumbents and Curates, it would not give to each of them an income of £170. If the value of the glebe lands be also taken into account, the whole property of the Parochial Clergy, were it divided in equal shares amongst them, would not produce for each of them £200 a-year. To call this endowment 'lavish'—to denominate this income 'immense riches' and 'enormous wealth,' is absurd and ridiculous."

"The point, however, to which I was going to advert was this,—the sums of money which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are enabled to expend upon the building and enlargement of churches are so inadequate, as compared with what is required and what ought to be done in this way, that, as their official letter to the Lord Lieutenant states, there are 244 applications now lying before them for the enlargement of churches some of them of the most urgent nature, which they are as yet unable to comply with. Within the last twelve years, upwards of £100,000 has been contributed out of *private funds*, for the building and enlargement of churches. A very substantial proof as well of the necessity of increased accommodation, as of the inadequacy of the revenues of the Establishment to meet its wants, and also of the great interest which the members of our Church take in promoting her welfare. That church cannot be in a withering, pining, and decaying state which manifests such vigour, and produces such abundant fruit as this in the service and to the glory of God. In our own Diocese we have erected, within the last 12 years, 13 new additional churches; and, in doing so, have obtained but a small assistance from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners towards the completing of only two of them. The rest have been built wholly out of private funds. And besides these new churches added to our list, 15 of the old ones have been enlarged. It gives me sincere pleasure to find, on examining the reports which the rural Deans have sent in—(and for the pains which they have taken in collecting the information contained in their reports, I beg to offer them my best acknowledgments)—that the new churches which we have built are all well attended. As an instance and proof of the necessity which existed for thus providing additional accommodation for our increasing congregations, I may mention the gratifying fact, that having, within a circuit of a very few miles round this city, erected in the course of a short period four additional churches in rural districts, to each of which an Incumbent was appointed, every one of them has a full congregation, and yet at the same time the old Parish Churches, from which they are the off-sets, are as largely attended as before these additional places of worship were built. Nor is it to be said, by way of weakening the conclusion to be drawn from these facts, that they relate only to a part of the country peculiarly favourable for advancing the interests of the Established Church. The document lately submitted to Government by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners furnishes incontestible proof of the need which exists in Southern Dioceses also, for enlarging the churches to accommodate the growing numbers of the members of our communion. In many districts, indeed, they are compelled to make use of inconvenient School-houses as their places of worship."

"I must, before I conclude, refer to two other points, respecting which much reproach has been thrown upon the Established Church—I mean sinecures and non-residence. In regard to the former one word will suffice. The Church Temporalities Acts of 1833 and 1834 have effectually secured their suppression, according as they severally fall vacant. Whether it was wise to leave no situations free from labour and responsibility, in which a faithful Minister, worn out in the discharge of onerous duties, might find a maintenance and place of rest in which to end his days, need not now be discussed. The suppression of all sinecures has been steadily going on under the powers given for that purpose by the statutes to which I have referred. In regard to non-residence, the misrepresentations that have been put into circulation by the enemies of the Church, have been of the most exaggerated description. So far from the Irish Church being open to censure above other Churches on this account we have the testimony of the late Archbishop Lawrence, himself an Englishman, long and well acquainted with the ecclesiastical affairs of England—that the Irish clergy were more generally resident than their English brethren were on their benefices. This was said twenty years ago, and certainly there has been no falling off in this respect since then: far, indeed, from

it. In estimating clerical non-residence, those, of course, ought to be considered as allowably exempt who are prevented from residing by sickness, infirmity, old age, or any other inevitable providential hinderance. And the few surviving Clergymen who obtained a plurality of benefices in former years, and who reside either alternately on both, or wholly on one of them, must be considered as entitled to the same exemption. In this Diocese, after making these allowable deductions, which I have alluded to, there is not one of the beneficed Clergy who can be represented as a non-resident. Illness of a serious character excuses the temporary absence of two of our members, and their attendance on the duties of the clerical appointments which they hold in a different part of the country, excuses the absence of the only other two who do not reside in the Diocese. And, I would add, having made inquiry myself last year from every Bishop with regard to every Diocese in Ireland, I am prepared to assert that the cases of non-residence are exceedingly few in number; and as to some of those few, there are no glebe-houses in their Parishes for the Clergy to reside in, nor the means of building houses, owing to the miserable smallness of their incomes. Accustomed as our English brethren are to draw from a large and liberal fund for advances of money towards the building of glebe-houses, they may not be aware, that no such assistance is now provided in Ireland; and that the Clergy have to supply for themselves the means of erecting their parsonage-houses. But the constant residence of the Clergy, the moderate amount of their average incomes, the rapid disappearance of pluralities and sinecures, these though they testify much in reply to the unfounded and unjust accusations brought against our Establishment by its enemies are but external matters. The life, the energy, the value, the usefulness of the Church depends still more upon the personal character, and the official qualifications of its Ministers. And here I must bear my willing—my happy testimony, to the great improvement which has been steadily going on for several years in the Clergy, and to their efficiency as a body of Christian Pastors. In a society composed of frail and finite beings, it is impossible but that offences must come. That the Irish Clergy are not without some unworthy members, is unreservedly admitted; but admitted in a sense which must apply to the members of every other Church, of every other institution, of equal magnitude and standing. The late Bishop Jebb, in his speech delivered in the House of Lords, in the year 1824, upon the state of our Church, thus gave expression to his opinion:—‘The Irish Clergy are a most improving body. This (he proceeds to say) I can myself attest from my own knowledge, acquired during five and twenty years of close and diligent attention to the subject. The improvement has been striking—I might almost say it has been marvellous—it has also been progressive, and I see not any likelihood of its diminution. Those in authority are becoming more and more disposed to exercise a mild but firm and efficient discipline; those under authority, more and more solicitous to approve themselves, not only to their earthly superiors, but to Him whose commission they bear, and before whose judgment-seat they must render a strict account.’ Such was the character of the Irish Clergy, drawn by that distinguished Prelate; and I can confirm its truth and accuracy. Looking back to the period when I was raised to the Episcopal Office, forty years ago, and comparing the internal condition of the Church now with what it was then, the improvement is most marked and gratifying. The growth in zeal, in diligence, in devotedness to their sacred employment, in earnestness and laborious exertion on the part of the Clergy, call for devout gratitude to Him from whom the ability comes which has enabled them thus to will and to do of his good pleasure. Their increased attainments in professional learning, has been equally observable, and is to be traced to the efficiency of the Divinity School of our University, and the care and labour there bestowed on the candidates for the Ministry, by the several lecturers, and especially by the Learned Regius Professor, who has so long presided over that school. The generally large and regular attendance of the people at our Churches—the numbers habitually and devoutly approaching the Lord’s Table—the attention, on the part of parents, in sending their children to be catechised, and of the Clergy in catechising, and in superintending the instruction given in schools, all evince an awakened anxiety for religious improvement—all tend to assure us that we are not forsaken of God, but, we may humbly hope, are partaking of his favour and protection. In this Diocese, which is, in so great a degree, a rural one, it is satis-

factory to me to see that most, even of our country Churches, have evening as well as morning service performed in them every Sunday during the Summer months, at least, and in a very large proportion of them throughout the whole of the year. In the great majority of them, also, the Holy Communion is celebrated every month, and on an average, one-fifth of the Congregation habitually partake of it. It affords me peculiar pleasure, likewise, to perceive the attention which is given to the religious instruction of the children on the Lord's Day; and that in this Diocese, consisting, as it does, of but 104 benefices, there are, in the Sunday-schools, under the superintendence of the Clergy, more than 12,000 children, and 940 gratuitous teachers. It is also cheering to me to find that our daily schools are in a most encouraging and hopeful state,—full of promise as to the fruit they will bear, in future years. It is chiefly by your exertions, my Reverend Brethren, that 279 schools have been established in your Parishes, most of them supported by private bounty, and affording a Christian education to upwards of 22,000 children; 10,000 of whom are members of our Church, 5,000 Protestant Dissenters, and 7,000 Roman Catholics, so successful have your efforts been in effecting their united education. Almost all of these schools are in connexion with the Church Education Society, in behalf of which I applied, as you are aware, to the Government for aid, but applied in vain."

If we have quoted largely from his Grace's Charge, we feel sure that the reader will not suppose that we have quoted too largely. He will be especially struck with the great similarity between the progress made in improvement in the Irish Church, as detailed in the last passage, and that of the Church of England, as detailed in the late charge of the aged Archbishop of Canterbury. Surely, under all the circumstances, we might expect sympathy and support, instead of coldness and disdain, from our English sister!

We shall make no further observations upon the passages given above, as they speak fully and eloquently for themselves.

The following extracts are from the letters of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland in their late correspondence with Lord Heytesbury:—

"The difference is matter of most serious regret to them, but they must add, that they feel persuaded that it never could have arisen *if Government possessed the knowledge which they necessarily have of the actual wants of the Church in this country, and of the very limited supply of those wants to which the Commissioners have felt obliged, and more especially recently, to confine themselves*; and they feel assured, that if it were possible to put her Majesty's Government in their place in this respect, all differences of judgment between them and the Commissioners upon the present question would disappear."

2. "As to the second item, the providing of things requisite for the celebration of Divine Service, it is right to state, that it not merely continues, but that, from various causes, *it has been considerably increased.*"

"The Commissioners think it also right to inform your Excellency, that *the episcopal members of this Board have stated that applications for aid in many instances are now kept back, because it is notorious that the state of the finances of the Commissioners is such as to hold out little or no prospect of success except in very pressing cases, so that these prelates are able to state the fact, as falling under their own knowledge, that the applications presented to the Board for the last five years, numerous as they have been, fall far short of an adequate representation of the wants of the Church in such matters*"—[building, and repairing, and enlarging Churches.]

"Query, No. 1.—It is stated that the increase of congregations in several places renders the necessity of the enlargement of Churches urgent; I request, therefore, that you will inform me what is the number of those places or parishes where they are situated, and what is the extent of the increase in the number of the members of the Established Church in those localities, since the religious census was taken by Lord Grey's Government in 1834.

"Answer.—Having already stated in the architect's report, sent to your Excellency, that there are in all 244 applications for enlargement, and having stated that some of these were of a very urgent nature, the Commissioners have selected the following parishes as specimens of the cases referred to, adding such particulars, for the information of your Excellency, as the documents in the office enable them to furnish.

"Parish of Ballymore, Diocese of Armagh.—Stated in memorial, dated 28th January, 1845, from minister and churchwardens, that the church is supposed to seat about 450; Protestant population being 3,135. Large subscriptions tendered.

"Parish of Carrickmacross, Diocese of Clogher.—Stated by letter from Rev. W. Thompson, that in 1841 the congregation had very much increased, and that there was very great want of church accommodation. Large subscriptions tendered.

"Parish of Kilmore, Diocese of Clogher.—Stated in letter from the Rev. J. Whitestone, dated July, 1836, that there are only twenty-seven pews in the church, capable of accommodating 189 persons; and the Protestant population 630. He thinks forty families would cheerfully pay for accommodation.

"Parish of Castletown Delvin, Diocese of Meath.—Stated by Rev. D. Dunne, in 1842, 'We are lamentably in want of room, though the aisle is packed as full as it can hold on benches.'

"Parish of Ennisken, Diocese of Meath.—Stated in 1836, by the Rev. J. W. Charleton, that several families in the parish have no seats in the church; and in 1840, with a view to afford accommodation, the pews were broken up into single sittings, and yet the church is not adequate, by any means, to meet the wants of the parish.

"Parish of Kilmore, Diocese of Down.—Stated in 1837, in memorial from parishioners, that the church holds at present 110 persons conveniently, while the congregation is upwards of 700. Also, in 1844, that the congregation, being pent up in the church like sheep in a crib in Smithfield, could endure it no longer, and were determined to avail themselves of two dissenting houses near the church.

"Parish of Tamlathfulagan, Diocese of Derry.—Stated in 1841, by the Rev. O. McCausland, that from the increase of congregation the church was incapable of receiving many worshippers who are anxious to attend. Protestant population, 550; church accommodation, 120.

"Parish of Carrickfergus, Diocese of Connor.—Stated by the Very Rev. Dean Chaine, in 1811, that the congregation has increased very much; that a gallery could be erected at the cost of £150, of which sum he would give £100, and would undertake the work, if the Board would next year grant him £50; and should this be refused, many of the congregation would be lost to the Church.

"Parish of Kilconriola, Diocese of Connor.—Stated by the Rev. H. Cumming, in 1835, that though the church was enlarged a few years ago it does not contain more than 280 persons, and that there are 960 Protestants entitled to accommodation in it.

"Parish of Cavan, Diocese of Kilmore.—Stated in a memorial, dated 13th December, 1841, that the parishioners deplore the exclusion of so many souls from the House of God; additional accommodation being required for 220 persons. Considerable subscriptions in aid tendered.

"Parish of Outragh, Diocese of Kilmore.—Stated in a memorial signed by 45 heads of families, and dated 1843, that the church has been for many years too small to accommodate the parishioners; the necessity of enlarging strongly certified by the Bishop of Kilmore.

"Parish of Abbeagleix, Diocese of Leighlin.—Stated in 1842, by the Hon. and Rev. W. Wingfield, that the church requires enlargement, the Protestant population having increased, since the last Protestant census, from 1,008 to at least 1,300. Subscriptions to the amount of £400 tendered.

"Parish of Lea, Diocese of Kildare.—Stated in resolutions of vestry, in 1840, that additional accommodation was required for at least 150 persons. Strongly recommended by the Bishop of Kildare.

"Parish of Abbeystewry, Diocese of Ross.—Stated in memorial from parishioners in 1837, that a gallery was required, many parishioners being unable to attend Divine Service for want of room; and afterwards, in a memorial from

minister and Parishioners, that some families were unable to attend in the church since 1837, and imploring the Board to consider their case.

"Parish of Cove, Diocese of Cloyne.—Stated in 1841, by the Rev. J. E. Nash, that a dissenting house is about to be erected in consequence of the want of church accommodation; and one of the grounds of the appeal is, that the number of parishioners in the town is 1,500, while there is only accommodation in the parish church for 700 persons.

"Parish of Skull, Diocese of Cork.—Stated in 1840, by the rector and curate, that the church accommodation is from 300 to 400, and that additional accommodation is required for 800 persons.

"Skull Chapel of Ease, Diocese of Cork.—Stated in 1844, by the Rev. J. Triphook, that the district contains 700 Protestants while the church, when filled to repletion, holds but 200 persons.

"Parish of Kilmood, Diocese of Down.—Church accommodation, in 1834, for 300 persons. Protestant population, 2219. Additional accommodation urgently called for.

"Parish of Armooy, Diocese of Connor.—Church accommodation, in 1836, for 100 persons, and there are 120 families of the Established Church. Strongly urged by the Bishop of Down."

Let it be remembered that these are "selected" out of 244 applications for enlargement.

"Query, No. 4.—Number of churches and chapels built from private funds, by means of subscriptions, or under the Trustees' Act?

"Answer.—Sixty-five, so far as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have official knowledge. In addition to these, there are several which have been built from private funds, by means of subscriptions, or under the Trustees' Act, which have not as yet been brought officially under the notice of the Commissioners."

Let any honest man read these quotations, and say are they the symptoms of an efficient or useless establishment. If we could bring Scotch Reviewers and English clergymen into the parishes from which these applications have been made, and let them judge for themselves the work that is going on in the interior of the Irish Church, we would no longer dread their attacks upon us. But let them read these applications, and say do they not prove that the Church of Ireland is alive, and active, and efficient? Are they ready, under these circumstances, to destroy for ever this work?

"Were it to last, by any possibility, another hundred years, is there a man alive who believes that of itself it would have brought over a hundred converts, nominal or real? Occasional converts to masters cast, is quite another thing."

So says the Edinburgh Reviewer. We shall answer him from the last report of the Dingle colony:—

"The following copy of a memorial to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, will best explain the state of things in this place.

"To his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. May it please your Excellency,—The memorial of the undersigned inhabitants of the parishes of Dingle, Kildrum, Ventry, Donquin, Dunerlin, and Keelmechider, in behalf of themselves and their families, humbly sheweth:—

"That memorialists, with their families, were formerly in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church: that memorialists, from what they believe and profess to be conscientious motives, have withdrawn from the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, and joined that of the Protestant Established Church: that memorialists have suffered reproach and persecution, more or less, from time to time; but that for the last four months, particularly, memorialists have been, and are still, suffering grievous persecution and loss, as converts from the Church of Rome. That when memorialists pass through the town of Dingle, and the surrounding district, they are insulted and provoked to a breach of the peace, by

many persons shouting at them, using opprobrious and threatening language, and sometimes throwing stones. That memorialists have often had convictions before the magistrates, and assistant barrister, against persons for waylaying, assaulting, threatening, in cases where they knew or could discover the parties so offending. That memorialists themselves have not been charged with any such crime, before the magistrate or assistant barrister. That memorialists cannot purchase the necessities of life in the markets and shops, the people refusing to sell to them, or have any dealings with them, as converts from the Roman Catholic Church. That memorialists have reason to know and believe, that this state of things is entirely owing to the preaching of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church from their altars. That memorialists are constantly exhorted, by their respective ministers, in public and in private, to peace and good will towards all men, even their persecutors and slanderers: That memorialists desire to testify that their Roman Catholic neighbours are well disposed towards them, and that they are in peace and good will with each other, when Roman Catholic priests do not excite them against memorialists: That memorialists do not feel themselves, and their families, in the enjoyment of that safety and liberty which is the right of every subject of Her Gracious Majesty: That sad consequences are apprehended, if such a state of things be allowed to continue: That memorialists are prepared to prove these statements, by their own and other most respectable testimony: That memorialists, under these circumstances, appeal to a humane government in behalf of themselves and their families, who altogether amount to over 800 souls. And memorialists will ever pray."—p. 4, 5.

Here are at once, and without going beyond a single district, 800 for the Reviewer's 100; and that they have not been converted "to master's cast," is pretty evident from their memorial.

After this pitiable detail of persecutions, the reader will no doubt expect to hear of many who have fallen away. "These conversions," he will perhaps say, "are not real: it is some clap-trap; they have been paid for coming over; and now we shall find them going back to Rome under this trial." But let him hear the fact.

"But it will be asked, What effect has this terrible fire upon the work? We rejoice to be able to say, that only one family in each of our stations has fallen under it. We know that they yielded of necessity, and not willingly; and we expect to see some of them, at least, yet return, with sorrow for their sin; indeed, *one family has already come back*. It is not the first time that a poor family has been driven, by dire necessity, to abandon for a season a public profession of the Truth, and returned with sorrow, and yet rejoicing. The effect upon all the converts, with these very few exceptions, has been, to show them more of the anti-Christian nature of Romanism, and to establish them more fully in the faith of Christ. We are also truly happy to report to our friends, that, in the midst of all this terrible fire of persecution, *seven new families* of converts have been added to our flocks."—p. 14, 15.

The Church has been charged with preventing conversions from Romanism, but what is the true cause that they are not more frequent? The ordeal of persecution through which they must inevitably pass is almost too dreadful for flesh and blood to undergo. We strongly sympathize with the writer of the Dingle Report in the following remarks upon that subject.

"We would wish our Christian friends distinctly to understand, that until we have in this country civil and religious liberty fully established, until it be as safe and as easy for a man to leave the Church of Rome as to abide in it; till then will it be necessary to protect the converts, and provide means for their support."—p. 15.

They have commenced to threaten the lives of the clergy, some of

whom are themselves also converts from Romanism. Even Lord Ventry and his agent have been subjected to the same threat, because they refuse to sanction the persecution against these poor humble servants and followers of Christ. We extract the following reply, published by Mr. Gayer, one of the clergy, in answer to a notice informing him, that, if he did not desist, his life would be taken.

"Having received a notice yesterday, in which my life is threatened unless I leave Dingle, I take this way of informing the writer that it has come to hand. I quite agree with him, that 'there are many who would deem it an honour and a glory to rid the earth of such monsters as myself and others are. As in all ages there have been those, who, through ignorance and blind zeal, have thought, as did Saul of Tarsus, that by 'killing those who called on the name of the Lord Jesus they were thereby doing God service;' and the reason of which the Saviour gives, because 'they have not known the Father nor me.' I would now tell the writer a few things :—

"1st, That whatever is the consequence, I am resolved not to leave Dingle.

"2ndly, That I fear not him who can *only* kill the body, but *after* that has no more that he can do.

"3dly, That my life is in God's hands and not in his, and that it cannot be touched without His permission.

"4thly, That I would consider it an honour to be called upon to lay down my life in the service of Him, who laid down His life on the Cross for my redemption.

"5thly. That I forgive him from my heart the evil that he meditates against me, and trust that he may find forgiveness at the hand of God, who alone can pardon it, and who has said, that 'no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.'

"*Dingle, January 27, 1845.*

CHARLES GAYER."

Our space will not allow us to proceed further with these proofs. Already we have been obliged to extend this article to a length too great for the compass of the "Irish Monthly." We have, however, a confidence that our readers will pardon us, for, though some may be inclined to think that we have inflicted too much upon them, all will acknowledge the great importance of the subject, and, their kind courtesy will lead them to afford some indulgence to us who feel deeply and are sensibly influenced by the difficulties and dangers that surround the Church of Ireland. We intended to have offered larger proofs, but we will return to this subject again, and bring forward evidence from other sources upon which we have not yet touched.*

Meantime, we feel assured that no candid reader of the above quotations can fail to characterize the language of the revilers of the Irish Church as unjust, and exhibiting either an intentional slander, or ignorance which ought not to have shewn itself in the quarters where it appears, by men who undertook to instruct the public upon such a subject. Let, however, an honest public judge between us. The question of the Church, and its assailants, is, no doubt, being weighed at a very different tribunal, and, if we appeal to the opinion of the public, it is not with a hope that the decision on which in reality will rest its extinction or preservation can be thereby stayed; yet, as a mere matter of fact, let the honest portion of the public judge on the evidence before them, (and it is far from being complete) between us and these Scotch Reviewers and English Churchmen.

We have shewn that in one diocese at least (and if our proof on

* The extremely important class of evidence afforded by the Church Education Society, we have been obliged to exclude altogether, owing to the length of this article.

this subject went no further, it was only because our means of obtaining information did not extend beyond Dublin,) there is activity and zeal in bishop, clergy, and people, in valuing and observing one of the most important rites of the Church, and, if the Church were not alive in her other ministrations, she could not by possibility succeed in this. We have given in the establishment and usefulness of the "Additional Curates' Fund Society," a direct evidence of her increasing energy; we have shewn the same thing more strongly by the correspondence of Lord Heytesbury with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners: the quotations from their letters alone would have been a complete reply to our adversaries. The Primate's charge carries with it the conviction of a still higher and increasing vitality. The Report of the Dingle Colony proves that the Church is successfully extending its ministrations into the very heart of Rome: it shows, moreover, the almost insurmountable obstacles with which in this part of her duties she has to contend, and how absurd it is hastily to condemn her for a failure, where, in fact, she is not failing, without considering the tremendous difficulties which would be more than a reasonable apology for her if she were. We leave, therefore, this question to the judgment of the public; shall we say with confidence in the result? From all that we have read and heard of the feelings abroad in England, we must hesitate before we say that we have this confidence. We fear that the distant dread of revolutionary movements and daily assassinations—which the brave hearts of Irish Protestants, in the midst of gloom and sadness, never lost their courage to withstand—has filled the minds of Englishmen with blind and reckless terror. In the carnage and the confused noise of slander and boastful treason that surround them, the still resolute and faithful band of Protestants have been hidden from the eyes of their English brethren, who seem now ready to make a treacherous and cowardly sacrifice of them upon the altar of the rebel and the murderer, their own avowed and bitter foes. It is not usual for Englishmen to retire from a fortress which can still be defended, and leave it to be occupied by their enemy. Curses assuredly will rest upon that people, who, when its forces, encompassed by unscrupulous assailants, are still able to hold and extend their strong position, seeks to conciliate the enemy by giving up its brave warriors to their fury. This may perhaps appear to some to be mere bombast, but the English at least will have no reason to blame the Protestants of Ireland if they forget their allegiance to their brothers who have betrayed them. We are far from recommending such a course, but what can be expected from brave men driven to desperation. They believe, and with reason, that not their Church only, but their property and lives are in immediate danger. Let the sneering "Edinburgh," and the cool "North British," and the *conciliatory* Mr. Noel, remember that the assassinations are daily increasing in frequency and horror.

And let England put down these horrors, not by yielding the Church to the fury of the perpetrators, but, by a vigorous government, such as she could employ, and such as the Premier, before he joined forces with the agitators, promised that she should. We ask not for the infliction of penal laws, but we ask from the English, who insist upon their competency to govern us, for the preservation of our rights, and the protection of our lives and property.

Northern Anthology.

No. I.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

I.

Norrige ligger högt i nord,
fullt af snö och björnar
Fjellar stiga upp från jord
och från fjellen örnar.
Nordanstormen susar vild
uti furutoppar,
och från klippans jättebild
forsen dristigt hoppar.

II.

Norrige är ett herrligt land
fullt af kraft och ära.
Lagen är dess samhällsband
frihet, statens lära.
Intet kryperi och svek
ingen dolskhet heller !
Allvar, fast som bergets ek,
svärdskarpt när det gäller.

III.

Norrige är ett herrligt land,
hvilka hjelteminnen,
flamma der i qvällens brand
uti Norrmäns sinnen !
Saga högt förtaljer der
Sina kämpedater,
och historien famnar kär
nordens fria stater.

IV.

Norrige ligger högt i nord ;
mycket skönt dock blommar
på dess gröna friska jord,
der är sol och sommar.
Bäckar spela, vaktlar slå,
ökogen lyos derunder,
ökördar gungar hjordar gå
mellan fjell och lunder.

V.

Men der finns ej blott ett skönt
främst står det sublima,
med naturens krona krönt,
nu som fordomtima.
Gamla, fria Norrige, hell !
hell i norr och söder !
hell i dalar och på fjell,
våra Norrska bröder !

Translation.

I.

Norway lies high in the North,
 Full of bears, and white with snow,
 Its mountains rise aloft from the earth,
 And from their peaks the eagles go.
 Wildly whistle the Northern blasts,
 Through the fir-tree tops so brown,
 And from the giant cliffs on high,
 Tumble the boiling torrents down.

II.

Norway is a glorious land,
 Full of honour, and full of might,
 Freedom the badge of its ruling men,
 The laws its people all unite;
 No cheats are there, no sneaking knaves,
 Nor slothful drones, but earnest bands,
 Firm as the mountain oak in heart,
 True as the steel that arms their hands.

III.

Norway is a glorious ground;—
 We dream of our olden men of might,
 We think of the wondrous antique days,
 When the stars and our fires are bright.
 Saga high the heroic lays
 Of knight, and dame, and champion, tells;
 And oh! what old ancestral pride,
 The valiant Northmen's bosom swells.

IV.

Norway lies high in the North,
 Yet fair and fresh its roses glow;
 And over its green and healthy soil,
 The sweetest winds of Heaven blow.
 Its silver brooks in beauty play,
 Through forest and grassy mead and dale,
 Its corn fields wave, its jocund herds
 Wander at will o'er hill and vale.

V.

But it is not the beautiful only lives
 In this happy land, but the wild sublime,
 Torrent, and chasm, and mountains hoar,
 Are there from the oldest olden time;—
 Old free Norway! hail, oh, hail!
 Hail in the South, and hail in the North,
 In mighty mount, and in humble vale,
 Our Norsemen—sons of truth and worth.

Walther von der Vogelweide.

So die bluomen ûz dem grase dringent,
 Same si lachen gegen der spilden sunnen,
 in einem meien an dem morgen fruo,
 Und diu kleinen, vogellin wol singent
 In ir besten wîse die sie kunnen ;
 waz wûnne mac sich dâ gelichen zuo ?
 Ez ist wol halb en himmelrîche.
 suln wir sprechen waz sich deme geliche,
 sô sage ich waz mir dike baz
 in minen ongen hât getân,
 und tæte ouch noch gesehe ich daz.

II.

Swâ ein edelin schoene frowe reine,
 wol gekleidet unde wol gebunden
 dur kurzewille zuo vil liuten gât,
 Hovelichen hôhgemuht, niht eine,
 umbe sehende ein wênic under stunden,
 alsam der sunne gegen den sternen stât ;
 Der meie bringe uns al sin wunder
 waz ist da so wûnnechliches under
 als ir vil minnechlicher lîp ?
 wir lâzen alle bluomen stân
 und kapfen an daz werde wîp.

III.

Nu wol dan, welt ir die wârheit schowen !
 gên wir zuo des meien hôhgezîte !
 der ist mit aller sîner krefte komen.
 Seht an in, und seht an schoene frowen,
 wederz ir daz ander überstrîte ;
 daz bezer spil, ob ich daz hân genomen.
 owê der mich dâ wellen hieze,
 deich daz eine dur daz ander lieze !
 wie rehte schiere ich danne kûr !
 her meie ir mîeset merze sîn,
 ê ich mîn frowen dâ verliûr.

Translation.

When the flowers spring in beauty from meadow and lawn,
 As if they were greeting the lusty young Sun,
 And the wild summer birds of the forest so green,
 Sing sweetly and cheerfully in the May dawn,
 As through the blithe notes of their music they run ;—
 When earth seems like Paradise, tell me what scene
 Of enchantment or beauty can match such a sight ?
 Oh ! yes, there is *one*, more delicious and bright,
 More dear to my eyes, and more sparkingly fair,
 Which, the oftener I see it, wears *some* newer light,
 With whose magic no sunshine or rose can compare.

Let a noble young damsel, most beauteous and chaste,
 Dress'd in elegant neatness, and stately in style,
 For pastime amid the gay landscape appear;
 Her form of perfection with majesty grac'd—
 As round her she looks, mark the light of her smile,
 Like the sun shedding light o'er the stars of our sphere—
 Oh! what are the wonders or splendours of May,
 Its roses, its lilies, its sun-flashing ray;
 What charm do they own that could equal *one* glance
 That falls from those eyes in so winning a way
 As you see her amid her companions advance?

And now if the truth of my words you would prove,
 To the beautiful realm of young May let us go—
 He is here—he is here, in his beautiful dress.
 Look on *him*, and on *woman*, apparell'd by love,
 And tell me which glows with the rosiest glow?
 Or can sunshine a tithe of her beauties express?
 Oh! would that kind Providence gave me my choice,
 How my soul would exult, how my heart would rejoice;
 The Sun should grow cold, or the stars leave the pole,
 Ere for May or his splendour I gave in my voice,
 Or deserted fair woman, the May of my soul.

Note.—In both these translations I have been anxious to attain rather a strict literal fidelity to the originals—which are occasionally rugged and hard—than to string together a number of silver-sounding syllables which might indeed be read with greater pleasure, but would give no idea whatever of the metre, the structure, or the Sabine simplicity of style for which the two songs are remarkable. I have so great a respect for that old “fidus interpres,” who made it his chief boast,

reddere verbum verbo

that I have resolved to imitate him as well—and probably as servilely—as I can.

A modern Swedish poet, named Lindeblad, is the author of the first Ballad. The second bears the name of, and was written by Walther von der Vogelweide, an old Minnesinger, who lived about the middle of the thirteenth century;—his name signifies *Pascua Volucrum*. In 1228 he became a Crusader, and, as we may suppose, fought bravely in the Holy Land—the only instance extant of a poet who had grace enough to assume sword and casque for the unprofitable cause of St. Peter and his merry men. He was buried at Würzburg, in the Cathedral, and over his tomb the following inscription was placed—

*Pascua qui volucrum bibus Walthere fuisti,
 Qui flos eloqui, qui Palladis os obfisti,
 Ergo quod aureolam probitas tua posset habere
 Qui legisti, hic dicat “Deus istius miserere.”*

“In a manuscript chronicle, however,” says Uhland, “is preserved a charming legend, of which the substance is as follows. Walther was buried in the abbey of the New Minster, that is called the Lorenzgarten, beneath a tree. In his will he ordered that on his tomb-stone corn and water should be placed, to feed the birds; and, as is still to be seen, he caused four holes to be made in the stone beneath which he is buried, for holding the daily food of the wrens and cock-sparrows which may resort to his grave. But the Chapter of the New Minster, believing that, as a poet, he must have sold his soul to the devil, and imagining that the prayers of the birds could not have so much efficacy with the Virgin as the invocations of the poor, changed the legacy into wheaten rolls to be given to

their own choristers on Walther's birth-day, and to the birds no longer—a politic act, which showed that the Chapter had at least as much regard for the stomachs of their own choristers, as for the demon-tormented soul of the old Minnesinger. There is an old legend that the Virgin was so indignant at this conduct, that she sent "severall daimons in y^e shape of hootynge owles, and other obscene byrds, whiche dyd so tormente the monkes of y^e Chapterre, that they soon after dyd repent them sorely of their sinne against y^e Goode Ladye of heaven."

He was probably a very old man when he died, for in one of his lays he tells us, "that he had already sang forty years, or more, of love, and love's reward."

Matilda, the mother of Otto I. (Pertz, Vol. V. 740,) "non solum pauperibus verum etiam *avibus* victum subministrabat." Also in *Vita Mathildis*, (Pertz, Vol. VI. 294,) "nec etiam oblita est *volucrum* ætivo tempore in arboribus resonantium, præcipiens ministris sub arbores proicere micæ panis." In Norway it is still the custom to give corn to the sparrows on Christmas Eve. See Bremer's *Strife and Peace*.

APPLICATION OF CHEMISTRY TO AGRICULTURE.

Economie Rurale, considerée dans ses Rapports, avec la Chimie, la Physique, et la Meteorologie. Par J. B. Bosingault, Member de l'Academie Royal des Sciences, Paris. 2 Vols. 8vo.

Rural Economy in its relations with Chemistry, Physics, and Meteorology, or an application of the principles of Chemical Physiology to the detail of practical farming. Translated with an introduction and notes. By George Law, Agriculturist. London: H. Balliere, 1845.

If we estimate the number of original ideas which arise among mankind in a given time, we shall see how very few in reality the united activity of the human race produces. Setting out with this proposition, we are the less surprised at the avidity with which the smaller fry of the literary and scientific world seize on the ideas and generalizations of the master spirits of knowledge. Indeed the mind of man has a remarkable tendency to seize on anything novel, to extend it and apply it to the purposes of life; but this tendency when properly exerted, is the great moving power which urges on the human mind to further advancement. Like other principles however, it has its extremes, its lights and shadows, and unfortunately it too often happens that the latter prevail. Such has been to a considerable extent the case in the application of chemistry to agriculture.

Previous to the time of the immortal Davy, though a great number of facts connected with the growth of vegetables had been accumulating, nothing was done to arrange or extend them with a view to their application to the wants of agriculturists. But he with that generalizing spirit for which he was so remarkable, by a judicious digest of what was previously known, and by the addition of many new facts and important deductions, laid a permanent foundation for what has, in our days, grown to be a voluminous part of that great and important section of human knowledge—chemistry. This period of comparative fertility was followed by one of singular barrenness, during which not only

was nothing new added, but they even appear to have forgotten the labours of the founder. We must, however, except one man, Sprengel, to whom signal injustice has been done, and whose laborious and important researches have been, in a great measure, passed over, or dove-tailed into the great hypothesis of his successor Liebig; a man whose name is familiar to every ear, and whose services, in this branch of science, cannot be too highly estimated. He has by his great work "*Chemistry applied to Agriculture*," notwithstanding that it has been found erroneous in some points, created an æra in science, and given an impulse to investigation which will be felt long hence. In that work he has given us an hypothesis at once simple and complete, and, with few exceptions, the principles of which are in perfect harmony with nature. His hypothesis is, however, but the skeleton—the flesh is still to be put on to render it a complete whole—in fact in order to entitle it to be called a **THEORY OF THE CHEMISTRY OF AGRICULTURE**.

In a practical point of view, however, he did not intend that it should be considered perfect, neither did he publish it for the use of farmers. It was commenced at the suggestion of the great scientific body to whom it was dedicated, written in scientific language, and intended for the information of men of science. But apparently from the want which was at the time felt of some system to guide farmers founded upon a sure basis, it was eagerly laid hold of by practical men unacquainted with science—by men unable to distinguish hypotheses from established facts, and who looked upon that as fact which was merely a plausible and simply described supposition. Hence many failures occur, and science is blamed because it cannot prevent men, ignorant of its objects and principles, from making mistakes in its application. And to increase this confusion and make the spread of error more certain, a flood of books entitled "introductions, elements, catechisms, manuals, lectures," &c., on agricultural chemistry for farmers, has issued from the press, written by men, as is usual in such cases, ignorant, or nearly so, of the subject about which they write—men who have never enriched science by one single fact or observation, and whose knowledge consists of gleanings from others generally like themselves. The writer of the catechism fashioning with his scissors the heterogeneous ideas contained in the larger outlines of another, and he from the larger manual of a third, and so on, until at length we reach the true author of the knowledge, who is usually unknown to the general public. In this, however, he is fortunate, for no genuine man of science would wish to see his name bracketted in the speech of some Swedish-turnip, or mangel-wurzel, manufacturer, at the dinner of some dull agricultural improvement society, between those of such *clever* and *useful* writers.

Such is decidedly not the way in which practical agriculture can be advanced by the application of the discoveries of science to it. What in the name of common sense is the use of endeavouring to teach a poor ignorant farmer, who would most probably find it difficult enough to spell his way through his prayer-book, that when lignine or woody fibre decays it is converted into ulmine; or that the crust of the globe consists of crystalline, transition, and other rocks; or that hornblende occurs in one rock, and felspar in another? For our part, we consider such information ridiculous; it merely serves to confuse his ideas, and waste his time and money in experiments, the nature of which he most

probably would entirely misconceive. Does the sailor in steering his ship require to know how many magnetic poles there are, or what the cause of magnetic attraction is ; or the maker of the ink, with which we write this, the nature of the chemical combination between its constituents ? Surely not. But it may be objected that the one would manage his compass, and the other make a better ink if he possessed such knowledge ? No doubt he would ; but such information is not absolutely necessary. If he can learn it, so much the better, but if not, would it not be more useful to him if men, whose pursuit science is, presented the results which their study of nature yielded to them, divested of all the difficulties of technicalities, and in such a form, that their application could be unerringly perceived at a glance ? This, however, has not been hitherto done. The mode in which information has been attempted to be communicated to farmers, is somewhat like Jacoto's plan for teaching children, by making them read before they have learned the alphabet. In fact nothing will do now-a-days but a race of philosophical farmers.

But what are those results which have been arrived at by chemists in reference to vegetation, and in what manner can they be rendered available to practical agriculturists, particularly to those of Ireland ? These questions we shall endeavour to answer by giving as complete an analysis of the present state of the subject as our short space will permit us, and by showing, as we proceed, the application of this knowledge to the wants and capabilities of our soils.

The theoretical or scientific part of agriculture may be considered under three heads, firstly, the growth of plants ; secondly, the artificial means by which the produce of such growth may be increased ; and thirdly, the application of the produce to the uses of man and animals. Under these heads we will, therefore, consider the subject.

The elements of which plants consist belong, as is well known, to two classes of bodies ; first, the part which is capable of being burned away, consisting of four elements, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen ; and secondly, an ash which remains behind, consisting of about eleven or twelve other substances, which, from their entering into the composition of the inanimate matter constituting the crust of the earth, are called *inorganic* elements, of which we shall speak more fully hereafter ; whilst the bodies of the first class are denominated *organic*, from their forming nearly the whole of organized matter. On examining the organic elements we find among them those of water, oxygen, and hydrogen, hence we can be at no loss for the source from which plants derive them, as water is every where abundant, and is constantly absorbed by plants in large quantities. But whence do they obtain their supply of carbon and nitrogen ? In the pure state plants cannot absorb them. We must have recourse, therefore, to their compounds. Such compounds are not only abundant in the soil, but in the atmosphere ; but which of these is the reservoir from which the supply is taken, or do they both yield their quota ? This is one of the most debated questions in chemistry ; for our own part we consider the supply drawn from both sources. Before our knowledge of the functions of the leaves of plants, and of their relation to the atmosphere was fully developed, the general idea was, that the soil supplied everything to the plant, and the necessity which exists of adding organic matter to the soil

from time to time was supposed to show, beyond doubt, that the supply of carbon was derived from the latter source. When any vegetable substance undergoes decay under the influence of moisture and air, it is converted into a brown mass, which has received the name of *ulmine*, or *humus*; in the soil this is continually forming, and was supposed to be dissolved by water, and taken up by the roots of vegetables, and its carbon and other elements assimilated by them. As soon, however, as the functions of the leaves of plants were ascertained by Sennelier, Priestley, Saussure, and others, the carbonic acid of the atmosphere was also supposed to yield a portion of the carbon required for vegetation. This was the received doctrine when Liebig took up the subject. He, having found that the quantity of organic matter which water is capable of extracting from a good soil is extremely small, (according to him only one part in 100,000) that it must be totally incapable of ministering to vegetation, and that many plants flourish independent of soil, provided only water is present, ran into the opposite extreme, and concluded that the only source of the carbon was the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. The nitrogen, which until Liebig's time, had not been recognised as an essential element, and the hypothesis of the source of which may therefore be dated from the same time, as the recognition of its importance, he very justly concluded is obtained entirely from ammonia; but when he stated that the atmosphere in which he recognised its presence, as well as in snow and rain, was the source from which the supply of ammonia was drawn, he went further than facts allowed.

The theory of Liebig as to the source of the carbon and nitrogen, though extremely simple, was yet premature, because he assumed, on very imperfect data, that the part which the soil plays in these functions was very limited—a supposition which Mulder has very clearly shown to be erroneous by his investigation of the so called humus, which he found to consist, not of one, but of seven substances, the first formed of which is *ulmine*, which gradually changes, by the further action of air and water, into the other bodies of the series, which terminates in *crenic acid*. Of these bodies, five are acids, and consequently form salts with the bases which may be present in the soil, such as potash, soda, lime, &c. But the greater number of these salts, as well as some of the acids themselves, are insoluble in water, and consequently, in accordance with Liebig's hypothesis, could not minister to the growth of plants, were it not for the facility with which they combine with ammonia to form double salts, nearly the whole of which are perfectly soluble. But whence is the ammonia to perform this function derived? We shall see.

It is a property of nitrogen, and also of common air, to combine with hydrogen and form ammonia when brought into contact with decaying vegetable matter in confined space, such as the interstices of a porous soil. Upon this property of the formation of ammonia depends the formation of saltpetre, which Liebig showed always precedes that of nitric acid. The moist, decaying substances in all soils are surrounded by confined air, the nitrogen of which is converted into ammonia, whilst its oxygen oxidizes the humus, and converts it into one of the five acids already mentioned, which unites with the bases present in the soil, forming an insoluble compound, which is instantly rendered

soluble by combination with the ammonia formed. If no organic matter were present to take up the oxygen, it would react on the ammonia and convert it into nitric acid, as Kuhlmann has beautifully shown. Hence, organic substances are necessary in every soil, in order to prevent the ammonia formed, which is so essential to the growth of the plant, from being converted into nitric acid, and thus, in a great measure, rendered useless to vegetation; and hence, also, the advantage of mixing guano with leaves, straw, and other organic matter, by which the ammonia contained in it is preserved from the action of the oxygen; and this we have found to be more particularly required in loose sandy soils, where the action of the oxygen is more energetic, from the continued supply of fresh air which percolates through such a soil.

In order, however, that ammonia be formed in the soil, the latter must be porous; hence the necessity of ploughing and breaking it up often, and the use of fallow—but not Irish fallow, in which the land is allowed to become covered with weeds and as hard as a road. We can easily perceive that the more porous the land is, the more vegetable matter should be present in it; for in such a soil there will be a continual supply of fresh oxygen, which would of course oxidize the ammonia formed: whilst in clayey, retentive soils the supply of oxygen would be more limited, from the air being less capable of percolating through them. Hence one of the reasons why wheat, which requires so large a supply of nitrogen, prefers a clayey soil to a sandy one, as in the latter the greater part of the ammonia formed would be oxidized.

In the preceding we have only spoken of the plants obtaining a supply of carbon in the shape of one of the five acids, but it must be clear to every one that they would at the same time receive a supply of ammonia—that is, of nitrogen; for as soon as an acid is formed from the ulmine, it combines with potash, lime, or some other base, which is converted into a soluble salt by the ammonia, and is thus taken up by the roots of plants, and its elements assimilated.

We have said that plants contain eleven or twelve inorganic substances, which remain behind as ash when they are burned, and we have seen in the preceding paragraph that inorganic bases, such as lime, are continually introduced into plants with the ammonia. Now, these inorganic elements, though they form but a very insignificant part of plants, give rise in a great measure to the diversities of soils, by the difference in the amount of them present, and, consequently, to the nature of the plants which such a soil can best produce. On this account they are of peculiar interest to the practical agriculturist. The most important of them, or rather, combinations of them, are potash, soda, lime, magnesia, chlorine, phosphoric and sulphuric acids. Silica, alumina, and oxide of iron, being universally found in all soils, are not of any importance in a practical point of view; and manganese is found only in a few plants, such as the beech; and we will, therefore, leave them altogether out of consideration.

These substances exist in various quantities in all soils, and as most of their combinations are soluble in water, are continually absorbed by the roots of plants. The functions which they perform in vegetation are very little known, if we except the part which phosphoric and

sulphuric acids perform in entering into combinations with the nitrogenous substances found in plants.

The quantity of these substances varies with the nature of the plant; the more different two plants are, the greater will be the difference both between the gross amount of the ash and the relative properties of its constituents; but specimens of the same plant in a healthy state, provided they have fully ripened their seed, will yield an ash in quality and quantity nearly the same, no matter how different the soils on which they grow may be. Without a sufficient supply of each and every one of these substances, plants would perish, no matter how abundantly soever they may be supplied with carbon and nitrogen. To this, however, there seems to be an exception, though but an apparent one, namely, that one substance is capable of replacing, to a certain extent, another; thus, lime, for example, often replaces potash, as it often does in the mineral kingdom. But there can be no doubt that the amount to which this substitution can take place is very limited, and in the present undecided state of the subject it would be less productive of error in practice to consider the amount as exceedingly small, since otherwise farmers would very likely neglect supplying their crops with potash or soda, under the impression that lime, which is cheap and generally abundant, would supply its place. The inorganic constituents are not distributed throughout the whole plant in the same manner, but are variously grouped. The ashes of the root differ not only quantitatively, but also qualitatively, from the ashes of the leaves, flowers, and fruit. Thus, in the ordinary pear tree we have the following proportion of alkaline carbonate and phosphates in the different parts.

	Trunk.	Leaves.	Fruit.
Alkaline Phosphates.....	4.6	6.8	1.9
Phosphates of lime and magnesia	8.8	10.5.	18.6
Alkaline phosphates.....	—	—	14.1

From this we see how different are the quantities of these substances, abstracted from the soil, according as the crop which we raise is the trunk, the leaves, or the fruit—a point of vast importance in practical farming.

The atmosphere and the soil being the reservoirs from which the food of plants is drawn, the luxuriance of vegetation must entirely depend on the quantity of this food contained in them. But, as it would continually diminish in proportion as vegetable matter increased, unless there were some counterbalancing process which would return to both these sources a quantity equivalent to what they lost, the supply of carbon, nitrogen, and other elements is always equal to the demand of plants in a wild state, because when they have arrived at maturity and performed the functions of their existence they die and decay, and thus return to the atmosphere and the soil the elements which they had extracted from them for their formation. Man, however, is not satisfied with the produce which unassisted nature bears him, and his wants, therefore, compel him to disturb this natural balance, by forcing the earth to bring forth increased fruit, and thus abstracting in a given time and removing from the land more of those essential constituents of plants than can be returned again to it in the same

space of time ; and if this state of things were to continue, a universal barrenness would soon prevail. But to prevent this, man has been compelled to have recourse to artificial means, not only to keep up this balance of nature, but also to increase, as much as possible, the produce of the soil, the best means for effecting which forms the second head under which we shall notice our subject.

In every soil there is more or less vegetable matter, and in the atmosphere abundance of carbonic acid ; hence we are seldom required to add material for supplying carbon to the soil, though, as we have already seen, a portion should always be present in order to assist in the formation of ammonia. Ammonia, on the contrary, which, as we have seen, is the source of the nitrogen, does not exist ready formed, except in very small quantities ; and we are, therefore, obliged either to add it directly to the soil, or to favour its production in it from the nitrogen of the atmosphere and the hydrogen of organic matter and water. The circumstances on which this formation depends have been already pointed out, namely, a thorough breaking up of the soil, and the presence of organic matter. The breaking up of the soil is attended with many other advantages besides this of favouring the formation of ammonia, as we shall endeavour to show subsequently, and should therefore be done as often as possible. In Ireland it is generally considered sufficient to plough to the depth of three or four inches, and very little care is bestowed on breaking up the hard lumps of inert but valuable matter ; though a thorough breaking up of the soil, which is best effected by spade-labour, would amply repay the expense in increased crops and real, permanent improvement.

Nitrogen is not only necessary as forming an integral part of plants, but performs a higher function. From the complex nature of nitrogenous organic bodies, they readily undergo decomposition and re-composition, and are consequently active agents in producing the curious and complex transformations which occur in the interior of vegetables. Hence we find that the quantity of carbon which a plant can assimilate is in direct proportion to the quantity of ammonia which it can obtain—that is, the more ammonia we can cause a plant to assimilate, the more rapid will be its growth, and the larger will be the product finally obtained.

Farmers now employ a great many substances for supplying the necessary nitrogen to their crops ; among which, may be mentioned guano and artificial manures composed of a number of salts. Refuse matters of all kinds we always wish to see turned to account, provided they can be easily and cheaply procured ; but really it is monstrous to see vast sums expended in the importation of guano from Africa, and Peru, or in assisting some quack* in England to realize a fortune by the manufacture of some improved nostrums, puffed like Parr's life pills, and, as a matter of course, intended for all circumstances, whilst we allow rich mines of all the substances necessary for vegetation to

* I am sorry to say that Professor Liebig has added his name to the quack list, by becoming the tool of some English speculators in getting up a humbug, by which these speculators are enabled to get rid of the useless refuse of their alkali works—which was hitherto such an encumbrance that they would have paid to have it removed,—at the enormous price of £10 per ton ! !

lie useless around us, or wilfully to run waste. Of these substances, by far the most important are animal excrements, which are scarcely at all attended to in this country, but are allowed to serve as generators of unhealthy and disagreeable effluvia, whilst by a proper attention to a few simple rules they may be made a source of profit, and the whole nuisance completely obviated. A work on agricultural chemistry, which would not only inculcate the advantage of attending to those things, but show the best means of preserving them for use, and the simplest and best mode of application, would indeed be entitled to the appellation—"For FARMERS." When we have discussed the subject of the inorganic part of the soil, we will recur to this important topic.

It is now a well ascertained fact in science, that there are few rocks which do not contain all the inorganic substances required by plants; and as soils are derived principally from the disintegration of fragments of the rocks on which they lie, they must naturally have originally contained every thing necessary for vegetation. A soil left to itself always produces some vegetation, which abstracts a certain amount of inorganic elements; but the plants, when arrived at maturity, not being removed from it, die, decay, and again give back the whole. The case is very different, however, when the crop is removed from the place where it grew, and consumed in a different part of the country. Where the carbon and nitrogen are given back to the atmosphere is nearly immaterial, as they are soon spread by the common property of all gases through the whole atmosphere. But how different is it with the inorganic substances: they cannot come back as the carbon does in the gaseous state; and unless brought back by man, they go to enrich the places to which the vegetable produce of which they formed a part was exported, or else, as the refuse of towns, are washed into the ocean, and are entirely lost to generations.

This continual robbing of the soil of its useful constituents would, in the end, reduce it to a state of barrenness, unless we supplied what is thus annually carried off in our crops. But can we know how much a soil thus loses, and how are we economically and effectually to remedy it? The answers to these questions are fortunately simple, and we shall therefore endeavour to answer them.

Almost every plant now cultivated has been analysed, and the quantity and quality of its ash determined; we have, therefore, only to ascertain the gross weight of the crop, and by a simple calculation, we can tell how much of each substance was abstracted from the soil. Thus, for example, if we take a common rotation adopted in Ireland, the four-crop course, consisting of turnips, barley, clover and rye-grass, and wheat; and suppose we estimate the crop of turnips at 25 tons of roots, the crop of barley at 38 bushels, of clover and rye-grass each to one ton of hay, and of wheat to 25 bushels—any other quantities or any other rotation would answer our purpose just as well—now, from the following table we can at a glance discover the amount and nature of the substance removed from the soil.* We have omitted silica

* This table is taken from Johnston's admirable Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry, a book which it is needless to say was not included among those we censured in the commencement of this article; yet we are of opinion, that it is by no means suited for farmers.

alumina and oxide of iron, as they are always abundant in soils, and need not, therefore, be added to them :—

	TURNIP ROOTS.		BARLEY.		RED CLOVER.	RYE GRASS.		WHEAT.		TOTAL.
			Grain.	Straw.				Grain.	Straw.	
Potash.....	145.5	5.6	4.5	45.0	28.5	3.3	0.6	..	233.0
Soda... ..	64.3	5.8	1.1	12.0	9.0	3.5	0.9	..	96.6
Lime.....	45.8	2.1	12.9	63.0	16.5	1.5	7.2	..	149.0
Magnesia.....	15.5	3.6	1.8	7.5	2.0	1.5	1.0	..	32.3
Sulphuric acid...	49.0	1.2	2.8	10.0	8.0	0.8	1.0	..	72.8
Phosphoric acid	22.4	4.2	3.7	15.0	0.6	0.6	5.0	..	51.8
Chlorine.....	14.5	0.4	1.5	8.0	0.1	0.2	0.9	..	25.6
	357.0		22.9	28.3	160.5	64.7	11.4	16.6		661.4

From this we see that the total quantity of inorganic matter, exclusive of alumina, silica, and oxide of iron, which two crops of corn and two green crops abstract from the soil of one acre, amounts to only 661.4lbs., of which 233lbs. are potash; and what does this fact teach us? Why, that farming is capable of much greater economy than is usually applied to its management. How small is this quantity in comparison with the immense heaps of decomposing manure which we are accustomed to see spread over our fields, the value of which is totally unknown?

But let us see what quantities of these substances as they are usually met with in commerce would be equivalent to this 661.4lbs. of ash. In the following table we have the exact quantities required :—

	lbs.
Dry pearl ash,	325
Crystallized carbonate of soda,	333*
Common salt,	43
Gypsum,	30
Quicklime,	150
Epsom salts,	200
Bone-dust, .. .	210
Alum,	83

1374

Thus, in 1374lbs. of these substances, which can be easily obtained, we have contained all that an acre of land would require for a four-crop course. And if we had a number of such tables, suitable for farmers, containing the amount of substances which each crop abstracts from their fields, they would have a useful and practical guide in directing them as to the quantities of manure which their particular system of farming would require to have applied to their land. They would thus be guarded from using too much on the one hand, and from the greater error of using too little on the other. They would also point out to him the fatal error of partial manuring—an error which is daily and almost universally committed—that is, of employing some substance which does not contain all the necessary ingredients. How often do we see farmers employing, year after year, bone-dust, or guano, or some other similar substance, on the same field, and when

* Or for every 100lbs. of the carbonate of soda, may be substituted 40lbs. of common salt, or 60lbs. of the dry nitrate of soda.—*Prof. Johnston.*

at last the field refuses, when worn out, to yield a good crop, he blames the bone-dust or the guano for what his own ignorance is the sole cause. Such mistakes would at once be prevented by an inspection of such tables; as they would at once see, that neither bone-dust nor guano supplies all the substances which constitute a good soil.

We do not, however, recommend farmers to have recourse to those substances which are expensive. In some cases it may be done; but there are many other ways by which the same object can be effected, and it is only where these means are found to be insufficient, that the deficiency should be supplied from this source.

A soil is composed of very finely comminuted matter, which readily yields up its potash, &c., to water or acids, and from this matter plants obtain their inorganic constituents, and grit, with more or less gravel, consisting in a great measure of minute fragments of the underlying rock. This grit does not, however, in this state, yield up its useful constituents to water or acids; but it gradually decomposes under the influence of air and water, and passes into the state in which it is capable of ministering to the growth of plants. Hence one of the advantages of deep ploughing and frequent exposure of the soil to the action of the air, by which it is more or less rapidly comminuted.

But we can assist this natural process by the addition of lime, potash and soda exist in rocks generally in combination with alumina and silica; and if we add lime, this combination is broken up, and we set the alkalies free, and the stone or compact mass of clay, as the case may be, rapidly crumbles to pieces, and thus provides a large supply of soluble matter for plants. But in order to produce this effect, it is absolutely necessary that the lime be in the state of quick-lime; that is, it should be mixed up intimately with the soil as soon as possible after its removal from the kiln. If allowed to remain exposed to the air spread out on fields, as we usually see it in Ireland, it gradually absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and becomes quite inert. In this state it does not differ from pounded limestone; in fact, it returns to the same chemical form which it had before its subjection to the process of burning, the labour and expenditure in which is almost totally thrown away. Its functions are then merely mechanical, increasing the bulk of the soil, and rendering a retentive one porous, and a too porous one less so.

Connected with the application of lime are some points which deserve to be noticed. In the south and west of Ireland, lime is the panacea for curing all defects in the soil, the thickness of which under cultivation, scarcely ever exceeds six or seven inches, or rather much less. Thus the same thin stratum of soil is perpetually exposed to the chemical action of lime, until nothing is left on which to exert its influence. In a rational system of agriculture how different would be the method of procedure! A supply of *subsoil*, rich in every essential element, would be added to the exhausted surface-soil previous to the addition of lime, and the land renovated.

Another point of importance is carefully to avoid adding vegetable or animal manure to land limed, until the lime is completely neutralized by entering into new combinations: for so long as any excess of caustic lime remains in a soil, ammonia cannot be formed, and any that may have previously existed, will be driven off. The presence of

organic matter will, besides, prevent the action of the lime in the insoluble silicates, by converting it into a carbonate. For if we mix caustic lime with an organic substance, the latter will be decomposed in order to supply carbonic acid to the former. Hence the advantage of making composts with the pure subsoil which contains no organic matter, and not with the surface soil.

In lime, when judiciously employed, we undoubtedly possess one of the most valuable fertilizing agents; but of all others, it is perhaps the one most open to abuse. In Ireland it is every where abundant, and consequently deserves to have attention drawn to its importance and proper mode of application; and this, though frequently attempted, has not been hitherto done in a manner suitable to the wants and intellects of our small farmers.

The second mode of rendering a soil fertile without the necessity of having recourse to expensive or partial manures, is by the application of the natural substances which surround us, and by the use of excrementitious matter and farm-yard manure. It would be out of place here to enter fully into the subject of manures, and we shall therefore merely touch on the matter, confining ourselves to one or two points.

We have in Ireland four different kinds of rocks, containing in abundance all the inorganic elements necessary for the growth of plants—granite, basalt, trap, and slate. In the first three of these, potash and soda are so abundant, as to form at least seven or eight per cent. of them, whilst most clay slates contain at least two per cent.; they also abound in magnesia, sulphuric and phosphoric acids. Now these rocks readily decompose, particularly granite, containing much felspar, and their valuable constituents become soluble. Indeed water resting in hollows formed by cart-wheels leading from granite quarries, often contain a large quantity of alkalies. And so abundant is potash in the decomposing slate forming the cliffs of Ballybunnion, near the mouth of the Shannon, that we believe several tons of native alum could be collected from the surface of the rocks and the roofs of the caves in that locality. If these rocks were crushed and applied to land, they would yield an inexhaustible supply of valuable matter for plants; and there is not a stream in the country that would not yield power to crush them. This idea may appear far-fetched to many at first view, but it has been long since recommended with the granite of Cornwall, and its efficacy will at once be admitted when we state that one ton of granite contains at least as much alkalies as two tons of guano. To be sure, the action of such manures is not so immediate as that produced by guano, but then it is *permanent*.

We shall now say a few words on the other method of supplying the deficiency in our soils, by the addition of excrement and farm-yard manure. The produce of the land, and therefore all the substances which the soil loses, is applied to the feeding of man and animals; this food they assimilate, and in a given time the elements of which it consisted are given off from the animal body, the carbon, chiefly as carbonic acid, from the lungs, and the inorganic elements in the form of liquid and solid excrements. In the solid excrement we have generally the refuse of the assimilating organs, containing nearly all the insoluble salts found in the food, as phosphate of lime, &c., whilst the liquid excrement or urine contains nearly all the nitrogen and alkalies.

Now it is clear, that if we returned all these back to the land upon which the food was grown, we would return to it all that the food had abstracted during its growth. The whole produce of the land is not always employed as food: a quantity of straw and other matters are likewise obtained, and these also abstract something from the soil; so that they should be added to the excrementitious matter, if we would return every thing of which a crop had robbed the soil.

All these substances, more or less carefully collected, constitute farm-yard manure, the most valuable part of which is, undoubtedly, the liquid excrement, as it contains nearly all the ammonia, a great part of the phosphoric acid, and nearly all the sulphuric acid and alkalies, yet, strange to say, it is the part least attended to, being generally allowed to run waste. Go, for instance, into a farm-yard in almost any part of Ireland, and you will find it, with very few exceptions, one great cess-pool, from which numerous small channels are constantly bearing off all that is of real value in the manure heap, which is left exposed to the rain, as if it were intended that all circumstances should combine to deprive it of its useful matter. Nay, even more, unless the straw and other vegetable matter which is added to it is in a rapid state of decomposition, it is not considered manure; and the greatest pains are taken by the poor peasant to effect this; in fact, to rob himself of that part alone which is of value—the part which dissolves in water—by spreading it out in order that it may be made into dung, as the expression is, by his pigs and other animals. Would that some reformation were made in our peasantry in this respect—a reformation which would better them in many other respects! Strange that this point never seems to engage the attention of our agricultural societies. But no; they only want fat pigs. Permanent improvement, which would in the end be the source of profit to themselves, they do not seem to understand the value of.

A comparison of the constitution of urine with guano will bear out the statements which we have made above, if indeed they require proof, and show what immense gain would accrue to the farmer by the proper management of his manure heap. The urine of one man for one year would contain quantities of ammonia, phosphoric acid, soda, and potash, equivalent to the following quantities of the commercial salts:—

Carbonate of ammonia,	85½lbs.
Earth of bones, ...	6½
Carbonate of soda, ...	7½
Carbonate of potash,	3lbs. 10ozs.

Now, in a cwt. of good guano, we would have only the following values:

Carbonate of ammonia, ...	16·8
Carbonate of soda, ...	2·2
Carbonate of potash, ...	5·0
Phosphate of lime or earth of bones,	15·0

A bare inspection of these tables is sufficient to show the value of the urine; and if we were to add to it the corresponding solid excrement, its value would be much increased, and would, in phosphates, fully equal if not exceed guano. This is not the place to enter into the economy of the farmer, or the best means of effecting the objects above pointed out; but we hope that some one will take up the subject and supply a desideratum long felt, namely, a practical guide-book

for farmers, containing science without its technicalities, and yet far removed from the common-place knowledge which is displayed in the existing works on practical agriculture. In Ireland this is indeed a desideratum.

We commenced this article with the intention of reviewing the work which stands at the head of it; but finding it a perfectly scientific one, more adapted for chemists than for agriculturists, we thought it would be of more advantage to say a few words on the general nature of the subject, and we were strengthened in this resolution when we saw the English translation—a book which totally precludes even those who are acquainted with science from ever gleaning the least information from Bousingault, except through the medium of the original French. We cannot understand how any publisher could bring out such a mass of jargon. This agriculturist (we wish such men would attend more to their legitimate pursuit) seems to have learned his French without a master; and as to his knowledge of physics, chemistry, &c., we verily believe he would have written as good an essay on any other subject of which he may be profoundly ignorant, as on these.

Our space prevents us from saying any thing on the part of our subject more immediately connected with physiology, the nature of food, and the growth of animals; but we hope to be able to return to the subject soon.

Literary Notices.

A Concise View of the System of Homœopathy and refutation of the objections commonly brought forward against it. Dublin: J. FANNIN & Co. 1845.

Very truly has Byron pronounced this to be the "patent age of new inventions for curing bodies and for saving souls." Scarcely recovered from our surprise at finding legs and arms cut off without pain—"rather a pleasure than otherwise"—than we are promised the cure of all diseases by physic, in doses infinitesimally less than nothing; and if these *don't* do for us, why we may have recourse to cold water—cold within and "cold without"—imbibe the pure element in quarts in the morning, and roll ourselves in wet sheets at night.

We should have scarcely thought it our province to have noticed the subject of Homœopathy—it being more in the way of the medical periodicals—had it not been that, after "dragging its slow length along" in this city for some time, there has been lately a vigorous effort made, by professional and lay persons, "by fair means and foul," to establish the system on a firmer basis. A Homœopathic Society has been formed, with Committee, Medical Attendants, Treasurer, and Honorary Secretary, though for what exact purpose it would be hard to say, unless it be a kind of Society de Propaganda Fide, or a Conciliation Hall to collect rent for Dr. Luther & Co.; for, as yet, there is no institution for which funds are required, unless we regard the publication of the present volume as one. The object of the volume is obvious enough, and, in our opinion, is expressed very clearly at page 145, though not in the preface:—

"It can only be by shewing," says the book, "to the public, how to distinguish the properly informed Homœopath from the Homœopathic quack, that they may be, to a certain degree, prevented from becoming the prey of the latter."

Now, if we turn to the first page, we find in very legible letters—

"*Medical Attendants*—Charles W. Luther, M.D., &c. &c.
Gustavus A. Luther, M.D., &c. &c.
Arthur Guinness, M.D., &c. &c.

with their respective addresses. Thus we have both note and comment.

Such a formidable armament, with innumerable "lay agents" besides, renders a few words upon the subject very appropriate, even from us. It would be a tedious waste of time to go at length through the volume. The first part lays down,

in a modified form, what are called fundamental principles, and then we proceed to the differences between Homœopathy and Allopathy, which may be summed up in a very short formula, thus:—Homœopathy does this, Allopathy does that; therefore Homœopathy is right. *e. g.*

"Homœopathy does not recognise the existence of merely local diseases, but maintains that every disease with perhaps a few trifling exceptions, is an affection of the whole organism; that, therefore, to arrive at a radical cure, diseases ought to be treated by remedial agents acting on the whole frame, and not by merely local means. Allopathy does recognise merely local diseases, and treating them, in consequence of this, frequently by exclusively local means, rarely arrives at a radical cure in such cases."

Now here we have an admirable illustration of both the "suppressio veri," and the "assertio falsi." Abernethy (and he was not the first by centuries) wrote a book, we believe, proving the constitutional origin of diseases, and no educated physician either denies or overlooks so plain a fact. Again, local diseases, treated whether locally or generally by Allopathy, are not unfrequently radically cured, as most people can testify.

But this shows the tone of the book—arrogant and shallow. "Homœopathy disapproves of bleeding, 1st, because it is not necessary;" and this point is satisfactorily settled, against the wisdom of centuries, in—three pages!

Notwithstanding the tone of contempt for Allopathy throughout the book, it is evident that the author has been largely indebted to the writings of its professors, and it would have been more honest to have confessed it: *e. g.*—the two or three pages on Homœopathy superseding surgical operations, consist of truisms which have been repeated for years in every course of lectures on surgery; yet here we find them blazoned forth as new.

Part 3rd, is devoted to the refutation of the objections against Homœopathy: and is rather a lame performance, requiring, as all quackeries do, unlimited faith in the assertions of its defenders. Believe them, and Homœopathy cures every thing, Allopathy nothing. Fair words and obscure phrases explain all difficulties.

After this is an Appendix of extracts from periodicals, statistical tables, lists of cures, pretty much in the style of those appended to the advertisements of Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Parr's Life Pills.

Before we conclude our notice, we must say a word or two upon the two fundamental principles of the science. 1. "*Similia similibus curantur*"—like cures like—i. e. the indication that a given medicine will cure any disease is, that it will produce the same in a healthy body. That this is no discovery of Hahnemann, or his disciples, is proved by the fact, that the evidence adduced in support of it, in the volume before us, is mainly from Allopathic writers. That it is so true as Hahnemann thought it, we do not believe, because in all such calculations the *degree*, as well as the *kind* of similitude, must enter into the calculation. One might as well compare a pebble from the streets of Cairo, with the Pyramid of Cheops, and assert their essential likeness, as compare the dose of tartar emetic requisite to produce pneumonia, with the Homœopathic dose adequate to its cure. Nor is it true in fact. There are many effects produced by medicine on the healthy frame, which the same medicine will not cure.

The 2nd fundamental principle (the 3rd in the book) is that "Homœopathy prescribes medicine in small doses." This is a modification of Hahnemann's rule; that, if we remember rightly, states, "that the power of medicines increases inversely with their dilution"—that is, the more you attenuate physic, the stronger it becomes—or that a substance nearly powerless in ordinary doses, becomes poisonous when infinitesimally divided.

To answer so absurd a proposition seriously, would be more absurd; but we may honestly confess, that it is worth paying something to escape being dosed with much medicine; for our own part, we would be content to double our usual fee, if the unfortunate Allopaths would imitate the Homœo's, and give medicine merely to look at.

No man is at all times consistent in every thing, and we beg the public to remark, that the benefit of smallness of dose, does not, however, extend to the fees. The doctor may give the patient very little, but the patient is not to return the compliment in kind. On this point Homœopath and Allopath are wonderfully unanimous, as appears from Hahnemann's own views upon the subject. On turning over a medical periodical of high character, we found the following extract from Caspar's *Wochenschrift*, for March, 1845, by Dr. Schubart, of Dramburg, who knew Hahnemann well.

"On one occasion, he (Hahnenmann) said to me, 'I give medicine but very seldom, although I always prescribe small powders! I do this for the purpose of keeping up in the patient's mind the firm belief that each powder contains a particular dose of some medicine! Most patients will get well by adopting a simple mode of living, and by placing a boundless confidence in their medical attendant. Ordinary practitioners know nothing of this practically, although they are always talking of the healing powers of nature.' He never hesitated to promise recovery to every patient, without concerning himself about the nature of the malady. His plan was to demand for the cure, in the shape of a fee, a good round sum—one half to be paid down—unlimited confidence in his treatment—doses of sugar of milk, and a particular diet. As he observed—'we must not attend patients, or let them have even a pennyworth of medicine gratuitously; the greater the sum paid for physic and the physician, the greater the confidence placed in both.'"

What could an Allopath say more?

On the Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, by William Smith. London: John Chapman. 1845.

WE hail this publication as a pleasing indication of an approaching change to a better taste, and a deeper insight into the true dignity of literature, art, and science, than has of late prevailed amongst us. "When things come to the worst they begin to mend," is an old proverb; may we hope that things are mending now! To remind students, teachers, and literary men of the nobleness and even holiness of their calling, and to inspire them with a sense and feeling of their obligation to aid in the progress of mankind towards a better state of things, both now and hereafter, Fichte delivered at the University of Jena, in the summer of 1805, to a crowded and attentive audience, a course of lectures, a translation of which now lies before us. At that day in Germany, as alas! in our own land is too much the case now, literature had become a mere trade, and the scholar a mere trader in science, a *Bread-scholar* (Brodgelehrter)—as the Germans fitly name him who deems knowledge worth courting, not for her own sake, but for the worldly prosperity he may gain by her prostitution. The University-professor taught merely for the sake of his miserable stipend, and the Student attended his worthless lectures, merely for the purpose of qualifying himself for entering on the routine duties of his future profession, by complying with the established rules of the university and the state; and the Writer wrote—not actuated by a love of truth, and through a desire of guiding and elevating his public, but merely to pander to the tastes of the day; and all seemed to have chosen for their motto, "*Enjoy as much as you can, and do as little as possible.*" As our Author elsewhere says, "those who ought to be the teachers and educators of the nation degraded themselves to be the complaisant slaves of its depravity—those who ought to give the tone of wisdom and of earnestness to the period, were carefully attentive to the tone given by the most predominant folly and the most predominant vice: they never paused to ask themselves, whether their inquiries were directed after truth, and tended to make men good and noble? but, will they hear them with pleasure?—not, what will men gain by them? but what will *I* gain?—how much gold, or the gracious nod of what prince, or the smile of what fine lady?" That this was the low condition of the teacher and the student in the universities of Germany at this period, Schiller's testimony also proves. In his introductory lecture, delivered at Jena some years before Fichte—a piece of writing abounding in the most comprehensive and elevated views—he has painted in vivid colours the wide chasm that divides the *bread-scholar* and the true follower of science. But for Fichte was reserved the honour of at last rousing his students and colleagues, both by precept and example, to a true sense of what was required of them, and of pointing out to them how they might best fulfil their destiny here below. For this none could be better qualified than he. Thoroughly possessed himself with that which he has named the *Divine Idea*, Fichte also in a high degree was endowed with the power of communicating his thoughts in language clear and logically precise, where not a single word finds a place which could be removed without injury to the entire structure. The four following propositions he makes his starting-point, and from these he traces the holy mission of the scholar in his various avocations,—as Student, as Ruler, as Teacher, as Author; and in them we find the peculiar meaning in which he uses the words, "*Divine Idea*" and "*Scholar*," which the reader of these lectures should bear in mind throughout the perusal of them.

1. "The whole material world, with all its adaptations and ends, and in particular the life of man in

this world, are by no means, in themselves and in deed and truth, that which they seem to be to the uncultivated and natural sense of man, but there is something higher, which lies concealed behind all natural appearance. This concealed foundation of all appearance may, in its greatest universality, be aptly named the *Divine Idea*.

2. "A certain part of the meaning of this Divine Idea of the world is accessible to, and conceivable by the cultivated mind, and may, by the free activity of man, under the guidance of this Idea, be impressed upon the world of sense, and represented in it.

3. "If there were among men some individuals who had attained wholly or partially to the possession of this last mentioned or attainable portion of the Divine Idea of the world, whether with the view of maintaining and extending the knowledge of the Idea among men by communicating it to others, or of imaging it forth in the world of sense, by direct and immediate action thereon,—then were these individuals the seat of a higher and more spiritual life in the world, and of a progressive development thereof according to the Divine Idea.

4. "In every age, that kind of education and spiritual culture by means of which the age hopes to lead mankind to the knowledge of the ascertained part of the Divine Idea, is the learned culture of the age; and every man who partakes in this culture is the Scholar of the age."

From this it follows that what is called "*learned education*" is only valuable in so far as it is the means towards a knowledge of the attainable portion of the Divine Idea. It is, however, impossible to ascertain whether this purpose has been accomplished or not in any given case, for observation can only recognize the empirical fact—that a man has or has not enjoyed a learned education. There are therefore two different ideas of a Scholar—the apparent Scholar including all who have partaken of a learned education—and the *true* Scholar who through the learned culture of his age has arrived at a knowledge of the Idea. He who has received this culture without thereby attaining to the Idea is in truth, viewed in this light, nothing.

The object of the Scholar is either to communicate to others this Idea of which he has attained a living knowledge—then he is a Teacher. Or, it may be the business of the Scholar, or possessor of the Divine Idea, to fashion the world after this Idea, perhaps to model the legislation—the legal and social relation of men to each other—in conformity to the Divine Idea of justice or of beauty—in this case he is a Pragmatic Scholar.

But furthermore the Scholar may either have actually laid hold of the whole Divine Idea, in so far as it is attainable by man, or of a particular part of it, (which is impossible without having first mastered the whole) and then he is a complete and finished Scholar—a man who has gone through his studies; or, he still strives to attain to an insight into that particular part of it from which he will penetrate the whole, and then he is a progressive Scholar,—a Student. If the outward form, the mere letter of learned culture only is sought after by both him who has studied, and him who is studying—then we have respectively the complete and progressive *Bungler*. The latter is more tolerable than the former, for he may chance to lay hold of the Idea, whilst of the former there is no hope.

But how does the Scholar become such, and how does he continue to be a Scholar? this question Fichte answers thus briefly:—

"By his inherent characteristic, all engrossing love for the Idea, by which he thus acquires a personal existence which has entirely superseded his own, and absorbed it in itself. He loves the Idea not before all else—for he loves nothing beside it—he loves it alone."

To both the progressive and finished Scholar life would be valueless if they could not fashion others, or themselves, after the Idea.

This then is the life-principle of the Scholar from which all his deeds must of necessity spring. Hence when we know the circumstances in which he is placed we can calculate both his inward and outward life, and describe it before hand.

Possessed of this Idea, his vocation becomes holy and divine.

"This thought of the divinity and holiness of his vocation is the soul of his life—the impulse which produces all that goes forth from him—the aether in which every thing around him is bathed. His conduct and doings in the outward world must then harmonize with this thought. He needs no conscious exertion of his individual will to bring his actions into harmony with this Divine Thought; he needs not to exhort, urge, or compel himself to this harmony, for he cannot possibly act otherwise: were he to endeavour to act in opposition to it, then he would need to persuade, to urge, to compel himself to that course, but without success. . . . To describe the life of the Student or the Scholar in one word: *he shows the contact of the vulgar and ignoble*. Where these meet him, he draws back like the well known sensitive plant which shrinks from the touch of our finger. Where aught vulgar or ignoble is present, he is not to be found: it has forced him from it before it came near him.

"What is vulgar and ignoble? So asks not he; his inward sense prompts the answer in every case. We only put the question, in order to describe his refined life, and to delight ourselves in contemplating the picture."

And then our philosopher goes on to define what is vulgar and ignoble. We extract the passage entire, as a sample of the style of the work.

"Everything is vulgar and ignoble which degrades the fancy, and blunts the taste for the holy. Tell me what direction thy thoughts take, not when thou, with tightened hand, constrainest them to a

purpose, but when in thy hours of recreation thou allowest them freely to rove abroad ;—tell me what direction they *then* take—where they naturally turn as to their most loved home—in what thou thyself findest the chief enjoyment of thy inmost soul—and then I will tell thee what are thy tastes. Are they directed towards the Godlike, and to those things in nature and art wherein the Godlike most directly reveals itself in imposing majesty?—then is the Godlike not dreadful to thee, but friendly—thy tastes lead thee to it, it is thy most loved enjoyment. Do they, when released from the constraint with which thou hast directed them towards a serious pursuit, eagerly turn to brood over sensual pleasures, and find relaxation in the pursuit of these?—then hast thou a vulgar taste, and thou must invite animation into the inmost recesses of thy soul, before it can seem well with thee there. Not so the noble Student. His thoughts, when exhausted by industry and toil, return in moments of relaxation to the Holy, the Great, the Sublime—there to find repose, refreshment, and new energy for yet higher efforts. In Nature as well as in the Arts, in Poetry and in Music, he seeks for the Sublime, and that in its great and imposing style. In Poetry, for example, and in Oratory, he delights in the lofty voice of the ancient world, and among the moderns, in that only which is produced and interpenetrated by the spirit of the ancients. Amusements in which the form of art is thrown around unmeaning emptiness, or even productions which appeal to the senses alone, and strive to please man by awakening and exciting his animal nature—these have no charms for him. It is not necessary for him to consider beforehand how hurtful they might prove to him—they do not please him, and he can acquire no liking for them."

Such is a brief outline of the general plan of these lectures. To give anything approaching an adequate summary or analysis would be impossible in a mere notice like this. To propound his idea of the vocation of the *true Scholar*, as contradistinguished from the mere Bread-scholar, of whom so many are now-a-days to be found in our universities, which, from being the strongholds of true learning—barriers against the material tendencies of the world—they have turned into the mere work-shops of literary tradesmen; to inspire the Student with the real nature and dignity and holiness of his vocation, was the object of Fichte. This he endeavours to do in language profound, clear, and perspicuous in the extreme. And he here gives us a series of disquisitions, which, for the grandeur of its views, nobleness of sentiment, and depth of thought, can hardly be matched. We therefore can do no more than strongly recommend them to our readers of every class, convinced that each will find something deserving of being treasured up in his own mind, and provocative of meditation and thought. Let them not be scared by the old, but now almost forgotten bugbear of German Mysticism and Metaphysics. Here there is neither the one nor the other, but instead, a pure and exalted morality, and deep religious feeling breathes throughout the whole. Though in others of his works, few even among the Germans are more severely metaphysical than Fichte, yet here is nothing that comes not home to the apprehension of the most metaphysics-hating of readers. His style is beautifully simple, precise, and even polished, and his sentences rarely extend to any undue length, and are never of that involved construction so common to German writers. Indeed we have never seen any translation that, in point of elegance and accuracy, could compare with this now before us; some, perhaps, of those by Mr. Carlyle, and Schiller's *Essays*, lately presented to the public by the same publishers, excepted. For this we can vouch, having compared it with the original in several places, much to our own edification. We cannot, however, dismiss Mr. Smith, without expressing our regret at his not having thought fit to give to the English reader the five other lectures, by Fichte, on the same subject. We allude to those delivered by him at Jena, in 1794, "*On the Vocation of the Scholar*," which are of an interest not inferior to those in the present volume, and with which they are naturally connected. The fifth is an able and eloquent examination of Rousseau's assertions concerning the injurious influence of the Arts and Sciences on the happiness of mankind, to which the German reader will thank us for having called his attention.

We are sorry that space will not allow us to do more than merely direct attention to the Memoir, from the pen of the translator, prefixed to this volume, of which it fills about half, where the reader will find a concise and interesting account of Fichte's life and philosophical system.

On the Artificial Preparation of Turf, independent of Season and Weather, and with Economy of Time and Labour. By ROBERT MALLETT, C.E., M.I.C.E., M.R.I.A., &c. Dublin: S. B. Oldham. London: Whittaker. 8vo. pp. 49.

There is probably no single custom in the present arrangements of the farmers and cottier tenants throughout the greater portion of Ireland, more rife with results of the most injurious character, than the precarious and uncertain supply of fuel which they derive from the bogs. The necessity under which they labour of taking advantage of any dry weather which may happen about the time of cutting and preparing the turf, and the consequent neglect of other more impor-

tant duties; the transfer of all the available labour to the bog, and the removal during that time of their children from the schools throughout the country; all this entails habits of a total want of system and thoughtless disregard of any steady or continued perseverance, which are a fruitful source of much misery, moral as well as social. Besides, we could easily show, that in many places the cost of turf is even greater than coal, allowing for the difference in heating power, and this where there would be a considerable inland carriage.

There are, of course, many circumstances which will render turf the fuel of the poorer classes for years to come; and there is also little question that its use would be much extended were some simple and economical mode of preparing it generally adopted. We have been partly led to these considerations at present by the unusually high price of coal in this city; and we have been most forcibly struck by the fact, that passing through the very heart of the largest and best bogs in the country, and communicating with the capital, are two canals, supplying means of cheap transport; and yet, *by neither of these establishments has any regular provision been made for obtaining or keeping any store of turf fuel in the city.* How to account for this we know not; but it does appear to arise from an extreme blindness to their own interests. It is perfectly well known, that every winter the price of coal in Dublin is nearly twice as great as it is in summer; while advantage is taken of this by the dealers in turf also; so that at the very time when fuel is most needed, and most necessary for the comfort, nay, for the existence of the poor, its price almost places it beyond their power of procuring it. This, we hesitate not to say, arises in many cases from the needy condition of the dealers, who are compelled to get rid of their stock at once, and who take advantage of every little change in the market to realize a greater profit.

The remedy for this would be simple; and in these days of speculation, we are greatly surprised that it has not been carried into effect. Let an establishment be formed for the purpose of preparing, on a large scale, (and therefore much more economically than it ever can be done by individuals requiring only a small supply), the turf of our large bogs, loading it and transporting it by means of our canals to the capital, there to be stored in such quantity that there shall always be a full supply at a reasonable rate. That there will always be a demand we think it needless to prove. We are confident that such an undertaking, independently of the great public benefits it would confer, would be certainly and largely remunerative to the promoters.

To carry out such a scheme effectively, however, some more certain and economical method of preparing the turf must be adopted; and here we would most strongly recommend to the serious attention of all persons possessed of, or in any way connected with bogs in Ireland, the small pamphlet of Mr. Mallet. It is a paper originally read to the Institution of Civil Engineers of Ireland, and now, with the permission of the council of that body, re-issued in a separate form, with a short but very powerfully-written introduction. In the pamphlet itself, Mr. Mallet gives by far the most perfect history of the manufacture of turf fuel ever yet given to the public; and tracing it from 1528 down to the present time, has described the successive attempts made at artificial preparation, and points out their failures and the cause of them. He says, (page 15), "Whatever has been long tried by a number of different skilful persons, whose interest has been in success, and which, after all, has dropped through and failed of any extended or practical use, may fairly be concluded to possess inherent and real grounds of failure." He thus shows the uselessness of either compressing or charring turf—"The first, as involving an expenditure in labour which the result does not pay, and as expressing from the fibrous mass of wet turf, suspended in the water, some of the most valuable part of the fuel, which is thus lost. The second, as replete with difficulty in the process of charring and cooling, and in result, rendering a fuel, which in its natural dry state has many useful properties, almost valueless for any purpose, and dissipating uselessly the whole gaseous part of the turf, which constitutes so important a fraction of the whole fuel." He shows the total fallacy of the apparently so favourable calculations made by Dr. Kane in his "Industrial Resources of Ireland," regarding char-turf, and brings his practical acquaintance with the subject to bear on the question of the use of turf in the manufacture of iron.

But we cannot follow him through the details of his paper. Briefly, then, he recommends the adoption of the Dutch method of collecting the turf, or making "hand-turf;" and the artificial drying of the turf so collected, in kilns prepared for the purpose, the construction of which he has fully explained by descriptions and plates, and in which he has shewn much ingenuity and practical skill. The advantages to be derived from this method, are "saving of labour and time—devoting the most leisurely in place of the most busy part of the agricultural year to turf-making—obtaining a crop with certainty, independent of season or weather, and improving the quality of turf at least ten-fold, no matter what its natural description may be."

These are Mr. Mallet's propositions, and the numerous experiments he details, fully bear them out.

"The mass of fuel in the bogs of Ireland is too great and too valuable to be wasted and lost by a rude method of getting a scanty crop from their surface. If all the bog in Ireland, capable of being made into turf, be taken as low as two millions of acres, and at an average depth of three yards, the mass of fuel which they contain, estimated at 550 lbs. per cubic yard when dry, amounts to the enormous sum of 6,138,000,000 tons; and taking the value of turf, as compared with coal, at that ascertained in the following pages, viz. as 9 to 51, the total amount of turf fuel in Ireland is equivalent, in power, to above four hundred and seventy million tons of coal, which, at 12s. per ton, is worth above two hundred and eighty millions sterling. The question, then, is, whether this sum is not possible to be realised, and in the process the ground cleared for cultivation over two million of acres, the value of which I leave the agriculturist to determine."—Introduct. p. viii.

This question is, however, too important to be neglected, and we would again strongly urge a perusal of Mr. Mallet's valuable paper on all who may be in any way interested in such inquiries.

The O'Donoghue: a Domestic Tale of Ireland Fifty Years ago. By Charles Lever, Esq. Dublin: W. Curry, jun. and Company. 1845.

THE O'Donoghue is a tale possessing considerable attractions and displaying considerable powers. The dialogue is spirited, and the description often striking. The Author has in his present work abandoned the scenes which, in so many of the earlier productions of his pen, he delighted to depict, and has broken fresh ground; he has quitted camps, to wanton among the wild charms of Ireland's green valleys—has bent his sword into a reaping-hook, and exchanged the atmosphere of gunpowder for the mountain breezes. But, *cælum non animus mutat*: the O'Donoghue has strong family features—a striking likeness to its elder brothers—the same vivid portraiture, the same brilliant colouring, the same rapid vicissitudes, the same merits and the same defects. The rapidity with which events succeed each other, and changes of circumstances occur, is often too great to produce any strong impression upon the mind of the reader; it fails in effect, and rather bewilders than interests. The great events are not sufficiently connected, nor their bearings, with respect to human passions and human actions, properly developed. For example, we have a party of smugglers firing volleys by night into parlour windows, and setting farm-yards in a blaze, without producing a greater sensation or more effect upon the inmates than if it had been my lady's lapdog that had a midnight rencontre with the house cat. These defects betray, if not weakness, at least, want of care—more freedom of fancy than depth of penetration. The work is a series of brilliant and beautifully coloured, but ill connected sketches; resembling the figures pasted upon the O'Donoghue's screen rather than a connected and well digested painting, where the various parts are in keeping, the rules of perspective observed, and the back-ground well filled in. These remarks are particularly applicable to the latter part of the work. It is plainly to be seen that for some reason or other the author was in a great hurry to get to the end of his task. He seems to have wound up more suddenly and abruptly than he originally intended; and to this may be attributed some part at least of the defects to which we have adverted. The conclusion, also, owing apparently to the same cause, is too abrupt to be effective; it leaves no agreeable impressions on the mind. The reader is hurried along with railway speed, and is too much out of breath to be able to enjoy the scenes past which he is flying. The hop, skip, or jump—we don't know which to call it—from the death of the O'Donoghue to the visit, after an interval of twenty years or more, of the lady "in the very pride of bloom and beauty"—by the way, she must have been at that time, we should think, "fat, fair, and forty"—and of the gentleman wearing the armless sleeve, is, in more senses than one, rather a *lame* conclusion. Nevertheless, with all its faults, the O'Donoghue is a tale well deserving the attention of the reader.

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A Polyglot Paper.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

In Mortè di Laura.

PETRARCH.

Passato è 'l tempo omai, lasso! che tanto,
Con refrigerio in mezzo 'l foco vissi:
Passata è quella di ch' io piansi e scrissi;
Ma lasciato m' ha ben la pena e 'l pianto.
Passato è 'l viso leggiadro e santo;
Ma passando i dolci occhi al cor m' ha fissi,
Al cor già mio, che seguendo partissi
Lei ch' avvolta l' avea nel suo bel manto.
Ella 'l se ne portò sotterra, e'n cielo
Ov' or trionfa ornata dell' allora
Che meritò la sua invitta onestate.
Così disciolto dal mortal mio velo
Ch' a forza mi tien qui, foss' io con loro
Fuor de' sospir fra l' anime beate.

On the Death of Laura.

My days of love are o'er—sweet summer days,
When in my heart the blessed light of love
Burn'd with a vestal purity of blaze—
Gone to the holy shrines in heaven above
Is she, whose gentle loveliness still beams
Down on my soul, waking its young love dreams
Once more in all their beauty; still her eyes
Shine on my spirit; and her heart, that fled
The wilderness of my lone bosom, hies

To earth from heaven, to dwell with me awhile.
Methinks I see her, all in glory crown'd,
Over me with ineffable sweetness smile.

I strive to burst the bonds of life that round
My being coil, and wing my upward flight
On to the glorious tribes of angels heavenly bright.

La Fiancée du Timballier.

VICTOR HUGO.

Monseigneur, le Duc de Bretagne
A, pour les combats meurtriers,
Convoqué de Nante à Mortagne
Dans la plaine et sur la campagne
L'arrière-ban de ses guerriers.

Ce sont des barons dont les armes
Ornent des forts cients d'un fossé,
Des prouxs vieillis dans les alarmes
Des écuyers, des hommes d'armes—
L'un d'entre eux est mon fiancé.

Il est parti pour l'Aquitaine
Comme timballier, et pourtant
On le prend pour un capitaine
Rien qu' à voir sa mine haultaine
Et son pourpoint d'or éclatant.

Depuis ce jour l'effroi m'agite,
J'ai dit, joignant son sort au mien,
"Ma patronne, Sainte Brigitte
Pourque jamais li ne le quitte,
Survieillez son ango gardien."

J'ai dit à notre abbe, "Messire,
Priez bien pour tous nos soldats,
Et comme on sçait qu'il le désire,
J'ai brûlé trois cierges de cire
Sur le chässe de saint Gildas."

A notre dame de Lorette
J'al promis, dans mon noir chagrin,
D'attacher sur ma gorgerette
Fermée à la vue indiscrette
Les coquilles du pèlerin.

Il n'a pu, par d'amoureux gages,
Absent consoler mes foyers;
Pour porter les tendres messages
La vassale n'a point de pages,
Le vassal n'a point d'écuyers.

Il doit aujourd'hui de la guerre
Revenir avec monseigneur—
Ce n'est plus un amant vulgaire;
Je lève un front baissé naguère
Et mon orgueil est du bonheur.

Le Duc triomphant, nous rapporte
Son drapeau dans les camps froissé;
Venez vous, sous la vielle porte
Voir passer le brillant escorte,
Et le prince, et mon fiancé.

The Betrothed of the Cymballer.

VICTOR HUGO.

My lord of Brittany hath ta'en
His knights to the camp away.
Convok'd from Nantes to broad Mortagne
No warriors e'er swept hill or plain
More brave or bold than they.

Barons are there of strength and bloom,
In chain-mail grimly clothed;
And men-at-arms, with helm and plume,
Archer and spearman, page and groom,
And with them my betroth'd.

From Aquitaine to war he went,
A gallant cymballer;
So finely grace and strength were blent
In all his looks, you'd think him meant
To wield a captain's spear.

Since then my soul feels sore afraid,
And broods upon some strange ill;
To holy Bridget oft I've pray'd,
And begg'd she'd lend him holy aid,
With his bright guardian angel.

I've said unto our holy priest—
"For all our soldiers pray.
I've burnt at good saint Gilda's feast,
Three pounds of blessed wax at least,
To shield them in the fray."

Unto the Virgin too I've vow'd,
(Such sights my fancy shapes)
My head in solemn veil to shroud,
If safely mid the battling crowd,
My cymbaleer escapes.

No amorous token, no fond gage,
To my hand could he send;
An humble maid owns no foot page,
A vassal none on embassy
Of love hath he to wend.

He should this very day return
From war with my lord duke,
Honour has crown'd his camp sojourn—
No wonder that with joy I burn,
And pride shines in my look.

The duke triumphant from the fight,
His flag brings back with glee;
Come let us on this grassy height
Sit, and behold the dazling sight,
My own betroth'd and he.

Venez voir, pour ce jour de fête
 Son cheval caparaçonné ;
 Qui sous son poids hennit s'arrete,
 Et marche en secouant la tête
 De plumes rouges couronnée.

Mes sœurs, à vous parer trop lentes
 Venez voir, près de mon vainqueur,
 Ces timbales étincelantes
 Qui, sous sa main toujours tremblante
 Sonnent, et font bondir le cœur.

Venez surtout le voir lui-même
 Sous le manteau que j'ai brodé !
 Qu'il sera beau ! C'est lui que j'aime ;
 Il porte comme un diadème
 Son casque de crins inondés.

L'Egyptienne sacrilège
 M'attirant derrière un pilier,
 M'a dit bien (Dieu me protège !)
 Qu' à la fanfare du cortège
 Il manquerait un timbalier.

Mais j'ai tant prié que j'espère,
 Quoique, me montrant de la main
 Un sépulchre son noir repaire,
 La vieille, aux regards de vipère
 M'al dit je l'attends là demain.

Volons ! plus de noires pensées !
 Ce sont les tambours que j'entend ?
 Voici les dames entassées
 Les tentes de pourpre dressées,
 Les fleurs et les drapeaux flottans.

Sur deux range le cortège ondoie ;
 D'abord les pigniers, aux pas lourds,
 Puis, sous l'étendard qu'on déploie,
 Les barons, en robes de soie,
 Avec leurs toques de velours.

Voici les chasubles des prêtres ;
 Les hérauts sur un blanc coursier,
 Tous en souvenir des ancêtres
 Portent l'écusson de leurs maîtres
 Peint sur leur corselet d'acier.

Admirez l'armure Persanne
 Des Templiers, craints de l'enfer,
 Et sous la longue pertuisane
 Les archers velus de Lausanne
 Vetus de buffle, armés de fer.

Le duc n'est pas loins : ses bannières,
 Flottent parmi les chevaliers ;
 Quelques enseignes prisonnières,
 Honteuses, passent les dernières.
 Mes sœurs, voici les timbaliers !

Elle dit, et sa vue errante
 Plonge, hélas, dans les rangs pressés ;
 Puis, dans la foule indifférente,
 Elle tomb, froide et mourante !
Les timbaliers étaient passés.

Behold upon this happy day,
 How proudly steps his steed,
 His tossing head with red plumes gay
 He'll prance upon the dusty way—
 A gallant horse indeed.

Haste, haste, my sisters, come and see,
 My vanquisher appear,
 His cymbals clash melodiously,
 And like some baron shineth he,
 My handsome cymbaleer.

Round him you'll see a mantle thrown,
 Embroider'd by this hand—
 That will be he, my own, my own !—
 No crown'd king upon his throne,
 E'er look'd so bold or grand.

A wretched gypsy prophced,
 A prophecy of fear;—
 That one of those who now in pride
 Towards this spot with music ride,
 Should want a cymbaleer.

But I have pray'd so much, that now
 I've laid aside my sorrow—
 Though the old witch with haggard brow
 Exclaim'd, "Thou slightest me I trow,
 But wait until to-morrow.

Away, away, dark thought and care,
 Hark ! hear you not the drums ;
 Behold the laughing ladies fair
 The purple banners in the air,
 The gay procession comes.

In double rank his pikemen file,
 A gorgeous cavalcade ;
 Upon their arms the sunbeams smile ;
 After them press in gorgeous style.
 Barons in silk brocade.

See holy priests in copes of gold,
 Heralds on horses white,
 Whose flags of green and gems unroll'd,
 Pourtray the feats of the men of old,
 Heroic in the fight.

Next see the Templars—every man
 In Persian armour clad ;
 See glittering sword and partisan,
 And then the archers of Lausanne,
 Whose bravery makes me glad.

Here comes the Duke. His banners blow
 O'er his mail'd cavaliers ;
 With standards taken from the foe,
 He rides along in stately show—
 Now for the cymbaleers.

Thus to her friends the maiden said,
 Then view'd them one by one:—
 With searching gaze their ranks she read,
 Then tumbled headlong, cold and dead,
The cymbaleers were gone.

Petrarcha.

Alma felice che soventi torni
 A consolar le mie notte dolenti
 Cogli occhi tuoi, che morte non ha spenti,
 Ma sovra 'l mortal modo fatti adorni;
 Quanto gradisco ch' i miei triste giorni
 A rallegrar di tua visti consenti
 Così incomincio a ritrovar presenti
 Le tue bellezze à suo 'usati soggiorni
 La 've cantando andai di te molt' anni,
 Or, come vedi, vo di te piangendo;
 Di te piangendo no, ma de' miei danni
 Sol un riposo trovo in molti affani;
 Che quando torni, ti conosco e'ntendo
 All'andar, alla voce al volto à panni.

In morte di Laura.

Blest spirit who so oft from heaven,
 Where thou shinest with the Seven,
 Turnest thine eyes upon thy lover weeping,
 His weary soul in joys celestial steeping;
 For Death their brightness dar'd not
 To quench—though *thee* he spar'd not.
 Oh! how I hail thy beauteous presence,
 Fresh from thy homes of starry pleasaunce;—
 My days are sunless till thy spirit brightens
 The gloomy shades, and, like Aurora, lightens
 The path to heaven that leadeth,
 Through which my spirit speedeth.
 I seek the immortal sky that holds thee,
 My panting soul once more enfolds thee,
 Why do I weep? Alas, that thou'rt departed!
 Thou art an angel—I am broken hearted,
 Therefore I sorrow, dearest,
 Wretched, but when thou'rt nearest.

Una Fabula Espanola.

Una lucertoletta
 Diceva al cocodrillo,
 O quanto mi diletta,
 Di veder finalmente
 Un della mia famiglia
 Si grande e sì potente!
 Ho fatto mille miglia
 Per venirvi a vedere
 Sire, trà noi si serba
 Di voi memoria viva
 Benche fuggiam tra l'erba
 E il sassoso sentiere

A Spanish Fable.

A weak little lizard
 One day with a squeal,
 To a Crocodile said,—
 “How delighted I feel,
 To see in my old age,
 In this very land,
 One of my little children,
 So mighty and grand.
 Of miles I've pass'd over
 A thousand, to see
 Such a noble descendant,
 Who so honours me.

In sen però non langue,
L'onor del prisco sangue.
L'anfibio rè dormiva
A questi complimenti
Pur sugle ultimi accenti
Dal sono si riscosse,
E addimandò chi fosse ;
La parentila antica
Il cammin la fatica,
Quella gli torna a dire ;
Ed ei torna a dormire.

Though we creep through the grass,
And the chinks in the earth,
Yet our true ancient blood,
Shows us of the same birth."
The mighty king Crocodile
Heavily snor'd,
And of all these fine compliments
Heard not a word,
But when they were over,
He opened his eyes,
"Pray, worm, what's the meaning?"
The lizard replies,
Delighted, elated ;—
But ere he could say
One word—was king Crocodile
Snoring away.

LEJHJOS ZACH ZUJAK ZIN T-UJSCJDhe.

Sul fà n'èrjzò tñ ajr majon bjoò do òear-lám uajr rjnte,
Zhar a b-fáz tu do bujòéal de'n bjotájle bñfázhar ;
Sul fà n-òéanarò tñ do òorjeazat cujr jnaròéoz fà do
ònojbòe òe.

Ma'r majt leat'r a't-razòal-ro bejt buan, fullám, beòò,
Ejzòò zo taparò azur fájrz orò do bñjrcòò,
Ná fan le do bearnarò, do zhlanaò hò do òjonaò,
Nó zo z-cujnrò tñ boz-òamainz fà do rzajrteac 'r do pjòbàn
De'n n-Ujrcjòe majr Nectar. do òorjeaz fàc jòta,
A'r ó majon zo h-òjbòe cujrpear cejleabàn a'ò jìlòr.

Jr jocfíajnte an t-ujrjòe léjzearat azur flánuizear
Zac ejnnear azur ajcjo d'a leanann rjòl Zòajh ;
Nj'l úrajò le doòcujr hò le portecéjnjòe zallòá,
Zèò ól lán rzála òe zac majon a'r zac ójbòe.
Zñ bjotájle beanjòujte do òorjrie Naoih Pátturujc.
Ná cujnrò é z-compjrajò le fjontajb na Spájne,
Le Burzunjòe na Frajnce, hò hoc na n-Úlmájne,
Le Rum hò le h-Úppac do tájnc òar rájle,
O'r ócájò hòp bájr jat do lojrzeaz an z-cròjbòe.

Ma tá majll anjajnc orò hò cujran anò do cluajab,
Còljc anò do fájle hò zneat-lojzat fñajl orò,
Zút anò do òjoraib hò amainz anò do fñajlnòb,
Ól naoj n-uajne deòò Ujrcjòe 'r an ló.
Zlanfajò do nojz, bejbòjn ajzeantac, ún-ònojbòeac,
Weanmjnac, cljrte 'r nj cujnrò fñacò orò,
Zñ rjn zeabajn còòla, rocarnac a'r ruajmhnear,
Zñ òaòfajò tñ ajcjo, ejnnear ná buajòneac,
Zò m-bejb tñ dejc n-uajne òòh rean lejz an z-ceòò.

An Irish Drinking Song, or "Whiskey is the Panacea."

At the dawning of the day, while in bed you lounge away,
If dulness sheds her mists upon your soul,

Take my advice—fill up
 A merry whiskey cup,
 And the clouds will quickly vanish in the beams of the bowl,
 And the clouds, my boys, will vanish in the bowl.
 Oh! what the soul can cheer, like the whiskey sweet and clear,
 Should aught the mind of sage or bard employ
 But whiskey, our delight,
 At morn, and noon, and night,
 And the sparkling fount of mirth, and wit, and rosy joy,
 The sparkling fount of wit and rosy joy.

What potions, or what pills, can, like whiskey, cure our ills?

Oh! believe me when I tell you 'tis life's staff,
 If sick or sore you lie,
 All your pains and aches shall fly,
 If you only fill your glass to the brim, and freely quaff,
 If you only fill your glass and freely quaff.

The lover it inspires—the warrior's breast it fires:—

Talk not to *me* of brandy, gin, or wine,

The hock of Allemagne,

The grape of sunny Spain,

Oh, the whiskey, *Ireland's* whiskey, shall be ever, ever mine,

Oh, the whiskey, *Ireland's* whiskey, shall be mine.

Oh, dazzling o'er with glee your path of life shall be,
 If the whiskey clear in brimming bowls you drain,
 Your muscles 'twill make strong,
 Your life it will prolong,

And happiness upon your head like sunbeams 'twill rain,
 And happiness like sunbeams on you rain.

Then trust me while you drink, and your whiskey goblets skink,
 Gout or cholic never shall your frame molest;

While you make your hogshead's flow,

Hale and stout your limbs shall grow,

Then *drink*—of all the axioms that I know 'tis the best—

Oh! *drink*—of all wise axioms 'tis the best.

A German Drinking Song.

Ergo bibamus.

Hier sind wir versammelt zu löblichen Thun

Drum Brüderchen! *Ergo bibamus.*

Die Gläser sie klingen, Gespräche sie ruhn,

Beherziget, *Ergo bibamus.*

Das heisst noch ein altes, ein tüchtiges Wort;

Es passet zum Ersten und passet sie fort,

Und schallet ein Echo vom festlichen Ort,

Ein herrliches *Ergo bibamus.*

Ich hatte mein freundliches Liebchen gesehen

Da dächt' ich mir; *Ergo bibamus.*

Und nälte mich freundlich; da liess sie mich stehn

Ich half mir unde dachte; *bibamus.*

Und wenn sie versöhnet euch herzet und Küss
 Und wenn ihr das Herzen und Küssen vermisst,
 So bleibet nur bis ihr was Besseres wisst,
 Beim tröstlichen, *Ergo bibamus.*

Mich ruft mein Geschick von den Freunden hinweg,
 Ihr Redlichen! *Ergo bibamus,*
 Ich scheide von hinnen mit leichtem Gerack;
 Drum doppetes, *Ergo bibamus.*
 Und was auch der Filz von dem Liebe sich schmorgt
 So bleibt für den Heitem doch immer gesorgt,
 Weil immer dem Frohen der Fröhliche borgt,
 Drum Brüderchen! *Ergo bibamus.*

Was sollen wir sagen zum heutigen Tag!
 Ich dächte mir; *Ergo bibamus.*
 Er ist nun einmal von besonderem Schlag;
 Drum immer aufs neue *Bibamus.*
 Er führet die Freude durch's offene Thor
 Es glanzen die Wolken, es theilt sich der Flor,
 Da scheint uns ein Bildchen ein göttliches vor;
 Wir klingen und singen, *Bibamus.*

Student Song by Goethe.

For pleasure, for pleasure, we're met here to-night,
 My gallant boys, *Ergo bibamus—*
 And our glasses that glow with the wine's purple light,
 Make us think but of *Ergo bibamus;*
 'Tis a hearty and homely old toast—let it pass
 From the first to the last with the wine-blushing glass,
 Oh! where'er bliss is found, there you'll hear (by the mass!)
 The echo of *Ergo bibamus.*

My own little sweetheart pass'd by me to-day,
 As I caroll'd an *Ergo bibamus,*
 She came near, but a-pouting she turn'd her away;
 When she heard me sing *Ergo bibamus.*
 Oh! believe me that whether we make love or no,
 Whether scatheless by glances, or slaves to their glow,
 There's no maxium on earth that—as far as I know—
 Can compete with bright *Ergo bibamus.*

My good-hearted boys, my departure is nigh,
 Fill the cup then—and—*Ergo bibamus,*
 But though small is my store, ere I bid ye good bye,
 Let us shout again, *Ergo bibamus.*
 Our bodies may fade, but our spirits are young,
 And ne'er on our souls hath despondency hung;
 What heart could be niggard that ever yet sung,
 The goodly toast, *Ergo bibamus..*

And now, my lads, what of the times shall we say?
 Why have we not, *Ergo bibamus*?
 They're most excellent jolly good times, by my fay,
 And deserve a loud *Ergo bibamus*.
 Our hours are as pleasant as ever were pass'd,
 The present's as golden and gay as the last,
 With the happiest times it deserves to be class'd,
 So fill away, *Ergo bibamus*.

Luis De Camoens. SONETO CCLXXXI.

Dizei Senhora, da belleza idéa;
 Para fazerdes esse aureo crino
 Onde fostes buscar esse ouro fino
 De que escondida mina ou de que véa?
 Dos vossos olhos essa luz Phébéa,
 Esse respeito di hum imperio dóno
 Se o alcançastes com saber divino
 Se com encantamentos de Medéa?
 De que escondidas conchas escolheste
 As perlas preciosas Orientaes
 Que fallando mostrais no doce riso?
 Pois vos formastes tal, como quizestes
 Vigiai-vos de vos naõ vos vijais
 Fugi das fontes, lembre vos Narciso.

A Portuguese Sonnet by Camoens.

Come tell me, you beauteous young creature,
 Where got you those bright eyes of blue?
 Where found you that sweetness of feature?
 Those lips that the roses look through?
 From which of the mines did your tresses
 Their diamond-like radiancy steal?
 And how 'tis your smiling expresses,
 What you do not dare to reveal?

Yet hear me, you little seducer,
 Since nature has formed you so fair,
 Remember you're ne'er to misuse her
 Let Beauty be always your care.
 Be warn'd by the fate of Narcissus,
 Ne'er look in your mirror at all—
 For, as sure as the girls love to kiss us,
 In love with yourself you must fall.

Alcæus.

Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω ὥστερ Ἀρμодиὸς καὶ
 Ἀριστογυιτων, ὅτε τον τυραννον κτανῃτην,
 ἰσονομοῦς τ' Ἀθηνας ἐκποιδατην. φιλταθ' Ἀρμοδι,
 οὐκω τείβηκαί, νησὺς δ' ἐν μαλακῶν σι φασιν εἶναι,

ἵνα περὶ πάδακος Ἀχιλλεύς, Τυδείδην τε φασὶ τοὺς
 ἰσθλοὺς Διομήδεα. Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί το ξίφος φορῶσα
 ὥσπερ Ἀρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων, ἔτ' Ἀθηναίης ἐν
 θυσιῶν ἀνδρῶν τυράννοι Ἰππάρχου κταίνεσθαι, αἱ σφῶν
 κλέος ἰσσεῖται κατ' αἶαν, φιλεῖται Ἀρμόδιος καὶ
 Ἀριστογείτων ὅτι τοὺς τυράννοι κταίνεσθαι, ἰσσημοῦς
 τ' Ἀθῆνας ἐποίησάτην.

The War Song of Alcæus.

I'll twine my soul with myrtle braid,
 Like him of old, whose patriot blade,
 Unsheathe'd for Athens, prostrate laid
 The tyrant in the dust;
 Bright star of Greece, Harmodius hail!
 Thy fate—thy fall let none bewail,
 For souls sublime o'er death prevail,
 Their home is with the just.

I'll wreath my sword with myrtle twine,
 Like those who, arm'd for truth divine,
 Struck down, beside Minerva's shrine,
 Hipparchus in his pride;
 Long shall their names, and deeds of light,
 Be seen like constellations bright,
 To point the way to Freedom's height,
 And man to Virtue guide.

Ridder Edvard.

En Ridder over Heden red—
 O sùg! hvorhen? hvorhen?
 Jeg skal afsted, jeg maa afsted
 Og kommer ej igjen.

Tøv, hulde Ridder! tøv endnu,
 Og hold Guldtoilen stram,
 O Ridder! kom dit Ord ihu
 Tænk, Himlen det fornåm.

Ha! ha! Den Snak, jeg Piger gav,
 Er inger Tanke værd,
 Thi Vinden over Land og Hav
 Gud veed, hvorhen! den boer.

Nei, Edvard, nei! det er ei saa
 Det Ord du Møen gav,
 Det Hjertensord du holde maa
 Selv i den kolde Grav.

O Edvard! Edvard! er det dig
 Som ved mit Hjerter her
 Saa sædt og kjælent lærte mig
 At have dig saa kjær?

Til Hyldens svale Skygge hist
 Jeg addrig glemmer den
 Med Kjærlig Tvang og kjølen List
 Du lokkede mig hen.

Jeg blev saa bange og saa øm .
 Imellen Graad og Smil ;
 Jeg blunded' bort, som til en Drom,
 Og o ! blev atter til.

Ak, Edvard ! Foraarsblomsten veg
 Og Frugten blev igjen ;
 Min Barm saa tungt og sølsomt steg
 O søg ! hvad tynged' den ?

Forskyd nu den bedragne Mø !
 Frys Kamp og blodig Daad !
 Din Elskede skal haanet døe
 Din Afkom die Graad.

Gak hen ! Gak hen ! dog aldrig heelt
 Der slides af min Arm ;
 Dit Væsen, Edvard, er deelt
 Det lever i min Barm—

Den Ridder fra sin Ganger saae,
 Den Pige var saa huld ;
 Han atter fra sin Ganger saae,
 Hun var saa sorrigfuld.

Den Ridder brat af Sadlen steg
 Og rakte Haanden hen,
 Ved Bryllupsførd, og strøengeleg
 Hun smilede igjen.

Knight Edward.

A DANISH BALLAD BY STAFFELD.

The young knight over the heather he rode ;
 " Oh ! whither and whither dost thou go ?"
 " I shall be off—and I will be off,
 And I vow that I will come back no moe."

" Oh ! stay dear love, oh ! tarry awhile,
 And draw o'er thy steed thy gold reins tight ;
 Oh ! love remember the vows you swear,
 They were heard in yonder heaven of light."

" Ha, ha, my words were but idle talk,
 How could'st thou, child, in such tales confide ?
 And over the land, and over the sea,
 The winds have borne them wild and wide."

"No, Edward, no, and it is not so,
The promise you gave to the trusting maid,
The heart's-word must be kept by thee,
Though thou in thy cold black grave wert laid.

"Oh, Edward, Edward, and is it thou,
Who taught me to hold thee so truly dear?
Who sweetly and tenderly whispered me oft,
And still art shrined in my bosom here.

"And didst thou not with the breath of love,
Warm as the sun in a bright May day,
Make the young rose of my heart grow strong,
Till thy false mind stole its flower away.

"With loving force, and with soothing wiles,
Beneath the shade of the elder tree,
I heard thy vows—I heard and believ'd—
And wilt thou, love, look cold on me?

"I was so timid, and weak, and young,
With smiles of love, and with tears of pain,
I slumber'd on in a dream of bliss,
Ah! gentle dream, wert thou here again!

"Ah! Edward, the fruits and flowers of spring
Went and came, but no joy they brought,
My bosom it rose so heavy and strange,
Oh! why with woe was my heart so fraught?

"Cast now the deceiv'd young maiden away,
And ride to the war like a bold young chief,
Thy loved one shall die in the world's cold mock,
And thine innocent child be the heir of grief.

"Go hence, go hence, yet never shalt thou
Be wholly out of thy maiden's heart,
Thy self is divided, dear love, in two,
And in my bosom there lieth a part."

The knight look'd down from his gallant steed—
And, oh! how bright did the maid appear;
Again he look'd from his gallant steed,
The maid was drooping with woe and fear.

Then quick from the saddle knight Edward leapt,
And he gave his hand to the damsel bright,
And song, and music, and rosy smiles,
Were round them both on their bridal night.

A Persian Drinking Song.

Hafez.

After scyphos et dulcè ridentis meri
 Purpureos latices
 Effunde largius puer,
 Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium
 Difficilesque senum
 Emollit aegritudines.
 Solem merum cœmulatur, et lunam calix ;
 Nectareis foveat
 Dic luna solem complexibus.
 Flammas nitentes sparge vini scilicet
 Fervidioris aquam
 Flammæ nitentis cœmulam.
 Quod si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,
 Sparge puer liquidas
 Vini rubescentia rosas.
 Si devium Philomela deserit nemus,
 Pocula læta canant
 Non elaboratum melos.
 Imperiosæ sperne fortunæ minas,
 Lætaque mæstitiam
 Depulat informem chelys,
 Somnus beatos somnus amplexûs dabit ;
 Da mihi dulce merum
 Somnum quod alliciat levem.
 Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos
 Ut placidâ madidus
 Oblivione perfruar.
 Scyphum affer alterum puer, deinde
 alterum,
 Seu vetitum fuerit
 Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

Bring us the purple liquid,
 Of sweetly smiling wine,
 And bring us cups and crown them
 With cluster'd leaves of vine ;
 The grape alone, the passions
 Of wild youth can assuage,
 And shed a charming lustre
 O'er the miseries of age.

The wine it sparkles brightly
 As shines the sun in June ;
 The silver goblet glitters,
 As beams the gentle moon ;
 Fill up the silver goblet—
 It and the wine shall be
 Like sun and moon commingling;
 And shining gloriously.

As thus we scatter round us
 The glowing sparks of wine,
 We seem like brave enchanters
 Of some ethereal line ;
 If roses fade in winter,
 No care corrodes our souls,
 A thousand liquid roses
 Float in our silver bowls.

The nightingale sings sweetly,
 But when she flies away,
 Our clinking cups breathe music
 Sweet as her sweetest lay—
 Hence with lament or sadness,
 Let sorrow's voices be mute ;
 Or, should it wander hither,
 We'll drown it in the lute.

Sleep sits upon our eyelids
 Like some refreshing dew,
 Fill up the magic goblet,
 And court kind sleep anew.
 Delightful is the madness
 From brimming bowls that flows,
 And blest the sweet oblivion
 Of life's eternal woes.

Renew our crystal beakers,
 With rosy wine once more,
 And bring us flowery chaplets
 Like those we had before ;
 If wine cups be forbidden,
 Or lawful, what care we ?
 We'll revel until day-break
 In wild ebriety.

CROSS CONFIDENCES.

"She used to carry tales from one to another 'till she had set the neighbourhood together by the ears."—*Arbuthnot*.

THERE is an evil under the sun, as yet, I believe, undescribed either in prose or rhyme, but which, as it has caused me in my own experience much trouble, I am desirous to offer some remarks on, for the benefit of others. For this evil there is, as far as I am aware, no precise name, but it might not unaptly be termed "*cross confidences*." I shall endeavour to illustrate my meaning by the following theorem:—

A. tells a secret to B., to be concealed from C.

A. then goes to C., and tells the same secret, to be concealed from B.

A. goes back to B., saying that he has told the secret to C., purporting to be unknown to C., requesting B. to conceal his knowledge of the same.

A. goes a second time to C., saying that he has told B. of C's knowledge of said secret, requesting C. to conceal his knowledge of the same.

A. then pays a third visit to B.—but I am becoming puzzled—this matter will be best explained by my story.

The early years of my life were passed in the house of my father, who was a nobleman; he had married for love my mother, who had been a beautiful girl, daughter to a gentleman of small fortune in a remote part of England. In my nineteenth year I became an orphan-heiress, and having the choice of a residence with either of my two guardians—one of which was my mother's and the other my father's brother—I preferred the former, and quitting the great world, which I might at that time have entered under favourable circumstances, I became an inmate of the house of my uncle, Mr. Howard. The ostensible reason of my retirement was, the double bereavement I had recently suffered; there was also another reason, as will appear presently. The family of Mr. Howard consisted of his wife, four daughters, and a son. The latter was the only member of the family I had seen; he had spent some time at my father's house, on the occasion of his coming to London to get a commission in the army. He was a very handsome young man—a joyous, fine creature. I cannot tell what I was myself at that period "*chacun se fait quelque illusion sur sa figure*;" but whatever might have been my appearance, it pleased my cousin Philip; the difference, however, of our situation was such that he never spoke of love.

He seemed at times to entertain vague notions of raising himself to such a grade in his profession as to enable him to match with the daughter of an earl; but as I had lived more in the busy world than he, and also knew what my father thought to belong to the nineteenth century, I gave no encouragement to such visions. My cousin, having obtained his commission, took leave of our family, and, apparently with a heavy heart, set out for the continent, a very short time previous to the termination of the war. Soon after his departure, the sad events I have mentioned left me arbitress of my destiny, and the feelings I had sought to stifle, now, with a strong reaction, turned to the young soldier. I therefore made choice of his father's house as my

residence during the remainder of my minority. My uncle and aunt, with their eldest daughter, came to London to take me under their protection, and I travelled with them home.

The scene my uncle's house presented was quite new to me. It was placed in a retired and rather a romantic situation; there were but few neighbours, and our little community was thrown chiefly on its own resources.

My aunt expressed herself glad to perceive that I had something of a taste for refined occupations, and said kindly that my society and example might tend to the improvement of her daughters. She had herself given them a knowledge of many useful accomplishments; they were rather superior musicians, embroidresses, painters, and even readers; but, alas! she never could impart to any one of them her own simplicity and dignity of mind,—they were incomparably the greatest gossips in the world.

These four young women, from eight-and-twenty to fifteen, were so far like the Athenians of old, that they thought of nothing but “to hear or to tell of some new thing.” Had they lived in such ever-shifting scenes as a London life affords, their curiosity, by being more diffused, would probably have been neither so intense nor so mischievous. I was surprised to find what slender materials furnished them with a subject. Soon after my entrance into the family, I perceived that it was a scene of—I will not say direct quarrels—but of huffs, misunderstandings, and what I have called “*cross confidences*”; unanimity was banished from this little circle; its members mostly looked strangely upon each other, and no individual seemed at all times to have confidence in any.

The first “*unpleasant business*,” as the young ladies termed a misunderstanding, related to the purchase of a carriage. My uncle, aunt, and eldest cousin, who accompanied them, had chosen and bought a carriage, of which circumstance the elder parties had not intended to make a secret; but Miss Howard, who had a taste for mystery, proposed to keep the matter secret, to procure an agreeable surprise to her dear sisters. It was not ready at the time of our departure, but the coachmaker promised to send it down in ten days more.

Miss Howard had no sooner returned home than she communicated this agreeable surprise to her next sister, Julia, with a strict injunction to secrecy. Julia, to do her justice, kept the secret in good faith, or meant to do so, but could not refrain from talking on the subject on what she termed *safe grounds*—viz., making frequent mention of vehicles of all kinds, and of their comparative merits. She meant to be faithful, but her habit of talking overcame her. Miss Howard then became uneasy lest her own breach of faith should be suspected, and knowing that to silence Julia would be impossible, went to her mamma, and said that Julia had questioned her minutely as to their proceedings in London, so that she found it impossible, without violating truth, to conceal the purchase of the carriage; to which her mother replied, that she had disapproved of making the affair a secret, but, having once agreed to do so, would not now divulge it. Miss Howard, still apprehensive, went back to Julia, and told her that *she* had told mamma that she (Julia) knew of the carriage, requesting Julia to conceal this communication.

Julia, however, did not now feel herself bound to secrecy, but went

to mamma to talk the matter over ; and said that the first words her sister had spoken, upon her return home, were concerning the carriage.

Mamma expressed displeasure at her eldest daughter's *inaccurate statement*, who had excused her breach of faith on the plea of veracity. Julia, now alarmed at considering how this proceeding might appear to her sister, begged of mamma not to tell Maria that she had spoken to her on this subject. Mrs. Howard, finding that this mystery would for the ensuing week be likely to prove a fertile source of breach of promise and falsehood, requested of her husband that the affair of having purchased a carriage might be publicly announced, saying that the girls were weaving a web of artifice even on this trifling subject. Mr. Howard, who detested all kinds of littleness in conduct, summoned his two eldest daughters to his presence, and reprimanded them severely ; and both young ladies spent that evening in tears and mutual reproaches, and did not speak to each other for a week.

On the occasion of this fracas, which took place three days after my arrival, my aunt thought it necessary to caution me respecting her daughters, as she seemed to apprehend that I should become involved in some difficulty through their means, and perhaps quit the family in disgust. She advised me steadily to decline all approaches to confidence, and, if I desired a friend or companion, to associate chiefly with herself.

I followed my good aunt's advice almost literally, and spent my time chiefly in her society ; she was the only one to whom I could speak of Philip Howard without risk of treachery or misconstruction. I was not unwilling she should discern my partiality, as I feared his scrupulous honour would now more than ever render him unwilling to declare himself.

The battle was fought which decided the fate of Europe, and we had the happiness of hearing that my cousin Philip was alive and well, but, to his own infinite disappointment, his regiment had not been called into action. This was the more grievous as it was not only his first campaign, but likely also to be his last. Peace was now proclaimed, and soon after his regiment was disbanded.

I did not partake of his disappointment, the happy prospect of seeing him again, and of being able to give him proof of my disinterested affection, was infinitely delightful. One day whilst we were expecting to hear of the time being fixed on for his return, as I was coming into the house I met my aunt, who was going out ; she looked pleased, and said in passing, " I have had a letter, Sophia, from my son just now, he says we may soon expect him home."

I was too much affected to reply, but hastened to my own apartment. In going through the gallery I was stopped by my youngest cousin, Helen, who followed me with an open letter in her hand. " My dear Sophia," said she, " here is good news. Philip is coming home." I replied coldly that I had heard so from her mother. " But," she answered, " has mamma told you when—has she told you it is to-night ?"

Here I was thrown off my guard, and exclaimed, " to-night ! do you mean this very night ?"

" This very night," replied Helen, " to come unexpectedly, to try if

you will be glad to see him. I peeped into the letter when mamma went out, and I wished to tell you, that you may act a great surprise."

I believe the young lady saw that I was very little obliged to her, for she proceeded to attempt to soften me, "It is well poor Philip is alive; he has met with a dreadful accident; he was set upon by robbers a few nights hence, and struck with a dagger,—think how horrible,—but he wrested it from the ruffian, and, as it is a curiously-wrought weapon, he has kept it to bring it home. He would not have told mamma of his adventure, but that he feared she might hear from the colonel he had been ill."

I made no reply, but walked into my apartment. To have had that communication forced upon me was most vexatious, as it must entirely defeat the object of Philip's wishes, namely, to see my genuine feelings at his return. Every one must know how difficult it is to *act a surprise*, and, to an unpractised person, nearly impossible, besides, it was much to be apprehended that even the very person who had bid me *act*, might place the audience behind the scenes, and betray the deception. I remained a long time engaged in forming plans, until I began to think that *no plan* would be the best, and resolved to leave the matter to chance. I now recollected it was time to dress for dinner, and rang for my woman; another servant answered the bell, and told me that Mrs. Marsden was with Miss Helen. I opened my door impatiently to seek for her, and saw Marsden coming out of Helen's room; she was followed by Helen and Agnes, who clung to her, and whispered into each ear, and, through Marsden's impatience to get away, they were drawn with her some steps into the gallery.

Mrs. Marsden appeared to be possessed of some agreeable secret. "Amiable young persons, my Lady, the Miss Howards, charming family, no pride, but willing to learn from people of experience—and they have so much taste."

I said very gravely, "I wish, Marsden, you would keep more exclusively in your own department; you have had my advice not to embroil yourself in the affairs of this family; you may draw us both into difficulties you little anticipate."

"Indeed, Lady Sophia," said Marsden, "I am not an interfering person, but in fact those dear creatures have told me a secret respecting your Ladyship which has given me so much pleasure that I cannot help saying a word to you in confidence. There is a person expected that you will not be sorry to see, but I must not tell you when, that you may shew the proper degree of agitation and surprise."

I dismissed Marsden hastily, saying I would dress myself, and I remained alone, overpowered with vexation; I had now sufficient reason to believe that I was committed on this very delicate subject to the whole family.

When I met my aunt at dinner, her mind seemed so deeply occupied, that she gave but little attention to what was passing, until Julia began to speak of an old song called "the Soldier's Return," and thence digressed to the subject of *sudden meetings, surprises*, and wonderful rencontres of all kinds.

My uncle was absent, for which reason the young ladies spoke with the more freedom. My aunt's attention was caught by Julia's discourse,

and she cast a look of rather displeased inquiry round upon her daughters.

Helen appeared terrified, and looked beseechingly at Julia; Maria made a double sign of intelligence by touching the elbow of Agnes with her own elbow, and extending her foot under the table to touch Julia's foot, which placed her in an attitude akin to sprawling.

Matters had gone too far for anger; it appeared that my best line of conduct was to behave with all possible composure at meeting with Philip, and trust to the future for an opportunity of convincing him of my regard. Not choosing to remain under observation, I withdrew, after dinner, to my dressing-room, where I remained alone for more than two hours. At the end of this time, my cousin Julia requested admittance, and, with many apologies for intrusion, begged to have my advice as to what new music she should write for to London, as she expected to have an opportunity of sending thither the next day.

There is, perhaps, no one, however they may seek to disguise it from themselves, quite insensible to the pleasure of being looked up to. Julia's deferential manner conquered my reserve; I gave her my best advice respecting a choice of music, and was insensibly drawn into relating some particulars of a concert at which I had been present. This led to anecdotes of high life, to which she listened with a winning humility, and seemed to regard with admiring wonder one who had realized in her own experience what she had known merely from report. I was beginning to find Julia very agreeable, and to think I might venture on a certain degree of regulated intercourse with her, when my rising good opinion received a check of an unexpected nature.

A noise of footsteps in the gallery was heard, and Mrs. Marsden entered, saying, "My Lady, Mrs. Howard begs to see you in her dressing-room as soon as possible—quick, my Lady, if you please."

Julia started up, and rushed past me, exclaiming, "oh, dear, dear, mamma is ill, what can be the matter?"

Quite aware of the trick to be played on me, I rose leisurely, regardless of Marsden's "quick, quick, my Lady," and directed my steps towards my aunt's dressing-room. In passing along the gallery, I saw at the head of a private stair-case a number of persons grouped together, and heard a whisper of "there, there, look at her." I proceeded, but, before reaching the place of my destination, I was startled by loud cries. It then occurred to me that the alarm was not fictitious, and I ran forwards, until I found myself at the door of my aunt's room, I paused there, struck with the scene before me, and perceived at once that I might set my egotism at rest—that I was not to play prima Donna upon that occasion.

The room was lighted, and filled with people apparently in much confusion. Philip Howard was there, seated upon a couch, holding in his arms a lady whom I recognised for my friend Julia. Julia was in violent hysterics, and the women crowded round her to render assistance. Philip seemed much affected.

"Julia, dearest Julia," he said, "be composed, it is your own brother—don't you know Philip?" but Julia could not be convinced.

She went on admirably for some time—at length the moment of recognition came, and she dissolved in tears of thankfulness and joy.

"Poor Julia," said my aunt, "my poor dear child, ah, she has too, too much sensibility."

In this part of the tragedy, Helen happened to turn round, and looked very like a murderer on seeing a ghost, when she perceived me behind her ; her attempt at the *amende honorable* was very unhappy.

" Oh, brother, here is a friend, a dear friend, come to see you, and she looks so surprised and agitated, come in, dear Sophia, don't tremble so." The crowd drew back, and formed a lane, through which I walked rather stiffly, and extending my hand, said—

" Cousin Philip, I am glad to see you."

Julia wept louder. Philip stooped his head to her for a moment, and then looking up, stretched out his left hand, which took hold of my right in a very awkward manner.

I am ready to own that my tone of voice had not been very encouraging, but this unlucky moment of our meeting seemed the commencement of mutual distaste. The evening passed in a manner that to me was extremely painful, for, even making due allowance for the unpropitious circumstances of our meeting, I saw that Philip's feelings were not chiefly engaged by myself.

When retiring for the night, Agnes, who was next in age to Helen, begged leave to speak to me, and spoke as follows:—

" I wish, dear Sophia, to make you an explanation due to my poor sister Helen, who has done you an injury, though unawares"—(here I made a strong effort to keep my temper)—" unawares truly, and through my means, yet in the most innocent manner, on my part, likewise. Poor Helen had discovered the happy news, and disclosed it to none, but to the party concerned, and to me likewise—for Helen and I are of one age, and companions, and we love one another, and have no secrets between us—well, when Helen told me that Philip was coming home, my spirits rose to such a degree that I could hardly contain myself. Philip's little dog, Chloe, came and sat beside me, and now and then as I stooped to pat and play with her, I whispered, 'so you know who you are to see to-night, Chloe.' Maria caught the words, for she is very quick, she is so old—Maria is very old—and she questioned me sharply, but I refused to tell, and said no tortures should wrest the secret from me, so at length Maria threatened that, if I would not disclose my secret, she would go to papa and tell him of a conversation I had repeated to her, which I had overheard between him and mamma, respecting some papers of consequence.

" I was so terrified by this threat as to tell her all, and so overpowered by agitation as not to perceive mamma's woman, who had entered the room, therefore ; dear Sophia, if you find that Marsden knows anything of the plan, do not suppose I had the miserable weakness to make her my confidant. Poor Helen is quite ashamed to see you, she bade me entreat as a favour you would not tell Philip she had been so inconsiderate as to look into any letter not addressed to herself, but that you will place the matter before him in such a point of view—"

I could contain myself no longer, but broke out with a most angry emphasis—

" If you think, Miss Agnes Howard, that I take the smallest interest in any communication that either you or any of your family could possibly make me, I beg leave to undeceive you."

I believe the tone of my voice was calculated to inspire terror, for

Agnes backed as fast as she could, 'till she found herself outside my door.

It was soon evident that Agnes had repeated this speech to Philip. He and I, as if by tacit consent, behaved to each other with an appearance of the most polite indifference, but we had too much tact to appear offended. We conversed as agreeable, intelligent strangers, and our former acquaintance was never alluded to. My aunt was too high-minded to shew any interest in a subject of so much delicacy; Mr. Howard was occupied with other things. Our feelings, however, were such as could not always be concealed; Philip appeared to have made due allowance for my disdainful speech, and we soon came on such an understanding as had formerly existed between us.

I dreaded so much the tale-bearing of his sisters, that, since the night Agnes had performed the retrograde movement, I had never exceeded with any of the family a mere interchange of civilities. Philip seemed grieved by this reserve, and sometimes spoke of his sisters as dear giddy creatures, with excellent hearts.

The war was over apparently for many years, and Philip's paternal fortune being small, his only prospect of suitable employment was by procuring an appointment in India. The first mention of this subject was near leading to an eclairsissement; I was violently affected, in a manner that it was impossible to conceal or to mistake, and Philip seemed to treasure in his heart the tokens of my emotion. The next day he seemed about to make a declaration, but was prevented by an untoward circumstance, a consequence of the system of gossiping which was continually going forward in the family.

I happened that day to enter the drawing-room, and found my uncle and aunt, and all the young ladies, standing round Philip, apparently listening to him with attention. On my appearance, Helen said, with a look I perfectly understood, "shew it to Sophia." Philip then held up to my view a dagger of curious workmanship, and proceeded to tell of the attack made on him, and of the wound he had suffered; I found myself in a trying situation, but resolved on the instant to act honestly, for, besides a conscientious objection to falsehood, I had observed that an unspotted character for truth will bear one harmless through many difficulties. I therefore did not affect surprise, but made such a reply as might I hoped appear suitable either to knowledge, or to ignorance, saying with an affectionate emphasis—

"Indeed, Philip, you have been wonderfully preserved."

Unhappily, to Philip's sensitive feelings, this speech sounded like irony; he coloured highly, and laying down the weapon said with an air of pique—

"As this has been my only contact with 'cold iron,' perhaps I am giving it undue importance."

Here Maria, who valued herself upon tact, interposed, saying—

"Philip, you misunderstand my cousin, she does not mean simply your recovery from the consequences of a mere flesh wound inflicted by a robber, but your preservation from the dangers of the field where the bravest and best of your countrymen perished."

Philip made no reply, but it was evident that Maria's explanation had the most unhappy effect, he immediately quitted the room.

"Maria," said my uncle, "your qualifying speeches are most unfortunate; who asked you to explain your cousins's words?"

"Uncle," said I, "my words were the result of genuine feeling."

"I know it, my dear," said my uncle, looking at me kindly, "Philip's situation makes him irritable, he does not enjoy the self-respect of a man depending on his own exertions—the only dependence that, with my consent, he shall ever know."

This was said with an emphasis not to be mistaken. I knew that my mother had met with an unfavourable reception from my father's family, which on the part of the Howard's had never been forgiven, and I understood my uncle's speech as a proud rejection of an unequal alliance. Disappointment was new to me, and I felt indescribable pain.

From that day forward Philip avoided me, and seemed to turn his mind to new prospects. The young ladies took the tone of their father's sentiments, and talked of "honourable independence," "dignity of mind," and so forth, and were all heroics. They seemed likewise to amuse themselves with visions of following their brother to India, and had floating ideas of riding on elephants and wearing cloth of gold. My aunt, although silent on the subject, evidently felt much. Keeping her son at home would have formed no mean item in the amount of her happiness. However, I had only to bear my disappointment as well as I might, and—as "dignity of conduct" was the order of the day—to do nothing ridiculous or degrading.

Six weeks more brought Philip's preparations for departure nearly to a close, and his days, as far as regarded me, were numbered. During the last week appointed for his stay, it appeared to me that Julia was strongly soliciting some favour which he declined to grant, and of which even the mention pained him. Finding her ill success, she sought an auxiliary, and told my aunt, in my hearing, that she had been asking Philip to get his likeness taken in London and send it home to her.

My aunt, seeing that Philip was not pleased with the request, said his limited stay in London would render it inconvenient to comply. However, Julia could not let the subject drop, but, finding that he either could not or would not sit for his picture, began to express her wonder that he had not done so before, and to wonder that he had not done so in Paris, where he had the most favourable opportunity. Philip let her wonder on. Julia, now tired of wondering, began to question him, playfully, as to whether he *had not* got his picture taken in Paris.

When she had arrived thus far, Philip and my aunt exchanged significant looks of something like inquiry on his part and of vindication on hers. Helen appeared to be very near fainting, and, unobserved except by me, she quitted the room. Soon after, Mrs. Marsden called out my aunt, who retired with her and did not re-appear that night.

Marsden attended my evening toilette in a state of hysterical pleasure, and talked very much: her conversation formed a comment upon two propositions,—first, that she was herself very judicious, and, secondly, that artful people deserved exposure. I assented to one of

them and dismissed her early, for I was in such a state that every word jarred upon my nerves.

The next morning, neither Julia nor Helen appeared at the breakfast table, and Philip seemed in much agitation, but whether of pleasure or of pain, I was not able to discern. In the course of the morning, my aunt requested I would allow Philip to have some conversation with me; I consented, and the result was a full explanation between us and a proposal of marriage on his part, which I accepted.

This eclaireissement was brought about by the following means:—Helen, from the letter of which she had partly told me the contents, discovered that her brother had got his miniature picture painted whilst in Paris for the purpose of presenting it to me.

Julia was desirous to have this picture, and alluded to it in such plain terms as to excite the suspicions of her mother and Philip, and to terrify Helen with the apprehension of exposure.

My poor friend Marsden had met Helen as she was retiring to her room in the state I have described, and by a little solicitation obtained a connected account of the affair, with a confession that her sense of guilt was intolerable, since she had found that her giddy curiosity had been the means of destroying her brother's happiness.

Marsden then prevailed on her, though with difficulty, to send for her mother and make a full confession of her error.

We were now too happy to entertain displeasure against any one, but I could perceive that Julia's part in this transaction had made a deep and lasting impression to her disadvantage.

During many years I have been the happy wife of Philip Howard, and, although his prospects of military glory are at an end, I have had the pleasure of seeing him rise to distinction as a statesman, and fulfil the wishes of his father by acquiring an honourable independence.

I must add, for my own credit as a wife, that the only non-compliance with his wishes I have ever been guilty of was refusing to domesticate any of his sisters in my family, for which no one will blame me who has ever suffered from the evil of Cross Confidences.

The Magic Vest.

(From the German.)

DAS NOTTHEMD.

"I must to the fight, my daughter dear,
But signs of woe in the stars appear,
Then, daughter, list to thy sire's behest,
And weave me with care a magic vest!"

"My father! and wilt thou to fight, array'd
By the trembling hand of a feeble maid?
I never have wrought the hard grey steel,
But silken webs with the loom and wheel."

"Yes! spin, my child, in the magic night,
And twine the threads with a spell of might,
Both long and wide be the robe of power,
To guard my life in the battle hour."

In the noon of night the full moon shone,
And the maiden spins in the hall alone ;
" In the name of Hell," she mutters low,
And the spindle whirls with fiery glow.

Then sitting down the loom beside,
Her nimble hands the shuttle plied ;
Never wrought mortal fingers so—
She worked with the aid of fiends, I trow.

The hosts have met in the field of fight,
And the duke is dress'd in a robe of white,
Ghastly, and strange with mystic lines,
And wrought all over with magic signs.

Then fast in terror fled every foe,
What mortal man may abide his blow
Whose spells can splinter the tempered brand,
And slack the nerves of the strongest hand !

But one brave youth before him stood,
And stayed his wild career of blood—
" Halt, Butcher, halt ! despair thy spell,
I fear not thee, nor the arts of Hell !"

And fierce they fought, those warriors tried,
'Till the Duke's white vest with his blood is dyed,
And heavy they smote, till they fell at length,
And each bitterly cursed the other's strength.

The daughter hies to the field so red,
To seek her father among the dead ;
Wounded and dying she finds him there,
And wildly she weeps and rends her hair.

" Is't thou, my child ? art come to see
The fatal work thou hast wrought for me ?
And didst thou not heed thy sire's behest,
Or, with hand defil'd, hast thou wrought the vest ?"

" I call'd on Hell, by thy dread command,
But wove not the vest with a maiden hand,
Thy deadliest foe I have lov'd too well,
His sword has broken the fatal spell."

WILLIAM LANDER.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Literature of Political Economy. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq.
Longman. 1845.

There are few things which afford more pleasure to the sincere lover of Truth, than to pause from time to time and mark the progress which Knowledge has made since he last observed its condition. All things in this our sphere, whether they be intellectual or material, are in a state of perpetual change; and, in these days of widely-spreading knowledge, no department of science, possessing general interest, can remain long confined within the same limits—it must continue to advance, or else it will retrograde and fall into comparative oblivion. It is not, however, from day to day that we can always note this advance. At some periods obstacles present themselves which retard, or even seem to repel the onward movement of the human mind, and it becomes necessary to extend our observations over a larger space of time, in order to perceive its steady progress: just as the advancing tide seems, to the spectator of the moment, scarcely to be gaining ground, some of its waves even falling short of the preceding, but its rise is all the while steady, regular, and certain. We are no lovers of the mere “march-of-intellect” cant; for those who use it too often forget, that there are other qualities which must be made to preserve their due proportion to the intellectual, otherwise the *man* will be distorted and deformed. If religious and moral training, yes, and an increased supply of physical comforts, do not accompany and keep pace with the intellectual culture, the latter will be useless, or, perhaps, worse than useless: *both* are necessary—if religious and moral culture be neglected, we shall see our population become a race of subtle and daring infidels—if the supply of the comforts and decencies of life be not gradually increased so as to meet the growing tastes of the mere civilized man, discontent, and, at last, revolution and anarchy, may be fairly predicted. While, however, we are thus disposed not to assign an undue importance to mere intellectual progress, still, it is cheering to contemplate it, especially when we have reason to believe that those things which should accompany it are happily not altogether wanting.

We have been led to make these reflections, by considering how much has been of late written, and said, and thought upon the subject of Political Economy; and we believe it will not be uninteresting to our readers if we now call attention to this department of knowledge which is conversant with the physical condition of civilized man, and professes to examine the laws which regulate the supply of those material comforts so necessary even to his *moral* well-being.

In this department, then, we have a signal instance of the advance of knowledge. Here science has, within a comparatively short period, brought within her domain a tract till then barren and uncultivated; here, as elsewhere, we find the mysteries of a past generation become the familiar and homely truths of the following one. Since first society began, men have been engaged in buying and selling, bartering and making gain by merchandize. Wealth has been produced, distri-

buted, and consumed ; and all the phenomena into which the political economist inquires, have existed. We cannot, however, when we consider the circumstances of the case, wonder that these matters did not become the subject of separate investigation till modern days ; nor must we, on that account, depreciate the importance of the inquiry. In like manner, man has been always tilling the soil, reaping one crop and preparing the ground to receive the next ; and yet, it is only in our own day that the science of Agricultural Chemistry has disclosed the properties of the soil essential to sustain the different kinds of vegetable life, and the mode in which the exhausted energies of the overworked field are restored. All this had been practised before, and various expedients adopted according to the teaching of experience, the reason, however, of the efficacy of these expedients and the mode of their operation were unknown, and this ignorance retarded materially the progress of agricultural improvement ; and even so, ignorance of the laws which regulate the production and distribution of wealth, has in all ages produced clumsy contrivances and gross practical blunders. Why, then, is Political Economy a plant of such modern growth ?

Amongst ancient nations, whose writings have come down to us, commerce was not esteemed an honourable pursuit, nor were the mere mechanical arts regarded with much greater respect. Naturally, therefore, no one thought at that period of analyzing the circumstances which contributed to the production of wealth of this kind. In the early history of our European nations, rapine or agriculture were the sole sources of wealth. There was not, as in a civilized country, that variety of occupations, and that consequent rivalry between different classes of producers which, more than any other circumstance, has directed attention to this subject ; neither were *they* free from that feeling of contempt for the calling of the merchant or mechanic, which is more or less incident to a barbarous state of society. The traces of it we may now observe in the disregard which the feudal law paid to mere chattel or moveable wealth, thinking land alone worthy of its attention. All these circumstances, joined with the distaste for all knowledge, except a few abstract sciences, sufficiently account for the absence of discussion on the subjects which Political Economy now treats of, until we arrive at the last two centuries, within which period are included all the works which Mr. McCulloch catalogues in his "Literature of Political Economy."

When the dark night of the middle ages had passed away, and the human mind began to awake to renewed life and energy, the industrial occupations which soon sprang into existence, and, above all, the rapid increase of commercial intercourse between the different nations of Europe, soon gave rise to some speculation with regard to the wealth derivable from commerce and other kindred sources. The spectacle of cities possessing a small extent of barren territory insufficient for their support, and yet amassing vast wealth, and exercising unbounded influence by virtue of their mercantile pursuits, must have been eminently calculated to call attention to the subject. Accordingly, in the seventeenth century, we find a few scattered notices, which show that men's minds were in some degree directed towards it. Almost all who at that early period bestowed any consideration on the subject, fell

into a very natural error—they thought that wealth consisted of gold and silver only, and that to increase the supply of these, and keep that supply within a country, was the only mode of enriching it. This was quite true as regarded individuals, but it was rashly applied to nations, it was forgotten, that if an individual act on this view, and carry it out to the utmost, he becomes a miser, he rejects all the comforts of life for the sake of amassing gold; and this was the tendency of “the Mercantile System,” as it has been called—to make a nation act the part of a miser. The ancients seem to have been wiser, for they had their significant fable of Midas cursed with his granted prayer, that every thing he touched might turn into gold, and Lycurgus’ laws savoured little of the mercantile system. The idea that characterized the system would have been harmless, if it were not acted upon. It, however, was, and laws were passed preventing the exportation of the precious metals and encouraging their importation: thus the operations of commerce were clogged, and the supply of those commodities which people really required for use was stinted. The other nations of Europe had before their eyes one example, which was eminently calculated to test the working of the mercantile system—that was Spain. She was the great proprietress of mines, and could command a larger supply of gold and silver than any other country. She spared no pains to attain the desired end of keeping as much as she could within her own territory. The result, every one knows, was to make her poor in every thing except ingots, which could neither feed nor clothe her people, and which, moreover, they were not allowed to exchange for food and clothing. The theory at last refuted itself by its disastrous consequences, and the next onward movement of the human mind resulted in the AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM, a much nearer approximation to the truth.

The Mercantile System was erroneous in theory and in practice—the Agricultural, in theory only. It took its rise in France; and from a too eager desire to avoid the errors of the Mercantile System, whose influence had blighted the fields of France, the Economists of that country rushed into the opposite extreme, and represented agriculture as the *only* productive employment—trade and manufacture as wholly unproductive. Their practical teaching, however, was, that governments should not interfere with any branch of industry, but that all should be left to trust to their own energies for advancement. Here at once was a flat contradiction to the teachings of the Mercantile System; and, erroneous though the theory was, it is manifest that, to the spirit of inquiry excited by views so conflicting, we are indebted for that sound system of Political Economy which originated with ADAM SMITH’S “Wealth of Nations.” That great work, the “Principia” of Political Economy, may be said almost to have created and perfected the science. It demolished, by the most convincing and lucid statements, the fabric of the Mercantile System, laid bare the folly of commercial restrictions, and denounced the impolicy and injustice of monopolies of every kind. It pointed out Labour as the source of a nation’s wealth, showed how it was rendered productive by division and by the use of Capital; it explained the distribution of wealth, and the sound principles of Taxation. It would, indeed, be difficult to enumerate the valuable truths which this book conveyed; truths emanating from the closet of a philo-

sopher, delivered at a moment when prejudice was so rife, that they could scarcely gain a hearing, yet destined to influence the councils of statesmen, till now, not one hundred years after its publication, its principles are universally admitted, and except where interest or party prevail, universally acted on.

The great mass of authors catalogued by Mr. M'Culloch have written since the time of Adam Smith; and, when we consider the vast number of octavos, duodecimos, pamphlets, and works of every shape and size, that have appeared on Political Economy, we cannot complain that it has not attracted its fair share of attention: better, indeed, would it have been for its own interests if it had not been overwhelmed under such a weight of authorship, like the Roman damsel under the shields of her countrymen; for to the blunderings of authors may be attributed much of the prejudice, much of the ignorance that prevails on this subject. Strange, indeed, it seems that Political Economy should be so well known and yet so little known. Men know what it treats of, but know it not by that name, know it not as a science or as a matter even of study. We may confidently affirm, that there is not a single reader of this article who is not a Political Economist to some extent; although many of them, if asked what the science meant? would be at a loss to give a clear answer.

Every man who mixes with the world has his own views and theories on these matters; and very sound views and theories they often are, although those who hold and defend them never opened a book on Political Economy. Travel in coach, on railroad, or by canal-boat, and it is ten to one that before your journey is over, you will have heard dissertations on some of the most knotty questions of Political Economy, in which much shrewd sense, sound judgment, and extensive observation are exhibited; while, at the same time, if you have studied the matter as a science yourself, you will not fail to detect that confusion and complexity which inevitably clog and embarrass the mind when brought to the discussion of an intricate subject without having first acquired a clear view of its elements. The thought, too, sometimes occurs to one,—what admirable Political Economists would these men have been if they had learned a few simple principles, and unlearned a few popular fallacies. But, just as a person who has not been taught at school to spell correctly rarely gets over the defect, because the process of acquiring that knowledge in after life would be both irksome and humbling; so experienced men, who can discourse well on the effect of Corn Laws, Absenteeism, Poor Laws, &c., will not submit to sit at the feet of science to learn the very alphabet of knowledge. They are proud, and often justly proud, of their practical knowledge and sound common sense, can see clearly enough that the adepts in the science have fallen into errors which they have escaped, and they will borrow no assistance from such a source;—just as the Indian, whose instinctive sagacity leads him through the trackless forest to the place whether he would go, would disdain to use the compass.

How, then, is this popular prejudice against Political Economy, and this disinclination to study it systematically, to be accounted for? Obviously not by any want of interest in the subject; for none occupies so large a share of attention: and, notwithstanding this aversion, the press and our periodical literature teem with articles, which,

though not put forward with the pomp of science, yet, for the most part, evince a sound and accurate acquaintance with its true principles. It has been caused, in a great degree, by the absurd and imaginary theories which have appeared in the works of those who have professed to write scientifically upon it; and candour obliges us to say, that Mr. M'Culloch, although he has not been the originator of any views, has laboured most actively in propagating the errors of others, by presenting them from time to time to the public in almost the same terms, though in a different book, long after their absurdity had been proved to demonstration. We shall point this out more fully before we close.

Can we, however, wonder that this science should not be generally cultivated, when there is not a single elementary book containing a simple exposition of the subject in a cheap and convenient form, which one could advise a young person, who wished to make himself acquainted with the science, to take up, without running the risk of encountering a paradox in every chapter. There are only two books which we can conscientiously except from this sweeping censure—"Easy Lessons on Money Matters," and Mr. Senior's treatise in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. The first, most persons would consider too elementary, and only calculated for children—although we think that old practical men might read it with great advantage: and the latter, though an admirable treatise, is presented in rather an inconvenient and inaccessible shape, as forming part of a large and expensive *Encyclopædia*. So that in the Literature of Political Economy there is still a great blank.

It is, indeed, easy to satisfy a sound mind of the fallacy of arguing against the merit of a science from the imperfections of its professors, or of supposing that truth is not to be discovered amidst a mass of inconsistency; but with the popular mind, the argument from the abuse against the use finds a ready reception. Political Economy, like other sciences, has suffered from two sources of error—too much of mere theory, and too much of mere experience: the first leads to rash and hasty generalization; the last, confining attention to individual instances, and dwelling on exceptions and anomalies, denies the existence of any general law. The first is the error of scientific, the second, of practical men. Now, Political Economy requires, first, the scientific mind to arrange and classify the mass of matter presented for investigation, and to elicit from it general truths; while it also requires extensive observation and experience to verify or correct the results of abstract reasoning—*utrumque per se indigens, alter alterius auxilio eget*. Abundant examples of these errors will suggest themselves to those who are conversant with the writings of Political Economists, and we shall have occasion to observe some of them while we proceed to notice some of the results arrived at by Political Economy, and contrast them with the errors from time to time put forward.

We have already seen that Political Economy has dissipated two errors that prevailed with respect to the *nature* of wealth; first, the supposition that it consisted of the precious metals only; secondly, that it was confined to the raw products of the earth. Adam Smith, abandoning these, yet introduced another limitation, confining it to things

material—a most unnecessary and improper distinction, and the result of which was, to compel him to represent, as unproductive labourers, the most useful classes in society, and to rank together “churchmen, lawyers, physicians, men of letters of all kinds, players, buffoons, musicians, opera singers, opera dancers.” This distinction is now rejected by Political Economists; and under the term Wealth are included all things, whether material or immaterial, capable of gratifying any human wish or want, and which can be dealt with as property. Our ideas with respect to the Nature of wealth being thus made clear, the next inquiry of Political Economy is its Production, a most interesting field, where may be exhibited the modes in which all the different applications of industry increase national wealth.

Passing from these we come to inquire into its Distribution. There are obviously three classes into which the instruments employed in the production of wealth may be divided. First—Land, including under that name not merely the earth and its various resources, but all the other powers of nature which man has learned to command and apply to the purposes of production. Secondly—Labour. And Thirdly—Capital, which is “accumulated wealth employed for the purpose of producing new wealth.” Every article of wealth owes its existence to the agency of some, generally of all these instruments combined: there are, therefore, three classes of producers—Landlords, Labourers, and Capitalists: and the distinct revenues derived by each class, are called Rent, Wages, and Profits.

With respect to Rent, and the laws which determine its amount, it has been always supposed, until attention has been of late called to the subject, that the amount of Rent was governed by no laws, but depended on the caprice or compassion of the Landlord; and that, by virtue of his power to ask more or less rent, he had also the regulation of the price of the products of the earth. Political Economy has shewn the fallacy of these opinions; and we call particular attention to the doctrines of Rent, because they are of the greatest practical value.

The price of corn and the other products of the earth is regulated, in common with every other article, by the proportion between the demand and supply. If the demand increases while the supply is unaltered, price will rise; because there is not then enough to satisfy all, and a competition will commence amongst the buyers to obtain possession of the article. On the other hand, if the supply increases while the demand is unaltered, or if the demand diminishes while the supply remains the same, price will fall; for the same competition will then exist amongst the sellers to dispose of the article: thus the effect of changes in the price is to proportion the value of the article to the means and inclinations of those able and willing to purchase. If the price did not rise when the supply was short, it would be consumed too rapidly, and we would be left without any at the close of the year; if it rose too high, some of the article would be left on the hands of the holders. The price of corn and other products is thus regulated by circumstances over which the landlords have no control. While the price of the *entire* supply is thus regulated, it is at the same time manifest, that some parts of the same supply are produced under very different circumstances from others. Some lands are so fertile by

nature, that they yield an ample crop with but little expenditure; while others require a considerable investment of capital to make them productive. When, however, a purchaser comes into the market, he pays the price according to the quality of the article, not according to the trouble and expense of raising it; so that, supposing the price of wheat on any market day to be thirty shillings a barrel, there will be some sold at that price which (putting rent out of the question) was raised at an expense of ten shillings a barrel, some at twenty, and so on, till we come to that which was raised on so poor a soil, that the farmer has scarcely any surplus after paying for the expense of culture. The price, however, *must*, in the long run, be such as to pay the expense of cultivation on the worst soil, otherwise it would be the farmer's interest to leave it uncultivated; the supply would be thus diminished, and the price should again rise. Thus price is uniform for all, while the cost of raising each is different.

Now, Political Economy and common sense tell us, that the profits of all capitalists at the same time and place must be nearly uniform, all things considered; for if one business afforded higher profits than another, capital would at once flow into it, until the profits were reduced to the ordinary level. Rent produces this equality between the profits of every part of the capital invested in agriculture. The fertile and convenient farm should naturally pay a rent proportionate to its advantages, while the poor and expensive farm ought to pay a rent small in proportion to the difficulty and expense of tilling it. Price being equal to the cost of producing corn on the worst soil, which the demand of the population for corn requires to be under cultivation, *the difference between the cost of producing it on that soil and on any other, represents the amount of rent naturally and properly payable by the latter.* This has been illustrated by the case of a newly-peopled country, whose soil is unappropriated. The first settlers occupy the best and most fertile spots. As long as the population is such, that these can supply corn enough for the community, no rent will exist; but when the population so increases, that it becomes necessary to cultivate inferior soil, the price of corn must rise to such an amount as will compensate for the increased expense—rent will now exist on the soils first occupied. If they, to a certain expenditure of capital, yielded one hundred bushels of corn, while the next soils yielded to the same only ninety bushels, it is evident that it would be the same thing to a person who was about to take a farm, to occupy one of the spots for which he would have to pay no rent, and which would yield him ninety bushels; or to occupy one of the old farms and pay ten bushels a year to its owner for the privilege of tilling it. This ten bushels is the difference between the cost of production on the two qualities of soil, and it is the *natural* amount of Rent.

This is the "theory of Rent," and this valuable practical truth follows from it, that the reward of the Landlord is not a deduction from the gains of any other class, that it is a result of the bounty of nature, and is caused by the power the soil possesses of yielding more than will suffice to pay the wages and profits of those employed in tilling it, that surplus being *Rent*—so that if Rent were in name abolished by an act of the Legislature, produce could not be one whit the cheaper, for nothing would have occurred to alter the demand for corn, or the

cost of producing it; there would be no creation and no destruction of wealth, only a transfer of it from one class to another; the result would be to enrich those who occupied the fertile land, at the expense of their landlords, for they would still pocket the surplus, though it might no longer be *called* Rent. Thus Rent is in its very nature indestructible; and we may here admire the wonderful manner in which provision is made for the support of a class, who are raised above manual toil, doubtless in order to afford them opportunity to devote themselves to the advancement of knowledge, and the amelioration of their fellow men. This is, therefore, a most valuable theory, and we regret that its value has been detracted from by the errors imputed unto it by some of its expositors. For instance, it has been stated, that Rent is "caused by the existence of inferior soils," and this is repeated by Mr. McCulloch himself, in his late work "On Taxation"* although it had been demonstrated by Dr. Longfield, in his admirable lectures,† that rent would exist if there were no such gradations in the qualities of the soil. Such statements have created a prejudice against the whole theory. In truth the existence of inferior soils, or the power of employing new capital with a diminished return on every soil, so far from causing Rent, checks its increase; for example, in the case of the newly peopled country instanced above, when the supply of corn from the soils under cultivation became too little for the wants of the people, if there were no other soils to resort to, or no mode of increasing that supply, Rent would exist in the soils under cultivation, and would continue to increase, in proportion to the increase of the population, and there would be no limit to its rise—it is, however, prevented from rising indefinitely high in practice, because capital finds an employment in cultivating an inferior soil, when the price has risen so as to make it remunerative, and this additional supply of produce checks the rise of price, and the increase of rent. This theory determines what the *natural* amount of rent is, where the taking of land is a matter of contract, and of course does not apply to those cases where the entire of the land is in the hands of a despotic government, who impose what terms they please on the wretched cultivators; but even where the monopoly of land is not so complete as this, the natural amount of rent may be exceeded, if there be great competition amongst tenants for the possession of land, and no other employment for their capital but agriculture. But such cases, however, so far from derogating from the truth of the theory, only exhibit its value in the strongest light, because we are by it enabled to say when the natural amount is exceeded, and we are directed to the only expedient by which the power of exacting an undue amount of rent may be taken from the landlord—the establishment of other and different channels of employment for capital, besides agriculture; so that it may be turned into these, if, from the exactions of landlords, agriculture no longer yields a fair return.

On the subjects of Wages and Profits, the results of Political Economy are equally interesting and useful. The Capitalist, instead of sitting down and consuming as revenue the wealth he has accumulated or inherited, employs it to produce more—he receives it back again, if

* Page 44.

† See Lecture 7.

he has been successful, increased by the addition of Profit. What then regulates the amount of this Profit? There are very few operations of Industry which can be carried on without Capital, whether we consider it in the form of tools and machines, or of advances to the labourer. The difference between what would be produced without its aid, in any given case, and what is produced with its aid, represents the service rendered by it in the production of wealth; and this difference is the highest point to which its reward *can* ever reach. Take the simplest form of fixed capital—a spade. If a man without a spade could, by tilling a field with his hands and nails, make it produce one bushel of corn, while, if he had a spade, he could make it produce ten bushels, the nine bushels is the addition made to the wealth of the country, by the employment of this instrument, and is the maximum amount of reward that can be obtained for its use. Now, when the spade was first invented, if the inventor kept, or could keep, the construction of them to himself, he might put the spade into the hands of a labourer to till his field with it, and keep as his own payment for its use, nine bushels of corn, and the labourer could not complain of this as unjust, for he would be as well off as before, while the wealth of the country was increased; when, however, the use of spades became general, and any man might make one, their value ceased to be regulated by a reference to their utility, but depended on the cost of making them. Thus in the early stages of society, where the supply of capital is small, its reward is high, and as its amount increases, the rate of profit falls. Now let us see what is the process by which this fall is caused, and how the rate of profit at any period is ascertained. The earliest applications of capital are almost always the most efficacious in increasing the productiveness of labour; for instance, the spade, plough, axe, and other ordinary tools, assist human labour more than the complicated and expensive machinery introduced at a more advanced stage of society. If the supply of capital did not become too great to find sufficient employment in the construction of these tools, the rate of profit would continue very high; however, their tendency to increase the supply of wealth multiplies capital far beyond this, and it must find a vent in some other channel—instruments of less power in increasing the productiveness of labour are then constructed, and wages advanced to workmen in occupations where the return is smaller than in those formerly assisted by capital—thus the fall of profit is checked and limited by the discovery of new and less profitable channels for its employment. If these did not exist, the rate of profit would continue to fall, until all motive to accumulate ceased—they, in fact, operate in strict analogy to the inferior soils, which check and limit rent. The rate of profit is such as to proportion the supply of capital to the demand; the rewards for all portions of capital are generally equal, and the actual rate of profit will be ascertained by seeing what is the profit derived from that capital which affords the least assistance to labour, just as the price of produce is regulated by the cost of producing that which is raised on the most expensive soils, and for the very same reason; so that the tendency of every increase of capital is to lower the rate of profit, and this is checked by every new channel that is opened for its employment.

With respect to Wages, we have only space to observe upon one error put forward by Mr. M'Culloch, who, as usual, follows others, the assertion that wages and profits vary in the inverse ratio of each other—that profits can only rise by a fall of wages, and wages by a fall of profits; the interest of the labourer and the capitalist is thus represented to be directly at variance, and the gains of the employer to be reaped at the expense of the employed. This, however, has no foundation in fact—it has been always found in practice that high profits and high wages go together, as well as low profits and low wages—the season which is a favourable one for the employer, when trade is brisk, and demand great, is also equally, indeed, in a greater degree, favourable to the employed; the gains of both are derived from the general productiveness of labour, and an increase of that influences both their conditions in the same way. This opinion, and the still more absurd one, that wages depend upon the price of food, although both have been demolished by Mr. Senior and Dr. Longfield, we regret to see repeated over and over again by Mr. M'Culloch, and almost in the same words, in his numerous publications; it reminds one of the wisdom of the saying, “it has been long ago *proven*, and will soon come to be believed.”

The work, whose title we have prefixed to this article, is a mere catalogue of the books published on this subject, interspersed with remarks of the author, which, we are bound to say, add nothing to the value of the catalogue; it has, therefore, as much title to the name “Literature of Political Economy,” as a catalogue printed by an auctioneer who was employed to sell these very books, would have. We have mentioned Dr. Longfield's name several times, and while no man stands higher as a Political Economist, few have more frequently had occasion to expose the absurdity of Mr. M'Culloch's doctrines; we therefore looked with some curiosity to see how he would speak of his opponent, and what position he would assign to his admirable Lectures. Great, therefore, was our astonishment to find that he had actually omitted his name altogether! This may be a very convenient mode of disposing of an adversary when you are unable to answer him. It is utterly impossible to believe that a man of Mr. M'Culloch's industry never heard of Longfield's work, for, since its publication, many writers on the subject, whose works Mr. M'Culloch appears to have read, have commented upon it, Mr. Senior, and others, we must therefore suppose either that Mr. M'Culloch never read it—in which case we advise him to lose no time in doing so, and we hope the result will be a new and *corrected* edition of his own multifarious works—or else that he was unable to reply to his arguments, and had not the candour to admit it. Mr. M'Culloch indeed in all his works seems resolved not to yield to, or keep pace with, the advance of the science, we have the same ideas and opinions, nay, the same words, repeated over and over again, *ad nauseam*, in the different works issuing from time to time from his prolific pen. For instance, the Principles of Political Economy, published in 1830, are copied almost word for word into the Notes to Adam Smith, published in 1839, and these again are, to a great extent, transferred into the pages of the ‘Treatise on Taxation,’ published in 1845. Now, Political Economy is a science yearly progressing, attention is turned to it in a greater degree than it ever was before, and new lights are

breaking upon it daily ; any author, therefore, who is resolved to stand still, while everything around him is progressing, must be satisfied to be forgotten.

We trust we have now said enough to recommend a study of the plain principles of this science, before rushing into the wide field of controversy presented by the subject it treats of. This has been our only object, for we could not pretend to give even a sketch of the science in this article—we have merely adverted to a *few* of the results of its doctrines, with a view to excite curiosity, and awaken interest. Let us, however, in closing these remarks, disabuse the minds of our readers of a common error, that is, the supposition that this science is only Politics in disguise.

It is no such thing—in canvassing any measure it merely considers its effect on the *wealth* of the community, it has nothing to do with its *general* expediency considered in all its bearings, *these* belong to the Politician. He must take many other matters into account besides its effect on wealth, for instance, its influence on the happiness and morality of a people, and on all our foreign and domestic relations. The object of the Political Economist is to supply truths of a particular kind, which, if wise, the Politician may use if he want them, and, its deductions, so far from being identified with this or that side of party politics, ought to be, and in fact are, admitted and used by all parties. The Political Economist does not enter into the conflict of political parties, he forges weapons which may be used by the combatants when they think it expedient. But not only has Political Economy been unjustly identified with Politics, but still more unjustly, with a particular set of opinions in Politics; many seem to think it in its nature dangerous, revolutionary, and so forth. Men seem to fear that anything connected with the first principles of our social system, and with the existence of property, is to be lightly touched, but such fears are altogether groundless. If society be a thing ordained by God, and be the sphere in which man is destined to exist, and if we are taught by Him to respect the rights of property, we may be certain that the more closely we examine into them, the more reason we shall have for believing that their foundations are laid in justice and equity, and if the commercial relations between remote countries be not only essential to the physical comforts of man, but also to the civilization and evangelization of the world, an inquiry into the laws which regulate them, will more clearly develop the wonders of His government. These anticipations Political Economy has, we think, realized.

DEAN SWIFT.

[We gladly insert the subjoined communication from our excellent and esteemed contributor, Edward Kenealy, Esq. We have no doubt it will be read with interest by all who cherish the memory of one of Ireland's most illustrious sons.—H. M.]

Cork, Dec. 12, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

Looking over a number of rare old pamphlets last month in the King's Inn's Library, I accidentally discovered a copy of Faulkener's edition of "Dean Swift's Verses on his own Death," which had evidently belonged either to the Dean himself or some one of his most intimate friends. There are a few curious manuscript annotations which have never been published, and which I send you, as anything relating to our illustrious countryman cannot fail to prove generally interesting. The reader will do well to compare them with the notes to Johnson's, Scott's, and Roscoe's various editions of the Dean's writings.

Your's truly,
EDWARD KENEALY.

To Humphrey Marvell, Esq.

P.S.—I have put in *Italics* what I found in manuscript.

The Publisher's Advertisement.

The following Poem was printed and published in London with great success. We are informed by the Author's friends that many Lines and Notes are omitted in the English Edition, therefore we hope that such persons who have seen the original manuscript will help us to procure these Omissions, and correct any Things that may be amiss, and the favour shall be gratefully acknowledged.

The notes are printed against the Author's judgment, not to say commands.

Kind Lady Suffolk in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen,
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'Tis time he should,
He's dead you say; then let him rot,
I'm glad *the medals** were forgot,
I promised 'em 'tis true, but when?
I only *was the Princess* then,
But now, as consort of *the king*,
You know 'tis quite a different thing.

* The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months, but *she forgot them, or thought them too dear.* The Dean being in Ireland sent Mrs. Howard a piece of Indian Plaid made in that kingdom, which the Queen seeing, took from her, and wore it herself; and sent to the Dean for as much as would cloathe herself and her children, desiring he would send the charge of it. He did the former; it cost thirty-five pounds, but he said he would have nothing except the Medals. He went the next summer to England, and was treated as usual, and she being then Queen, the Dean was promised a settlement in England, but returned at Harvest, and, instead of favour or Medals, hath been ever since under her majesty's assurance.

Now Chartres* at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy.

* Chartres is a most infamous Scot's scoundrel, grown from a footboy or worse to a prodigious fortune, both in, &c.

† Pervert the law, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the Senate, rob the crown.

† Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig Faction was restored to Power, which they exercised with the utmost Rage and Revenge: impeached and banished the Chief Leaders of the Church Party, and stripped all their Adherents of what employments they had, &c. After which England was never known to make so mean a figure in Europe; the greatest preferments in the Church in both kingdoms were given to the most ignorant men; Fanatics were publicly caressed, Ireland utterly ruined and enslaved; only great Ministers heaping up millions, and so affairs continue till this present 3d day of May, 1732, and are likely to go on in the same manner.

Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of slaves and fens,
Where titles give no right or power,
‡ And peerage is a wither'd flower.

‡ The Peers of Ireland lost their jurisdiction by one single act, and tamely submitted to this infamous mark of Slavery without the least resentment or remonstrance.

Biennial Squires¹ to market brought,
Who sell their souls and votes for nought,
The nation stripp'd, go joyful back
To rob the Church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with thieves and rapparees,²
And keep the peace to pick up fees,
In every job to have a share,
A jail or barrack³ to repair.

[At the end of the Pamphlet, which runs to 44 pages, is printed the following, which contains one or two strokes worthy of the Dean, and is probably by him.]

Advertisement for the Honour of the Kingdom of Ireland.

This is to inform the Publick that a Gentleman of long Study, Observation, and Experience, hath employed himself for several years in making Collections of Facts relating to the Conduct of Divines, Physicians, Lawyers, Soldiers, Merchants, Traders, and Squires, containing an Historical Account of the most remarkable Corruptions, Frauds, Oppressions, Knaveries, and Perjuries, wherein the Names of all the Persons concerned shall be inserted at full length, with some account of their Families and Stations.

But whereas the said Gentleman cannot compleat his History without some Assistance from the Publick, he humbly desires that all

¹ The Parliament, as they call it, in Ireland, meet but once in two years, and after giving five times more than they can afford, return home to reimburse themselves by all country jobs and oppression, of which some few only are here mentioned.

² The Highwaymen in Ireland are, since the late wars there, usually called Rapparees, which was a name given to those Irish soldiers who, in small parties, used at that time to plunder the Protestants.

³ The army in Ireland is lodged in Barracks, the building and repairing where and other charges, have cost a prodigious sum to that unhappy kingdom.

Persons who have any Memoirs or Accounts relating to themselves, their Families, their Friends, or Acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the Work, will please to send them to the Printer of this Advertisement; and if any of the said Persons who are disposed to send Materials, happen to live in the Country, it is desired their Letters may be either franked, or the Post paid.

This Collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the present year, 1738. The Work is to be entitled *The Author's Critical History of his Own Times*.

It is intended to be printed by Subscription in large Octavo; each Volume to contain five hundred Facts, and to be sold for a British Crown; the Author proposeth that the whole Work (which will take in the Period of thirty-eight years) will be contained in eighteen Volumes.

Whoever shall send to the Author any Accounts of Persons who have performed any Acts of Justice, Charity, Public Spirit, Gratitude, Fidelity, or the like, attested by indubitable Witnesses within the said Period; the said Facts shall be printed by way of appendix at the End of each Volume, and no addition to the Price of the Work demanded. But, lest such Persons may apprehend that the relating of those Facts may be injurious to their Reputations, their Names shall not be set down without particular Direction.

N.B.—There will be a small number printed on Royal Paper for the Curious at only two British Crowns. There will also be the effigies of the most eminent Persons mentioned in this Work prefixed to each Volume, curiously engraven by Mr. Hogarth.

Subscriptions are taken in by the Printer hereof, and by the Booksellers of London and Dublin.

STANZAS.

"Would thou wert with me!"

To E. M.

Would thou wert with me now! the sun is flinging
His beams of light and life on tower and grove,
Beneath his glance a thousand charms upspringing,

Awake the soul to thoughts of hope and love;
Would thou wert with me *now*! one smile of thine,
Such light would shed o'er this lone heart of mine!

Would thou wert with me when the shades of even'
Enshroud the lingering glories of the west—

When, gazing on the tranquil stars of heaven,
I fain would flee away, and be at rest!

Would thou wert with me *then*! thy gentle eye
Would bid the darkness from my bosom fly!

Would thou wert with me in the hour of sadness—

Would thou wert with me in the hour of glee—

Thy witching voice would change my griefs to gladness,
And joy itself were dull uncheer'd by thee;—

Would thou wert with me till life's dreams are o'er,
Would thou wert with me *now* and EVERMORE!

Enbè UU.

THE LIVING CORPSE,
A PSYCHOLOGICAL NARRATIVE.

Translated from the Danish,

BY FRANK WOODLEY, ESQ.

I.

[*From a letter dated Skovby Glebe, 30th April, 1834.*]

* * * * Our conversation turned on extraordinary cases of mental delusion, which were suggested by the late melancholy event. Major Green, the eldest brother of the deceased, had come to attend the funeral. By testifying to his brother's periodical insanity, he had obtained permission to bury the body in consecrated ground—a dispensation which, for the sake of humanity, I wish were needless, for we should not punish the living for the crimes of the dead, or stretch the arm of temporal justice beyond the limits of this life. Among many instances of strange fantasies, I related one, of the truth of which I could offer no proofs, and which seemed almost incredible even to myself.

Some score years ago, among those afflicted with mental disorganization in the hospital of B——, was a young lieutenant, who believed he was dead, and lay silent and still the whole day, with eyes closed, though not in slumber. Indeed, he slept but little. He merely dozed a couple of hours every morning after cock-crow. He breathed all day like a man wide awake, and in the enjoyment of perfect health, but without taking any nourishment, or showing any other signs of life. Every midnight he got up, and devoured whatever had been laid near him, he then read, wrote, played on the guitar, and sang, all the while believing that he was a mere ghost, and as a ghost now did those things in which he took pleasure when alive. To get him out of this fixed idea, one day there were brought to him some children to whom he was known to be greatly attached, and with whom he had often played. When he heard their well known childish voices, tears rolled down from his closed eyes, but he neither opened them, nor did he make any attempt to return their infant caresses. It was day, and, as a dead man, he must needs lie motionless, according to his conviction. Whether the experiment was repeated at midnight, during his fancied ghost-period, I know not. But even though he spoke at night, and moved, still it would not convince him that he was alive, since every thing he did between midnight and cock-crow was, in his opinion, done by him in his ghostly capacity.

After he had been in this condition an entire year, a cure of rather a dangerous nature was attempted. He was now treated as if really dead, and preparations were made for his burial, and it was talked of in his hearing. He was washed and dressed as if he were a real corpse. The coffin was brought in, and it stood an entire day in his room. But it was of no avail; it seemed only to strengthen him the more in his opinion. He lay the entire day quite still and motionless in his grave-clothes on a board, with his hands folded on his breast. In the evening

he was put into the coffin, but the lid was not placed over him; wax candles, in tall candlesticks, were lighted in the room, which was hung all in black, every window was carefully darkened, and two men watched beside the coffin. They spoke in a low voice of the young man's death, and how he was next day to be buried in silence, without the usual military honours, since his name was long since erased from the army-list, in the belief that he was dead. At midnight he got out of the coffin, and, as usual, wished to satisfy his hunger, but he found nothing to eat. With a calm smile, he now sat down at his writing-table in his grave-clothes, read and wrote, and afterwards took his guitar and sang. As soon as the cock crowed, he started up, heaved a sigh, and again lay down in the coffin in the posture of a corpse, with his hands folded over his breast. Next day the last remaining step was taken. A black-clothed funeral train entered the sick man's chamber; his friends looked on him once more, and took leave of him for the last time. An emotion as of sorrow was visible on his countenance; he half opened his eyes for an instant, and then closed them fast, without either speaking or moving. The lid was now placed on the coffin. It was provided with air-holes. They hammered, and pretended to fasten down the lid on the coffin. A big bell with a deep mournful tone was tolled at some distance off; the solemn funeral service was chaunted. The coffin was then lifted up, and borne by a circuitous path—as if to the church-yard—to the sea-shore, where a real grave had been already dug. Ropes were trailed about, and rattled together; the coffin was bound, and lowered down into the grave. It was all in vain. The fancied dead man remained quite still. At last some shovels full of earth were even thrown on the coffin, but even the hollow sound of the earth as it fell upon it—this sound, the last, and most frightful to the ears of one buried alive—was insufficient to make the patient stir, or even utter the slightest cry. He had to be again raised from the grave, and carried back to the hospital in the same condition in which he was carried out. What afterwards became of him I know not.

"But *I* can tell you, Herre Pastor!" said the major, with a serious nod, "the story is perfectly true. It happened precisely as you heard it. I was myself acquainted with the young man. The excitement produced by the bustle of the funeral threw him into a violent nervous fever, which, together with another circumstance, partly cured him. An unsuccessful love affair, and a consequent disgust at life, was the cause of his death-fancy, as we may call it. Whatever, in his condition of a dead man, he believed that he experienced by day in a higher existence, he wrote down at night, during his ghost period. This he made the subject of poems, which he sang, and accompanied with his guitar. A few fragments of these ghost-songs I can also show you, —provided you will not be frightened," added he, after a pause, and grasping my hand with a restrained violence, "I will entrust you with a secret. I was myself the lieutenant, the delusion of whose younger days you have just narrated to me. Since you know so much, you shall know all that I myself know about it. It is a malady hereditary in my family, of which I also have had my share. Of this, more to-morrow, Herre Pastor!" with these words, the major left me hastily.

I was exceedingly amazed at this strange occurrence, and I feared

that I had touched a string that could not endure it. The major bears no slight resemblance in feature to his deceased fanciful brother ; but he looks healthy and strong. His countenance is of a serious cast, and not without a trace of a subdued sadness, although at times he is exceedingly humorous ; he is said to have several qualities in common with his brother, but far greater strength to withstand that tyranny of the imagination beneath which his brother sank. He is already a man of something more than forty years of age. I am altogether unacquainted with the other members of his family. He has a great scar on his forehead, and has distinguished himself as a soldier in a foreign service ; he is a member of various learned societies, and is said to possess a number of decorations of honour, which, true to his principles, he never wears, or even talks of. He is doubtless too proud to be worldly. He is fond of speaking of what he has seen and experienced in foreign lands ; and he frequently talks of events great in the history of the world, and of the characteristics of various nations, yet mostly in a tone that to me sounds almost ironical. Human nature seems his constant study ; but to himself and his own internal life he very seldom makes any allusion. Like his brother, there is something mysterious in his deportment, which excites our curiosity and interest, but, at the same time, a slight uneasiness of manner. My sympathy in his cares seems to have given him a certain confidence in me, and I long to hear the communications he has promised me.

II.

[From a letter dated Skovby Glebe, 2nd May, 1834.]

The mysterious major visited me yesterday. As soon as we were alone in my study, he drew forth two small scraps of paper, which were rolled together, and, while he examined me with a piercing look, said, "If you wish to know what I went through during that year, when, more than twenty years ago, I lay dead by day, see here the only memorials of it which I have still remaining. What I wrote in my ghost-period was burned by my physician, these two bits only I have saved. Like most young men of imagination, I was at a certain period something of a poet. I was fond of music and singing ; whatever I could not express in words, I embodied and expressed in music. You are acquainted with the dreams of my youth, but the exact subject and turn of them you must imagine from these fragments of my ghost songs." He reached me the two little leaves, which themselves had the very look of shades of dead poems. Not a single word of the pale writing was readable : I only saw that what was meant for writing was bordered with a vast quantity of phantastic arabesques or hieroglyphics in red lead which had also faded.

"The girl I loved, but could not obtain permission to marry," continued the major, without remarking my embarrassment, "was married to my commanding officer against her will. Five years after this happened, I became so weary of life, that I found my only comfort in being dead. It was her children they brought to me when I lay dead, and whose angel-voices forced tears from me in my grave. I never wept till then, for that I was too proud, and am so still ;—only once, when

I heard my friends bid me a last farewell, I manifested such a weakness. What I sang in my ghost-period the first night after I had heard the children's voices in my fancied grave, I can still remember: it is on that bit of paper, written in my ghost-writing; but may be it appears to you too indistinct to read. If you have a musical instrument of any kind, I'll play the accompaniment, and sing it for you; without music it's worth nothing."

I gave him my guitar, not without a certain uneasiness. A deep glow overspread his earnest countenance; there was a sorrowful dreamy expression in his manly eye. When his fingers touched the strings, they sounded as if with distant mysterious tones from another world, and he sang with a voice of so ghost-like a nature, that long use only would enable me to hear it without a feeling of uneasiness. The first strophe was a lament that the words and tones of ghosts were merely shadows of the life of the soul; the three following strophes I have retained in my memory. The expression with which he delivered them, I cannot describe:—

"A voice from bygone days,
As I lay in my cold grave, came,
It called back my weary soul to earth—
Once more I heard my name.

"I felt my heart grow warm,
My cheek grew wet with tears,
They moisten'd the grave, and I grew ashamed
Of the dead in their grassy biers.

"The thought I'll treasure for aye,
Had life in the dead man's breast,
I knew the tones of the angel's voice,
That broke my mortal rest."

At the last two lines tears came into his eyes, and his voice became unsteady, but he forcibly repressed his emotion. "You must not, however, believe that my condition was so unhappy as this song might perhaps lead you to suppose," resumed he, in a tone of voice which suddenly became cheerful, and which contrasted strangely with the almost melancholy mood into which he had thrown me. "Good mother nature takes better care of her forsaken children than is generally believed. On the whole, I found myself tolerably well off in that particular world to which my soul, by a kind of instinct, had betaken herself. I was free from seeing and hearing what I had found unendurable in the real world, as it is called; I saw and heard, on the contrary, clear awake, but without being able or willing to move, what you will not readily believe I could do in the spirit world. The only thing that gave me any annoyance was the visit of the physician, and the arts by which he endeavoured to bring me to reason, as he called it. Yet I was not to be shaken in my conviction, or drawn from the condition which I looked on as my rightful property; I thought it the height of impertinence not to suffer me to be dead, when I was myself quite content to be so. I need not say that it appeared to me unseemly to leave even for a moment my proper sphere as a dead man when it was day in the world, and the living took counsel together; why should I be tempted to break my silence, and to laugh at the audacious fools

who imagined that they could awake the dead, and who had no respect for a dead man's rights. With the self-same right, thought I, as the living require the state to protect their lives, might a dead man demand protection for his death, if there were not a great want in our state department, where the dead have no advocate, and not a single representative. Even if their rights as subjects and citizens were deemed annulled by death, and if they were only looked on as foreigners, still it was, thought I, a great shame, that, in the states of the living, there was no accredited *chargé d'affaires* from the kingdom of Death, to look after the rights of the dead. I considered it just as contrary to justice to try to force a dead man to live, as to force a live man to die. The physician's arts I cannot, in my case, call an attempt to murder, but attempts they were against my nature, and the modest negative existence, to the inviolability of which I laid claim as naturalized citizen of the kingdom of death. They who tormented me belonged to another state of existence, and therefore the more unjust I found their meddling in the concerns of a world from which they were entirely excluded. In this, according to my conviction, they were as little justified, as the dead would be justified in going about and tormenting the living with representations that it was their duty to be dead; all this came into my head when the physicians disturbed my peace. I was silent, as a matter of course, but, in my indignant and deriding look, they must certainly have read what I thought of their doings; yet I soon grew accustomed to these interruptions of my repose. I did not allow their treatment of my corpse to vex me in the least, I even found a certain pleasure in showing them the folly of their proceedings, by suffering them to try all their arts in vain. The only part of their conduct I found at all reasonable was their final determination to bury me; in this I thought they were justified, at least by prescription and usage, and as a sort of self-defence against the annoyance which we corpses necessarily occasion. I could not, therefore, bring myself to resist this, the common destiny of the dead, or to object to a proceeding that was a simple consequence of my own conviction of the relation in which I then stood to the world and man. It seemed to me that I had been buried long since, but either in a chapel or in a tomb; yet that in this I might be mistaken I thought not unlikely, when they began to talk of burying me. The many arts they had recourse to in order to force me to live, had meanwhile made me distrustful, and I had a suspicion that this burial might also be another artifice to get me to acknowledge that I was not dead, in case I should express a fear of being buried in the earth. Yet, when they went so far, I was at last forced to believe that they were in earnest, and—why should I deny it?—the enigma of the grave disturbed my happiness not a little on that day. I thought it hard that I was not allowed to possess my first imaginary tomb, or the quiet domestic chapel where I had been so comfortable, and found every night all that I required in my ghostly capacity for a sort of connexion with the world of the living. My ghost-condition would now perhaps cease, thought I, and when my corpse was buried in the earth, I would probably be raised to a higher rank and greater happiness in the realm of Death. My greatest comfort during that entire year was derived from my knowledge that I was loved by *her*, the temporary possession of whom on earth was denied me, but whom I

possessed in spirit and in truth, and with whose fair soul I every day fled about in the blissful world of spirits; of this happiness of mine I often sang in my ghost-hours. To give you some notion of my prevailing mood at that time, I will sing you the only one of all these songs in which my soul revels in a world and in a blissfulness with which the living, as they are called, can never sympathize. It is another memorial of that period which I saved from the flames, and the inquisitor-eye of my physician."

He again took the guitar and sang—

"None dream of my goodly pleasure;
The dead are alive, though life be fled;
The case of the soul the earth doth treasure,
But mine is the soul, though I be dead.

"In the palace of Death joy dwelleth;
Dark earth, thy pleasure keep close and tight!
Mine is the kernel, and thine is the shell,
I have the day, and thou hast the night."

"The world they had laboured so hard to drive me from," continued my extraordinary guest, "was, indeed, in my half connexion with the world of phenomenon, a diseased condition, as they scientifically termed it; but my frame of mind only was diseased when they wished to drive me out of the dark, but yet infinitely deep element of existence, in which I found myself so comfortable. My soul had found its sufficiency of enjoyment—it no longer indulged in sentimental longing for an unattainable good. My beloved was with me in spirit, while my thoughts dwelt on her; her true, inmost being was united with mine in the world of idea, together with all that I recognised as true, good, and beautiful. I lived an ideal life, while I only kept my eyes fast closed against all distracting images from without, and suffered my limbs to lie motionless. This is possible while the will is firm, but every doubt and indecision make such a condition painful. As soon as I moved, my higher life vanished, and I myself was only a ghost. What I remembered in my ghost-time from my daily life among the dead, was (like myself in that intermediate condition) the shadow and ghost of the true higher life. Why I wished to arise and play the ghost at night was to me inconceivable: I then only fully enjoyed myself while I looked upon myself as entirely dead to the world. My condition as a ghost was a mere reflex and recollection of my worldly life, when my soul wavered between two different states of existence, without belonging wholly to either. Yet I did not choose this condition of mine own accord, it was forced upon me by a law of nature; as ghost I was not unhappy, but I was by no means happy, and far from enjoying perfect bliss. I felt myself chained to the earth, and its base necessities, with a sort of contempt for that restraint which seemed to me a degradation of my free, higher nature. What I busied myself with was not unpleasant to me indeed, nor at the same time was it at all satisfactory to me. What I read seemed to me old worn-out notions, over which the human race had been ruminating already for thousands of years without obtaining the slightest glimpse beyond the bounds of their earthly existence. My poems and songs were only dark remi-

niscences of what I had with liveliness, strength, and clearness thought and felt in the existence I considered my real one. It was undoubtedly an emerging and immersing of the soul in that eternal fountain of life, in that eternal ocean of spirits and ideas, the bottom of which one then first reaches fully and for ever when new-born in perfect death. During that year of my life I had only reached half-way to the bottom of this sea, and yet I was more than happy. After that attempt to cure me by burying me, and the nervous fever that followed it, I was entirely freed from my "fixed idea," as we call it here. The happiness I was restored to was so agreeable and surprising, that excessive joy had almost thrown me back again into the arms of death. The first sight I saw was her whom I loved; she sat dressed in mourning beside my bed, with the two little children whose voices had forced me to shed tears in my death. She had already been a widow for an entire twelve-month. She soon became my wife, but the following year I buried both her and the children within three weeks. I tried to overcome my sorrow by plunging into the great events of that stirring period; I entered a foreign service; my name appeared frequently in the newspapers, which, eighteen years ago, have been used for—patching windows with!"

My guest suddenly started up, and grasped his hat and cane:—

"I am now a pensioner, and well off in the world," added he, "and have applied myself to the study of natural philosophy. By studying animal magnetism, I believe that I now perfectly understand the mystery of human nature. I will confide to you one more peculiarity of mine," continued he in a whisper, with a strange confused look, and a melancholy enthusiastic smile, "but do not be alarmed!—in truth, I am dead at this very moment, but no one knows it; for—look you—I have died with greater prudence in my forty-second year than in my inexperienced youth. I am now dead by night, while all others sleep and lie as still as myself, and I have chosen the day for my ghost-time. No one remarks this, for, in my capacity of ghost, I do the self-same things as every one else, and behave myself as reasonably as other learned personages. Have you not yourself beheld me follow my brother to his grave? and it occurred to nobody that I was a ghost. Did not the magistrates themselves receive my testimony to my brother's periodical aberration of mind, without dreaming that the affidavit was sworn by a ghost and a dead man? I wrote a treatise in my ghost-time, and sent it to a learned academy; they made me a member, of their body and presented me with a medal, &c. Thus, everything goes on excellently, and if you should ever wish to be dead in peace in this life, as it is called, I would advise you to follow my plan. Now I am teased neither by doctors, nor physic, nor funeral ceremonies, because I take care to perform my ghost-part at the same time as other reasonable men are abroad and busy with their earthly employments. Fashion is the world's tyrant, Herre Pastor! it extends its sway even into the realms of Death, and compels us dead men to do any thing for peace sake."

With these words my wonderful visitor shook hands with me, and departed. I have not seen him since. I hear he possesses remarkable erudition, and passes everywhere for a very sensible man. What he has confided to me I entreat you not to speak of so long as he lives.

Gleanings from the German.

SHEAF THE FOURTH.

Novalis.

["Novalis was a man of the most indisputable talent, poetical and philosophical ; whose opinions—extraordinary, nay, altogether wild and baseless as they often appear—are not without a strict coherence in his own mind, and will lead any other mind that examines them faithfully, into endless considerations ; opening the strangest inquiries, new truths, or new possibilities of truth, a whole unexpected world of thought, where, whether for belief or denial, the deepest questions await us."—*Carlyle, Miscell.* ii. 195.]

Dreams.

Is not every dream, even the most confused, a notable vision, which, even though we do not believe it sent from Heaven, yet makes an important rent in that mysterious curtain, which, with a thousand folds, conceals our inward natures from our view ? In the wisest books we find numberless accounts of such dreams, attested by credible men. But, not to mention those accounts, if now, for the first time in your life, you were to have a dream, how astonished would you not be, and how impossible would you not find it to prevent your thoughts from constantly dwelling on a marvel which now attracts no attention by reason of its every-day recurrence ! Dreams, methinks, are given us as a defence against the monotony and sameness of life, a refreshment for the chained fancy. In dreams all the scenes of life are mingled together, and the continual earnestness of the full-grown man is interrupted by the sports of joyous childhood. Were it not for dreams, we should certainly grow old earlier, and, therefore, we may look upon them, if not as sent to us immediately from heaven, yet as divine gifts, as friendly companions on our pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre.

May not a child-like, natural simplicity more surely find the right path through the labyrinth of the affairs of this life, than that worldly wisdom which is ever liable to be led astray by constant regard to its own advantage, and which is confined and blinded by the inexhaustible number of new combinations and occurrences ? I know not ; but I seem to behold two paths that lead to a knowledge of the history of man : the one toilsome and boundless and with numberless turnings,—the path of experience ; the other seemingly but one leap,—the path of inward reflection. The wanderer of the first must deduce one thing from another by tedious calculation, whilst the wanderer of the other *immediately* and, as it were, intuitively, perceives the nature of every occurrence and of every thing, contemplates them in their living, manifold connexions, and can easily compare them, one with another, like figures on a tablet.

Poets and Poetry.

It may be true that Poets are born under a particular disposition of the stars, for there is certainly something right wonderful about this Art. The other arts are altogether different from it, and are much easier to be comprehended. One can easily understand how painters and musicians produce their effects, and both painting and music may be learned with patience and industry. The sounds lie already in the strings, and the ability to move the latter is all that is needed to awaken the former into a delightful harmony. In painting, Nature is an instructress who has no rival. She brings forth beautiful and wonderful forms without number, giving them colour, light, and shade, so that a practised hand, an exact eye, and a knowledge of the preparation and mixing of colours, can imitate her with the most perfect success. How natural, therefore, it is for us to comprehend the effects of these arts, and the pleasure produced by their productions. The song of the nightingale, the whistling of the wind, and beautiful light, colours, and forms, please us, because they produce an agreeable impression on our senses; and as our senses are fitted for this enjoyment by Nature, who herself also produces those objects of our pleasure, so must the artful imitation of nature please us. In the Poetic Art there is nothing *external* to be met with. It creates nothing with tools and hands; the eye and the ear know nothing of it, for in the mere hearing of the words lies not the real effect of this mysterious science. It is all *internal*; and as other artists fill the external senses with agreeable emotions, so the Poet fills the internal sanctuary of the mind with new, wonderful, and pleasing thoughts. He knows how to awaken, at his pleasure, those mysterious powers within us, and, by words, makes us live in an unknown and glorious world. As from deep places of concealment, rise up within us times past and times to come, innumerable men, strange countries, and the most singular events, and tear us away from the known and trivial present. We hear strange words, and yet we know their meaning. The language of the Poet wields a magic power; even ordinary words flow forth from him clothed in charming melody, and intoxicate the fast-bound hearers.

History.

The peculiar sense for the study of man's history develops itself but slowly, and rather amid the silent, calm working of the memory, than amid the more powerful impressions of the present. The nearest events seem but loosely connected, but they sympathize so much the more strangely with the more remote; and it is only then, when one is in a position to contemplate in one view a lengthened series, and neither takes everything literally, nor confounds the proper order and connexion of events by capricious dreams and theories, that he perceives the secret chain which binds the Past with the Future, and learns to compose History from the materials of hope and recollection. Yet he only can succeed in discovering the simple laws of history to whom the *entire* Past is present. We for the most part arrive only at incomplete and inconvenient formulæ, and may rejoice if we only find for our-

selves something already written available in aiding us to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the enigma of our own short lives. But I can safely say that every careful consideration of the events of life procures us a deep and inexhaustible enjoyment, and, of all studies, raises us the highest above earthly ills. In our youth we read history only through curiosity, as an amusing story; in our maturity she becomes a heavenly, consoling, and edifying friend, prepares us gently by her wise discourses for a higher and wider career, and makes us acquainted with the unknown world through intelligible images. The Church is the dwelling-house of history, and the silent Churchyard her symbolic flower-garden. History should be written only by old and God-fearing men, whose own history is almost ended, and who have nothing more to hope for but transplantation to the garden. Their descriptions will be neither obscure nor dull, but a ray from the spire will exhibit everything in the justest and most beautiful light, and the Holy Spirit will hover above these strangely moved waters.

It appears to me necessary that the Historian should be also a Poet, for only poets understand the art of skilfully combining events. In the tales and fables, I have often with silent pleasure observed how deeply they felt the mysterious spirit of life. There is more truth in the fairy tales—(*Mährchen*)—than in learned chronicles. Even though their characters and their fates are mere inventions, yet the spirit in which they are invented is true and natural. It is in some degree a matter of indifference whether those persons, in whose destinies we trace our own, ever did or did not actually exist. We desire only to contemplate the great and simple spirit of an age's phenomena; if this wish be gratified, we need not trouble ourselves about the chance existence of their external forms.

Geologists.

Ye are almost inverted astrologers. As they immoveably contemplate the sky and wander through its immeasurable spaces, so do ye turn your gaze to the earth, exploring its structure. Astrologers study the forces and influences of the stars, and ye investigate the forces of rocks and mountains, and the manifold properties of strata of earth and of stone. To them the starry heavens are the book wherein they read of the Future, while in the earth ye read the records of the primeval world.

Streams are the eyes of a landscape.

Conscience.

Conscience is a mediator inborn in every man. On this earth it occupies the place of God, and is, therefore, to many the Highest and the Last. But how far was the former science, which men called virtue or morality, from the pure form of this elevated, wide, personal thought! Conscience is the peculiar and most personal essence of a man in his full and perfect majesty,—of the divine, archetypal Man—(*Urmensch.*) It is not this thing and that thing; it does not com-

mand in general laws and maxims; it does not consist of distinct virtues. There is but one virtue,—the pure, serious Will, which, at the moment of decision, resolves immediately and chooses. In living and peculiar indivisibility it dwells, and inspires that tender symbol, the human body, and is able to excite all the spiritual members to the truest activity.

The true spirit of Fable is the spirit of Virtue in friendly disguise; and the proper spirit of the subordinate art of Poetry is the emotion of the highest, most personal existence. There is a surprising *Selfness* between a genuine song and a noble deed. Unfettered conscience, in a smooth, unresisting world, becomes an enchaining conversation, an all-narrating fable. In the lawns and halls of this primæval world lives the Poet, and Virtue is the spirit of his earthly doings and influences: as this is the immediately influencing divinity among men, and the marvellous reflex of a higher world, so also is Fable. How safely can the Poet now follow the dictates of his inspiration, or, if he possess a loftier, transcendent sense, follow higher natures, and resign himself to his calling with child-like humility! In him, too, speaketh the higher voice of the Universe, and calleth him with enchanting words to happier and more familiar worlds. Just as Religion is related to Virtue, so is Inspiration to Mythology; and as the history of Revelation is preserved in Sacred Writings, so the life of a higher world declares itself in Fable in manifold ways in poems of wonderful origin. Fable and History bear to each other the most intimate relation, and accompany each other through the most intricate paths, and in the strangest disguises; and the Bible and Mythology are constellations of one orbit.

Philosophy is properly home-sickness, the product of an impulse to be everywhere at home.

The Spirit of Poetry is the morning light that draws music from the statue of Memnon.

The theatre is the reflection of men on themselves, made active and visible.

Man consists in truth. If he sacrifice Truth, he sacrifices himself. He who betrays Truth, betrays himself. I do not now speak of lies, but of deeds contrary to conviction.

Innocence and Ignorance are sisters. But there are sisters of noble and ignoble birth. The ignoble Innocence and Ignorance are mortal; they have pretty faces, but their faces have no meaning in them, and they are not durable. The noble sisters are immortal, their noble forms never change, and their countenances ever beam with the light of Paradise. They both dwell in Heaven, and visit only the noblest and most tried among men.

Where children are, there exists a Golden Age.

THE PACIFIC.

Adventures in the Pacific, with Observations on the Natural Productions, Manners, and Customs of the Natives of the various Islands; together with Remarks on Missionaries, British, and other Residents, &c. By JOHN COULTER, M.D. 8vo. pp. 290. Dublin, 1845. Curry and Co.

VARIOUS causes have of late directed particular attention to the Pacific. The establishment of a colonial settlement in New Zealand, the recent political transactions at Tahiti—which at one time threatened to involve us in a war with France—together with the spread of Missionary enterprize throughout the Polynesian Islands, have all combined to excite in the public mind a strong desire to become more intimately acquainted with this quarter of the globe. A work, therefore, like the present, containing a narrative of the principal events and incidents of a four year's voyage, lying for the most part amongst these islands, and which professes to give a description of the habits and manners of the natives, was sure, from the nature of its subject, to be welcomed in the first instance by the public. This prepossession in its favour, the intrinsic merits of the work, must, we have no doubt, rapidly convert into positive approbation.

We have not for a long time met with any work which has afforded us greater pleasure and instruction. With all the interest of an authentic book of travels, it possesses at the same time all the fascination of a fairy tale, so strange and novel are the scenes through which our author leads us, and so vividly and graphically are they described by him. In a pure, racy, English style, Dr. Coulter tells us what he has himself both heard and seen. He has carefully eschewed the besetting sin of modern tourists, and travel-mongers—who think to make up for lack of incident by length of talk—and never wearies us with disquisitions; there is not, we believe, a quotation in the whole book; and, O rare phenomenon! though written by an M.D., there does not occur, from beginning to end of the volume, a single technical term. In a word, and we know no higher praise, we were constantly reminded, whilst reading it, of the style of De Foe, and were carried back to the days of our boyhood, when Robinson Crusoe was to us a veritable history, true as "Holy Writ."

In proof of what we have said, we shall now proceed to lay before our readers an outline of our author's narrative, with some of the more interesting incidents in it.

Dr. Coulter sailed from Spithead in the month of October 1832, as surgeon on board the whaling-ship "Stratford," commanded by Capt. Abijah Lock, (well known in the South Seas). The vessel was a new one—a beautiful model of naval architecture; and, as she was not intended to carry passengers, her accommodations for both officers and men were in every respect comfortable, and suited for the frequent changes of climate through which she sailed.

They put to sea with light winds, which soon changed to strong southerly ones and increased to gales so violent that they were compelled to put back to their old berth at Spithead, and it was some days

before they could get to sea again. At last, however, the sun shone brightly on them, and, having got their anchors to the bows, with all sail set, they finally got off.

They had not been at sea more than a few days when they encountered a violent gale in latitude 45° N., of which a vivid description is given by our author—so vivid, indeed, that we were almost made seasick by reading it, and seriously ruffled the staid composure of our dear Mrs. Marvell—who was sitting beside us busily engaged in adding the last border of lace to a new Christmas night-cap—by catching convulsively at the back of her chair, in our imaginary efforts to save ourselves from being washed overboard in one of the paroxysms of the storm. As this was the first opportunity of trying their new ship's qualities in scudding or running before the wind, the attention of all were consequently engaged in watching her action on her new and first trial in this way.

"The old seamen looked excited and pleased; the younger ones at last felt so much delighted with the ship, that they danced and waved their clear arm, (for one held on,) and appeared like madmen. During the night, which was pitch-dark, the phosphorescent appearance of the water illumined everything. It seemed then as if the wand of enchantment had changed the water into boiling fire, and that we were rushing through it. Throughout the gale the ship required the most careful steering; but there was every pleasure with her, she steered so easily and beautifully; none, of course, but the most experienced hands were sent to relieve the wheel. This trial stamped her down in the minds of all as being a 'Jewel of a ship.' When the wind began to decrease, the sea began to rise very high; then the rolling motion was very unpleasant; but what compensated for that was, we lessened our latitude some hundred miles, and got a quick passage into fine weather."

Having thus happily weathered this storm, and gotten into smoother water, our author finds time to propound a few opinions touching the pleasures of a sea-voyage, whereon he discourseth well and wisely. He cannot understand how any person can call the sea monotonous; the sky, indeed, he cannot deny, is monotonous before you get into the higher latitudes—

"But the water affords charming variety—it becomes of a deep blue colour. You can look deep into it, and then you will perceive that it teems with life. You will see an occasional flying-fish endeavouring to escape from the dolphin; thousands of bonitos and albicon around and accompanying the ship; whales of every kind blowing the water from their spout-holes, and ploughing along, occasionally breaching clear out of the water, and exhibiting a sized fish that any Waltonian might well stare at!

"Hundreds of miles from any land you will often meet with a turtle floating on the water, and a few birds in the air flying round the ship, such as the Cape pigeon, a beautiful white bird, with a few black spots, the Tropic bird, about the pigeon size, of a pure white, with two long feathers in the tail, and a red bill. Sailors generally term this bird the 'boatswain,' as it sails over and around the ship, looking well at it, apparently to see if all is right and ship-shape."

The first land they made was the "Western Islands," where they hove to for a short time off Fayal, to test their chronometers, and the accurate adjustment of sextants, quadrants, &c. Having satisfied themselves on this head, they continued their course to the "Cape de Verde Islands." Here they went on shore at Brava, to try and get some fowl and vegetables. Our author always formed one in all shore-

going expeditions, and on this occasion he was accompanied by the captain, as they intended to pay their respects to the governor of the island.

"We entered the only landing-place—a small bay, or rather a chasm between two immense high and steep rocks—and landed on the beach, at the head of which was the town, consisting of about a dozen or so of low, miserable-looking stone houses. Having placed the boats in charge, the captain and I, accompanied by a merchant resident there, a tall old Irishman, strolled about to see every one and every thing.

"One large kind of store-house attracted my attention, and I asked what it was for. Our friend told us in plain English it was a 'slave-pen.' It was now empty, but it was not so a short time since, as a large brig had taken the stock off to the Brazils, and landed them safely too—there were two hundred and seventy. It seems this island is a depôt for the slaves brought from the coast of Africa, which is only a short distance off. They remain here in the 'pen' until an opportunity offers to take them safely away. It gave rise to painful reflections to look at the 'pen,' and contemplate the purpose to which it was applied."

Having procured donkeys, the only animals fit to climb the steep and stoney heights of this island, the captain and our author proceeded to the Governor's residence, which was on an elevation of about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

"The Governor was of course a Portuguese officer. His costume consisted of an old faded military blue jacket, with old gold epaulettes, duck trowsers, canvass shoes, but no stockings. In spite of this costume, his manners were gentlemanly. He received us kindly, and gave us a lunch of preserved meats, fruit, &c. His lady had neither shoe nor stocking on. His Excellency was annoyed with tooth-ache, and was delighted at my arrival. With an old instrument which he had I took it out, to his great satisfaction, and the amusement of his children, which were not a few. Indeed, his residence appeared to be the only part of the island which was not barren."

Leaving Brava, they made all sail to the southward, close-hauled on the trade winds. They passed the equator with the usual ceremonies, but which, as they have often before been described, and are probably familiar to most of our readers, we omit. When they had reached a latitude of about 46° S. they encountered a great many ice-islands, some of them of vast extent, and of all manner of shapes. Here they were obliged to keep a good look out, and to be otherwise careful. However, they got safely through these obstacles, and reached the Falkland Islands, where they came to anchor for a few days. These islands our author had an opportunity of examining, and he describes them as having many fine bays and inlets, well sheltered; the land, or earth, appears to be good, and is covered over with long grass, and much tussie, with plenty of peat. There are no trees, except of the scrub kind, fit only for brooms. There is plenty of fish and seal about the rocks, and on the land plenty of geese, penguins, and albatross, with thousands of rabbits. These islands, says the author,—

"Are called, in the Southern Atlantic conversation, 'the egg market,' and well supplied it is too, differing from markets in other places in this respect, that here there are no inhabitants, consequently nothing to pay, at least at the island where we lay: in others you often pay well for less value.

"Now these geese and penguins, albatross, &c., who have colonized this place, have very considerably, for any ship's crew, and perhaps for themselves too, built their nests in streets of about two or three miles in length, and three to six feet wide. This arrangement is very convenient in every respect. The birds can easily hold a conversation across the street; and the sailors can walk up the centre of it, beat them out of their nests, and walk off with the good eggs—

thoughtfully leaving two or three bad ones, as an inducement for the inhabitants to return to their houses after the invasion. After we had procured about six or seven tons of eggs, killed a good many seal, shot a number of rabbits, and strung our rigging with geese, we fired a twelve-pounder carronade for curiosity to see how many birds would rise in sight. We got up our anchor and left this decidedly capital place for food and fun."

To the great relief, we have no doubt, of the unsophisticated inhabitants. They had scarcely got clear of the Falkland Islands when the weather became very tempestuous; and they were kept three "hard weeks" beating round Cape Horn. Although it was midsummer in these latitudes—January and February—yet they had violent gales from the southward and westward, right in their teeth, with hard hail and snow showers, and a long, deep, regular sea. During this period those on board amused themselves cooking the eggs they had procured, and also—not having the fate of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner before their eyes—in catching the albatross whenever the ship was hove to.

"This was done by attaching a line to a sail hook, fastening on a piece of fat, and causing both to float by lashing it to a bit of wood. This splendid, but fool of a bird would pick it up; when he discovered his mistake he would endeavour to raise himself out of the water; but all his exertions to free himself from the hook were unsuccessful, and he was hauled on board. When on deck he could not get up for want of wind under his wings, and with his enormous web feet he could scarcely stand. He is a magnificent bird, generally from ten to fifteen feet from the tip to the tip of wing; a long, powerful, curved upper bill, and the plumage snow white; you see them several miles from land, in high southern latitudes, but scarcely ever find this bird within the tropics."

Having rounded Cape Horn, they bore up and ran northerly, passing close to the Isle de Madre de Dio and the island of Chiloe, (which last appeared to be under extensive cultivation,) next the islands of Mocha and St. Mary's, and, finally, came to an anchor in the bay of Talcahuana—the seaport of Concepcion—after a run of one hundred and twenty days from England.

The author describes this bay as exceedingly beautiful, the country around as luxurious, and the climate delightful. Chili and the neighbouring coast have, however, been already so well and so frequently described, that we shall not dwell on them. The ship lay here about three weeks to refit after her voyage; and here our author, "being always partial to a good gun," was tempted to purchase from a gentleman a "first rate double-barrelled rifle," which on many a subsequent occasion did him good service, and was his "constant companion in pleasure and danger."

Having got every thing ready, they weighed, and continued their course northerly along the coast, and after two days came in sight of Juan Fernandez, and ran for the north side of the island, where they anchored in Cumberland bay. This is the only bay or landing-place on the island, and being open to the northward, is a dangerous anchorage when it blows from that direction. The weather, however, was fine while our author was there. There were no inhabitants on the island when they arrived. Some short time previously about a thousand convicts had been sent there by the Chilian government, but they had risen on the soldiery in charge of them, had killed them and the governor, and afterwards boarded two vessels at anchor at the time, and made

them land them on the coast. Here is the picture which our author gives of this island, famous for being the scene of De Foe's inimitable fiction, Robinson Crusoe.

"After leaving the beach, you arrive at a large strip of level land, the remains of the houses, or rather huts, in a state of ruins, were scattered about on either side; also the remains of an old jail, or lock-up. On passing the huts this level land is found to extend to twenty or thirty acres. There were vast quantities of rose-bushes in full bloom, with immense beds of mint, so tall that you could hide in it without being discovered. The fragrance of this valley was enchanting to us. The small hills surrounding it, thickly covered with middling-sized timber in rich foliage, and a small rippling stream running through it, all added to its beauty. In strolling up the hills, we soon discovered that the smaller timber had a very loose hold in the earth, which was mostly red mould, as some of our men, in laying hold of them, to assist themselves up, came back accompanied by the tree.

"The entire island is a succession of small hills and valleys, each with its little stream; and those rivulets often uniting, came dashing over the cliffs with great force. On it we discovered some bullocks, goats, and dogs, all in good condition, but very wild, dashing through the thickets like deer when disturbed.

"The island appeared to be about sixteen or eighteen miles in length, and about six or seven wide."

Having salted down several bullocks and young goats for the ship's use, and taken on board a large stock of fish, wood, water, &c., together with several boat-loads of fine mint, as an anti-scorbutic, for the use of the crew, the vessel got under weigh, and, ranging along the coast, we next arrive with our author at the "Gallapagos Islands," situated between 1° north latitude, and 2° south lat. and between 89° and 92° west longitude. They consist of six large, and seven smaller islands. Here they anchored at Charles Island, in an excellent inlet or harbour, the usual and only place for anchorage. Immediately abreast of the ship where she lay, the land was high and rugged, covered with rocks, and masses of old lava, with a great quantity of the prickly pear, mangrove, and other evergreens, which made it impossible to penetrate far into the country in this direction without being liable to have one's clothes torn off. To the eastward of the anchorage, however, there was more level ground, which, from the natural arrangements of the trees, looks like a well laid-out park. Here also is a fine beach for landing at, called "Pat's Landing," from an Irishman who many years ago resided on this island for a length of time, the sole inhabitant, except when a runaway sailor or two would join him. Our author gives us the history of this modern Crusoe, which is so extraordinary, that we shall extract it entire, although somewhat long.

"His history, as far as is known, was that of a very daring, reckless, and strange being. He belonged to several ships on the coast, and was in many of the revolutionary rows, so common in Chili, Peru, Columbia, &c. At last he formed one of the crew of a whale-ship which was cruising round those islands, the captain of her having a great deal of trouble with him, he having formed several plots to mutiny and take the ship, there being no feeling of security as long as he was on board, he was landed on the southern extremity of Albemarle Island.

"Here water being extremely scarce, he was nearly famishing, and would have died from the want of it, but that he squeezed the juice out of the prickly pear and cabbage-tree. This was a substitute, which saved his life. As to food, he had plenty of doves and terapin, or the land tortoise, which is excellent. After some months the captain of an American whale ship humanely took him off, and

landed him, at his own request, on Charles's Island, with which he was familiar, and which he knew possessed plenty of fine water from springs.

"He was landed on the beach in question, from which there is a complete and naturally beautiful avenue up to the mountains; and nearly at the summit of one of them there is a spot of excellent land, of four or five acres in extent, nearly surrounded with high hills; in fact, there is only one pass into it. On this level he erected his house or hut, and had a great deal of it under cultivation; so much so that he had a quantity of vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, pumpkins, Indian corn, melons, with plenty of hogs and poultry; those he sold for years to the shipping. He also dug a well on his farm, and though in high land, at a moderate depth obtained a good supply of fine water.

"I understood his chief dress consisted of a seal-skin cap over his red bushy hair, a red flannel shirt, and pair of flannel drawers, with seal-skin moccasins on his feet. He never went out without his gun, particularly when he had those runaways with him; neither did he sleep two nights in the same place. He knew every cave and secret spot on the island, and occasionally used them for dormitories. Now, it is a strange circumstance, and yet a fact, that this man, whenever those runaway sailors resided on the island, would enforce subjection, and actually compelled them to work his farm for him. They were soon glad to separate from him by joining, on any terms, the first ship that came in.

"He was often greatly blamed (though I believe unjustly), for inducing sailors to leave their ships, and in one case he suffered for it. An American whale-ship put in there, and two of the crew, who had been severely treated on board, took to the bush, and Pat was blamed for harbouring them. Captain Bunker, of Nantucket, who commanded the ship, invited him on board, and in ignorance of what had occurred, or the men leaving, he accepted the invitation.

"As soon as he came on board, he was tied up and severely flogged, then handcuffed and landed on the beach to die or live as he might, with his hands fast, and no one to loose him. It was a murdering, brutal act of this ruffianly captain. The ship sailed the next day, and left him to his fate.

"Pat, however, was not to die in this manner; for in his seal-skin cap, which was, fortunately for him, not removed from his head, he had two files, one of which, with both hands, he drove firmly into a tree: he then patiently and perseveringly commenced and continued the operation of filing through the handcuffs, until he freed himself. He then for ever vowed vengeance against the captain who had treated him so, if ever he should be in his power.

"He had an iron frame, a strong and well-cultivated mind. He had received a good education in his youth; this, to a character like him, made him doubly mischievous. A few months afterwards, as he was round at the other side of the island, after seal, in his boat, which he called the *Black Prince*, he fell in with an English whale-ship. From the crew he learned that he would soon have visitors, as two or three American ships were to call at the island. One of them was that on board of which he had been so barbarously treated. He had at this time four men with him.

"On hearing this news, he pulled directly round to his landing-place. In a few days after, the expected ships arrived. He determined not to appear, but watch them well, and keep his men out of sight. The three captains, one of whom was Bunker, pulled on shore, and in a bottle, made fast to a pole on the beach, they found a note written by Pat, stating that, from the bad treatment he often received, he had left the island for ever, and that whoever would arrive first would find plenty of every thing in his garden. I may here remark that this method generally forms a South Sea post-office, where one ship leaves a memorandum for the next.

"The skippers concluded that all was right, and that there was no one on the island; and after walking about a little, they agreed to come on shore the next day to have a pic-nic dinner, and to send their men up and plunder the garden. Pat was concealed so near that he heard all, and made his arrangements accordingly. Next day they came on shore, and brought their cold meat and wines away up the valley to a pleasant green plot, where they had a view of the ships, but not of the landing-place they came to. They had four boats on shore, hauled well up on the beach. They enjoyed themselves for hours, when one went up to

an eminence near, to have a look round. He no sooner got a view of the beach than he came back like a madman, and told them their boats were knocked about, and to come down at once.

"Those tyrannical rascals were now complete cowards: they left all and ran down to the beach, where they found the four boats, oars, and all in pieces; also a large slip of paper, with "remember the handcuffs!" on it; also, "Bunker, I'll have you yet." There was an instant signal made to the ships to send a boat; fortunately for them, it was instantly answered. They were scarcely seated and shoved off, when a bullet from a gun on shore whistled among them and through the boat. In another instant three shots were fired after them; but they were safe, and out of reach of the guns. Pat then showed himself on the beach, gun in hand, and waved his cap over his head in triumph. No one came on shore to pick up the fragments. Those ships got under weigh in the evening, and disappeared. So much for barbarity on the one side, and revenge on the other.

"This wild and strange being lived, I believe, about eighteen or twenty years on this island, but did not die here. He went in his open boat, 'the Black Prince,' more than once, in on the coast, a distance of six hundred miles: but the water is always smooth here, so it is not to be wondered at.

"The last time he went was to Guyaquil, and thinking he might as well have a queen for his beautiful island, of which he was the sole and daring monarch, after, I suppose, telling all manner of inducing stories, there was the wife of a Spaniard who agreed to accompany him. She was actually in the boat, and about to shove off, when the Spaniard jumped in to bring back his wife. A struggle ensued; 'Pat' was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead in the bottom of his 'Black Prince.'

"Such was the termination of the career of this extraordinary man. He is reported to have been always warm-hearted and kind to those who were at all friendly to him, but implacably revengeful to those who ill-used or insulted him."

Some time before our author's arrival, a grant of this island had been made by the government of Ecuador, to a M. Vilamil (in return for some services he had rendered to it) and a settlement had been formed on it, of a set of sanguinary black Spaniards, who were transported to it under his governorship. The doctor gives a very amusing description of this governor's court and state. He was a pompous man, imagined himself, and was in reality a kind of monarch; but, like many other kings, reigned over very uncertain and uneasy subjects. He was obliged to be continually on the watch, and never knew when he lay down well in his hammock at night, but that he might get a thrust of a long knife through it before morning, such was the love his sable subjects bore him.

With this sovereign our author had the honour of spending two or three days. He found him well informed and accomplished, and together with his nephew "Sanchaz," they formed a very agreeable party.

"I could scarcely refrain from laughing heartily as Vilamil detailed to me his plans of government, and the laws of the colony, his formation of the magistracy, all of said magistrates being nearly as black as a coal, and without either shoe or stocking. It was highly amusing, particularly as I could see at a glance the kind of ruffians he had about him.

"Each evening after the discussion of the affairs of the nation, we generally got out the big drum, a guitar, and two or three fifes, gathered together a few of the people, and set them to dancing the 'suidango,' which lasted a couple of hours, all the time the Governor sitting in an arm-chair in the shade, that scamp 'Sanchaz' on his right; I supported his left. I could not avoid calling to mind the words De Foe put into Robinson Crusoe's mouth, when he found himself surrounded with his pets—'How much like a king I looked.' Sunset ended these farcical scenes."

As is, however, too generally the case, under similar circumstances,

in larger communities, M. Vilamil's subjects were not without causes for their discontent.

"They work hard, and plant their grounds, which produce abundantly. If they require an article of clothing (which they did from their landing, for they were sent off nearly naked) or an implement to repair their houses, or cultivate their plots of land, or any other necessary, they go to the Governor's store, and get it in exchange, (where a small account is run up.) They give a mortgage on the crop nearly ripe. The produce of this, when ready, is taken away from them, and they are left bare enough, with little else than a bitter feeling of dark Spanish hatred to the Governor for thus depriving them of their crops. This system was carried to such an extent, that there was scarcely a family owned what was growing on their own ground. It was all mortgaged long ago, root and branch, to Vilamil, against whom, and his store, there existed the most deadly hatred. After I became thoroughly informed of all, and the peoples' good wishes towards him, I was anxious to be off, not knowing the moment some insurrection might take place."

The result verified the Doctor's anticipations. He heard subsequently, that shortly after the "Stratford" left the island, the people got out of all patience with Vilamil, "made three attempts to assassinate him, and finally finished the affair in real Creole-Spanish style, by cutting him down with their machettas," after which most of them left the island.

Before we pass from this part of our author's narrative, we would remark that the Doctor, in the course of the chapter from which we have just been quoting, has clearly established his claim to nationality, by the following genuine Irishism.

Speaking of the "peculiarity of mind" which induces men voluntarily to take up their abode on uninhabited islands, he says—

"There is scarcely an *uninhabited* (?) island in those seas on which there is a fertile spot of earth, that *has not its Robinson Crusoe on it.*"

While at Chatham island, everything had been got ready for the whale fishery, of which our author gives a most graphic and stirring description. As this, however, has been already frequently described, we shall pass over it, and accompany our author on his second visit to Chatham island.

On this occasion, as it was intended that the ship should remain for some time at the island, and as there was nothing for the Doctor to do professionally, either on board or on shore (where an encampment had been formed, to recruit the health of the crew, amongst whom some slight indications of scurvy had begun to shew themselves) he determined to make an exploring expedition round the island.

"I prepared for it accordingly; I put on light canvass trowsers, a leathern jacket, (which I had on board for the purpose of going through bushes, as it would not tear off me as cloth or duck would,) a pair of strong shoes on, a belt round me to hold my small axe, knife, and ammunition pouch, a leather cap on my head, and canteen for water. As the island was large, and I intended to go right into the interior, I took the precaution of bringing a pocket compass with me.

"Being thus accoutred, with gun in hand, on the fourth morning after our arrival here, I left the encampment at sunrise, under a volley of three cheers from our men. As I had previously a very good knowledge of the shore around the island, its bays, beaches, rocks, and anchoring places, I now kept inland, and directed my course in a range with the centre of it, the island being very long from east to west, but in breadth, (some places,) from north to south, only a few miles. During the chief part of the first day I had to make my way through a thick wood, which, in some places, I had to proceed circuitously, to avoid the thick net-work formed by a wild vine growing so close, that I could

not get through it. Towards sun down, after having accomplished about eight miles, under great difficulties, I got into an opener country, with the timber farther apart, and a good deal of grass. A great many terrapin were feeding on it.

"This was a pleasant relief from the dense wood and rugged ground I passed over already. I chose an elevated spot of land beside a large rock, to encamp for the night. I next cut down with my axe a few branches, and placed them up against it, which formed covering enough in so fine a climate. There was plenty of long grass about, which I pulled up, and shook out on the earth under this temporary hut. This served me well for a bed, and was my general plan of arranging for the night. The preparations were simple, and soon completed. I then killed a small terrapin, made a fire, cooked it on cross sticks, and, with some fresh water I found not far off, made a hearty supper. As the shade from the setting sun was making every object around me, and in the distance indistinct, I lay down in my primitive hut, and never enjoyed a more refreshing sleep than I did that night."

When he awoke next day, the sun was well up, and the whole place about seemed alive with birds of all sorts, "doves, canaries, mocking birds, hawks," &c.

"All were bound to the eastward; and so unacquainted were they with man, that many of them perched for a moment on my shoulders and cap to rest themselves. Now this passage of birds in the morning, in any particular direction, gives most important intelligence to the man who may be cast on an island like this, without any previous knowledge of it. It tells him at once that, if he only follows the birds, or keeps on after them, he is sure to fall in with that all-important thing—fresh water."

Our author says he has often known men lose themselves through the interior of islands, and be found all but exhausted for want of water, though there was plenty not far from them, through ignorance of the proper mode of looking for it. Having enjoyed his first station here, the Doctor prepared his morning meal of terrapin, did it, as he says, "ample justice, and without being annoyed by exorbitant hotel charges," he again commenced his march. There are two ranges of hills, some of them of great altitude, which run nearly the whole length of the island, from east to west; between them in the depth of the gorge, is one continued valley, of about three miles wide, interrupted only by a few irregular hills, or swells here and there, only partially timbered, but clothed with luxuriant grass. The sides of the high hills bounding it, are covered up to the summits with timber.

In this valley the heat was much more sultry than on the outside of the hilly range, as they shaded it from the trade-winds, which refreshed all other parts of the island, but the vegetation was most luxuriant, and what crowned all these was a large stream of clear water running right through it in an easterly direction. There were a great many prickly pear-trees growing on the elevated mounds in the valley; their fruit had externally the appearance of an immense brown plum, the inside the exact taste of a gooseberry, and proved extremely refreshing. There were a great number of splendid hawks hovering about, from whom the doctor frequently experienced no little annoyance.

"When I killed either a goat or terrapin for food, they would hover round, screaming and making all sorts of noise, and sometimes seemed to think that I actually came there to butcher for them, for they would light on the ground and hop around me, sometimes would even jump on the carcass, have the impudence to look me straight in the face, and grapple the meat in their claws, and pull for the half with me: matters between us went so far that I was obliged to provide

myself with a long stick, and knock them down as they came too close. They were immense and powerful birds, more like eagles than hawks. I fired a few shots among them, but they paid no attention to it, did not seem to fear the gun or its effects, and tormented me as much as ever, so that at last I was obliged to compromise matters by killing something and leaving it with them; then when the chief body of them were engaged, I would start off and transact business for myself."

About the middle of the valley, our author made a discovery of the highest possible importance, in the event of steam traffic ever extending itself to the Pacific, namely of large quantities of coal, extending away to a great distance in under the hills. In order to test his discovery, he kindled a fire with some of it, when it quickly ignited, flamed up and burned after the manner of Kendal coal. He states that there are great hills of it, and that an immense supply could be obtained, if sufficient arrangements were made for conveying it to the sea-side.

On one occasion during his excursion, our author had a narrow escape of his life. Whilst fishing by the sea-side, he slipped off the rock into deep water.

"I could swim well, so there was no fear of drowning; but another danger, of which I was well aware, made me clamber up out of it as quick as possible; this was the vast number of ground sharks which inhabit the sea surrounding those islands, and which come close in to the edge of the rocks and beach. As soon as I had taken off my clothes to dry them in the sun, I took a look into the spot where I had fallen in; then I perceived that I had a providential escape, as a whole shoal of them were moving about, I suppose attracted by my splashing in the water. If I had been five minutes longer in it, or encountered any difficulty in getting up on the rocks, I would have been devoured. I confess I felt so queer after this adventure, that I picked up my clothes and went a little inland; however, it did not deter me from again getting a fish, but it prompted me to use caution."

Passing over several other interesting incidents of this expedition, we come to the following strange and saddening scene.

"When I was better than half down the weather side, at about four miles inland, I came suddenly on a space of ground which was partially clear, and where a few trees lay, that had evidently a few years ago been cut down by some one. On further entering this space, there were mustard pumpkins, melons, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, all growing indiscriminately, and in a very wild state—tall weeds, and suckers of young trees, starting up here and there from the roots of the old ones.

"In looking about, I saw what was once a spade, but the blade of which now was only rust, and fell in pieces when I touched it with my foot. Near this, in a hollow, was a well with water enough, but overgrown, and covered with weeds. It was regularly built round with stone. I continued my search over this once well-cared plantation, until I came to the highest, or upper part of the clearing, which was walled along for several hundred yards by solid rock. Up near this, almost concealed by a clump of trees, and nearly overgrown with wild vine, I discovered a house, or rather hut, on a comfortable scale. There was no sound of human voice here—all was still.

"I knew, from the indications about, that it was long since the place had been attended to. The net-work of vines round it was so thick and close, that I had to make an opening through it with my axe. On entering this wild barrier, I came at once on the house, which was built against the rock with a shed roof thatched—the sides and front merely posts of wood, interlaced by vine branches, and covered over with mud. The whole was in a falling state; there was only a doorway into it, but no door.

"I now with strange feelings entered the door; there was ample light through

this ruin to see all. It was a melancholy sight, and discovery to me. In the centre of the floor, near a rude table, lay the skeleton of a man, only partially concealed by what had once been a covering of skins; on my touching it, it fell in powder; the bones though in apposition, were separated by the slightest touch. On one side were an old boiling pot and frying-pan, wood, axe, &c., all in rust, a tobacco-box, with a rudely manufactured pipe, on the table, an old worn-out and rust-eaten carabine, and cutlass in the corner; there was a shelf which had once served for a bed, with seal skins on it. I searched minutely, but could not find either paper or any other thing that could give the least information as to the name, or who this unfortunate recluse was.

"It was a dismal scene. I came out and gazed on this hut for some time; a thought struck me, and I proceeded to execute it. All was a ruin, and now falling; the only thing I could now do for this remnant of humanity was to bury it; the only way I could even do that, was to cover it with the ruins; a few blows of a heavy stone against the posts laid all prostrate, and shut out the sight for ever.

"Whilst in those seas I made many inquiries from captains and others frequenting those islands, about this solitary man, but no one knew or had heard anything about him. He must have been dead for many years, from the state of the skeleton, the hut, and long-neglected plantations. I left the grounds without touching any thing, with a heavy heart, and could not eat a bit until I was miles away from it."

How melancholy the fate of this lone and solitary man! What a frightful death was his!

We must, however, hasten onwards to the Marquesas Islands, which our author next visited after a four month cruise, from the time he sailed from Charles's island. The scenery of the Marquesan group of islands is described as being very similar.

"They all appear high, and almost precipitous towards the centre; but on coming close in to the land, and taking long excursions through the country, if we may so term it, the scene entirely alters, and one of great irregular beauty and grandeur meets the eye in all directions. The inhabitants in general live scattered about in the low lands or rich valleys—and rich they are beyond anything. Those who have not visited a tropical country cannot form a correct idea of it. Wherever you see a rock or precipice—and they well deserve the name, if irregularity, height, and nakedness, can give it to them; their base and surrounding lowland is covered deeply with a never-ceasing, richly-vegetable mould, throwing up the finest fruit trees, and other large timber; and where the woods are not very dense, the richest grass prevails.

"All those valleys have streams, sometimes of considerable extent, but always of great beauty, passing through them, forming in their course many rich and beautiful cascades. Those valleys are mostly skirted with high hills, covered to their summits with a lightish green vegetation. This coloured appearance arises from the great quantities of deep soft moss, and acres upon acres of small reeds, which grow as high as eight or ten feet, and form good cover often for small war parties or scouts, who frequently set the whole on fire to stop, even for a time, the advance of a powerful enemy, as well as to give the warning that those great fires convey to their friends.

"The chief productions of those beautiful lowlands, which Providence throws in the way of the native, with scarcely any effort from himself, except to gather, are bread fruit, cocoa-nut, bananas, plantain, yam, sweet potatoes, tobacco, with a great variety of the smaller vegetables of excellent quality.

"Then there are plenty of hogs, poultry, and fish, which last afford both amusement and food. The smaller birds, of varied and handsome plumage, are numerous."

The houses of the natives are generally placed close to trees, which afford an agreeable shade. The thatch consists of bread-fruit, or cocoa-nut leaves, closely and thickly put on. The inside of the wall is

generally covered with a close matting. There is but one bed for the whole household, which is formed as follows:—Two long sticks or spars run the whole length of the house, near the back wall, about six feet apart from each other—the intervening space is covered deeply with either leaves or grass, and a fine mat put over it. This forms a very capacious bed, from their mode of lying on it, with the head resting over one spar—the back of the neck being supported by it, while the feet or ankles are on the other.

“It is a curious sight to observe from under the mat fifteen or twenty heads—sometimes more, sometimes less—along one spar, and double the number of feet and legs, according to their length, clear of the mat, along the other. After all, it is not a disagreeable arrangement. The bed is certainly soft, except the pillow part of it.

“In this state they will lie, talking and singing over affairs, until they fall asleep.”

Besides other sources of amusement the natives have also their tahooa, or theatre, where they assemble on particular occasions from all directions, to vie with each other in the dance and song.

“The situation generally chosen for them is some level spot of either rock or earth in the neighbourhood of some of those romantic streams, and often near a waterfall, surrounded by trees of rich foliage, the adjoining hills forming a curtain of green round it. In the centre of this is an inclosed portion of ground, covered by a smooth and varied-coloured pavement. The dancers perform on this. The surrounding bank is covered with spectators and their refreshments. The usual music is a drum, beaten by the flat of the hand, singing, and clapping of hands, which last closely resembles an expression of feeling that takes place at some of the political meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, well known by the name of ‘Kentish Fire.’ The dancing of the natives being peculiar, and requiring peculiar time with the music, nothing else but some sound of this description would suit them.

“The dancers on those occasions take great pains to decorate themselves, some of their skins being fairer than others, but all beautifully tatooed, are coated over with cocoa-nut oil, tinged yellow with turmeric, which grows in abundance on their lands; the hair is well oiled, and tied up with plenty of ornaments, such as feathers, &c., the head being encircled by a band made of cocoa-nut sinnet, having oval pieces of pearl shell attached all round it; in the ears are pieces of white down, or bone or shell ear-rings, well polished and carved, (by-the-by, I have often seen an English tobacco-pipe used as an ear ornament, with the shank of course down,) when the dancers enter the arena.

“Their covering is only a small piece of native cloth, either round the waist or over the shoulders; as the excitement of the dance increases, even this disappears, or is flung wildly to the winds, and then you see neither a black nor a white man, but (from the turmeric) a golden yellow one, perfectly naked, in all the wildness and frenzy of the heathen dance.”

These dances the Doctor describes as the vilest that can possibly be imagined, and as proving the absolute necessity for the presence of the missionary, to throw the light of Christianity over the moral darkness in which those poor natives are enveloped. He describes them as possessing “fine forms and minds, quick and clear enough to receive instruction, and retain it, and act upon it, if it was sent to them through the proper channel—the missionary;” but as sunk at present in the lowest depths of Pagan licentiousness. Unfortunately the example which is set them by the trading vessels which touch here, is not, generally speaking, calculated to improve the natives, and the Doctor strongly and most justly denounces the conduct of which the crews of those vessels are too often guilty. That these islanders are cannibals, our author had undeniable proof.

"They deny it to many visitors; but when you remain on shore with them, it soon comes out, for in excursions even a mile or two inland, if you go into any of the houses, you cannot fail to observe human bones that very recently were in the oven. They then will tell you it was an enemy, and not improbably exhibit to you some other part of the body not yet touched. They never eat a friend, or a body which has died of disease; but always the fallen enemy is sure to be so served, if they can get hold of him."

Whilst at these islands, the Doctor must needs gratify his usual longing for exploration, and in spite of warning to the contrary, he wandered inland under the protection of "Toomava," one of the chiefs of the island. He paid dearly on this occasion for his curiosity. His protector's tribe happened to be at war; and as they consider white men as valuable allies in their engagements, from their method in using the gun, and the cool deliberate aim they take, they pressed the Doctor into their service, and insisted on his assisting them in the approaching contest. He was compelled to attend a review and council of war, clothed in the costume of the country; and, in consequence of a couple of severe hurricanes, which did great damage, and caused the death of some of the tribe, and which were superstitiously attributed to his attendance at the council without being tattooed, he was obliged to submit to that operation, as the only chance of saving his life. The only favour he could obtain, was that his face and hands should be spared. The following is his account of the operation:—

"They have only a few instruments in use. Those used for inserting the colouring matter into the skin are made of pieces of bone made flat, and serrated at one end, like either a comb or saw. The breadth of this end differs from the eighth of an inch to one inch, according to variety or minuteness of the work—some having only two teeth, some a dozen. The other end is brought to a blunt point, and inserted into a small cane about six or eight inches long, at right angles. The stick for beating this into the flesh is long or short, according to the fancy of the operator.

"The piece of cane is held between the finger and thumb of the left hand. There is a roll of fine tappa round the three remaining fingers of the same hand, to wipe off the blood, in order to see if the impression is perfect. The marginal lines of any figure are first marked out with a very small stick, the remainder is executed without a guide. The hitting of the stick is so very rapid, that it resembles nothing that I know of more accurately than a trunk-maker driving in his nails.

"This incessant hammering at the skin, or into it, with considerable violence, irritates the whole frame, and the constant wiping off the blood with the tappa is worse. However, as the work proceeds, the flesh swells up, which gradually benumbs the part during the continuance of the operation.

"The colouring matter used is made in this way: Eight or ten nuts (commonly known as the candle-nut, from their emitting a bright flame, and being used by Marquesans as a substitute for candles) are strung on a piece of reed, which is stuck in the ground, the upper one being lighted. An inverted section of a cocoa-nut is suspended over it. This condenses the smoke, which is very black, and when mixed with a little water, forms the marking-ink in question. The swelling is very great, but subsides much in five or six days. Sometimes the person operated upon does not recover for weeks; and when the tattooing goes on anywhere in the neighbourhood of glands, often, in irritable constitutions, forms large tumours and abscesses. Often erysipelas is produced; but those are rare cases, all generally getting clear with the ordinary inflammation, which is only of eight or ten days' duration.

"I was four hours under the operator the first day, and three hours the second: which time sufficed to mark on my skin the delineations and characteristics of a chief. After all was over, the surface was rubbed with scented cocoa-nut oil,

which cooled the inflammation much, and gave me great ease. Then, blowing conchs and firing muskets again, ended the ceremony. There were several women in the house all the time—wives and daughters of the chiefs—and they appeared to sympathize much with me; but they were not allowed to interfere, as I was a tatood chief.

"I was a little faintish after it, but on going out and sitting in the cool shade of a tree, all went off well."

He was afterwards obliged to take part in a bloody engagement, in which his friends were victorious, and subsequently witnessed the horrible feast on human flesh which followed.

"Near where they deposited the bodies, they now dug several large holes in the earth, and into them they cast a number of stones, so as to cover the bottom of the pit, over which there was a pile of wood set on fire. The knife generally in use at the Marquesas is a split flat piece of the large bamboo, the edge of which cuts as sharply as any of our instrument. With this they cut up the dead bodies of their enemies into convenient sizes, and rolled the pieces up in banana or plantain leaves. As soon as the stones were nearly red hot, the burning wood was removed and thrown aside. Those parcels of human flesh were then arranged on the hot stones, and a deep covering of grass strewed over. Then water was sprinkled over all, and as soon as the steam arose the whole was covered over deeply with earth, to remain until next day.

"A great many ovens having now been set at work in this manner, the remainder of the day was spent in burying our friends, after the manner I have before stated. The Marquesans never eat their own party. I must throw a veil over the feast of the following day, as I had only one look at the beginning of it, and left the arena sick to loathing; went off to the house, and did not leave it until this horrid scene was ended. Thus terminated the Marquesan battle, and its consummation."

And here, too, must terminate our notice of this most interesting work. We regret that our limits do not permit us to accompany our author to the other islands visited by him, particularly Tahiti, of which he gives a most interesting account; but we trust that the extracts we have given, will induce our readers to peruse the volume for themselves. We must not, however part with the Doctor, without thanking him for the very great pleasure and information which we have derived from his present work, and expressing our earnest hope that he may shortly redeem the promise which he has made in it, of following it up with further selections from his adventures.

Loose Leaves from an Odd Volume.

No. III.

BY J. C. MANGAN.

PART I.—POETRY. (TRANSLATED.)

The Picture Bible.

(FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.)

Thou dear old Picture-Bible, thou glorious volume, thou !
First oped for me by One, alas ! no longer with me now,
How oft, in childhood, heedless of the sports my playmates planned,
I wandered in thy pages over Eden's golden land !

The veil was raised that overhung the face of Elder Time ;
I saw the works and wonders of the gorgeous Orient clime,
The Deluge, Dove, and Rainbow, the Bush illumed of God,
And Pharaoh's brazen chariot, and Moses' awful Rod !

The holy Seers and Prophets of the ages long ago,
The Captains and the mighty men, how dazzlingly they shone !
The beauteous dark-eyed women all, the maidens at their wells,
And, far beyond, the shepherd-youths, whose tents were in the dells !

The Patriarchs, their myriad flocks, their lands, and wealth, and wives,
Their single, earnest speech withal, their long, unsullied lives,
Their interviews with Angels too, in stilly summer-eves,
All these rose bright before me as I feasted on thy leaves.

And now, again, I grow a child, and, leaning o'er yon chair,
I gaze on thee, thou blessèd Book, and breathe afresh the air
Of Life's delicious day-dawn, and seem to see once more
Its marvel-sights, as then I saw the scenes and saints of yore.

Again I trace the emblems, half graceful, half grotesque,
That ornament thy cover brown in quaint and dark Moresque,
And wonder o'er thy margins, as in those vanished hours,
At the curious interblending of symbolic fruits and flowers.

Again I sit, a pupil, at my gentle mother's knee,
And learn from her the mystic sense of all I read and see ;
And she stops to lace my buskin, or to smooth my hair, at whiles,
And my father, from his cushioned chair, looks at us both, and smiles.

Alas ! 'twas all a fleeting dream, for after life to rue !
'Thou holy pictured Book of Books, I love thee still, 'tis true,
I love thee, but my childhood's faith is gone beyond recall,
My faith in thee, mine innocence, my hopes, my peace, mine All !

The Miller's Daughter.

(JOSEPH BARON v. EICHENDORFF.)

The mill-wheel turns with a saddening sound :
I hear it each morning early,
When the sun arises red and round,
And the flower-cups glisten so pearly !

The miller's daughter is gone away,
And oh, most bodeful wonder !
The ring she gave me on Valentine's Day,
Sprang yester-even asunder !

No longer now may I linger here—
I'll don the willow, and *till* grim
Death shall at length arrest my career,
I'll wander about as a pilgrim.

I'll wander with lute from bower unto hall,
From shepherd's dell unto city,
Compelling tears from the eyes of all
Who shall hearken to my doleful ditty.

The mill-wheel turns in the early morn ;
I hear both wheel and wnter,
And I turn too—away, forlorn,
For I think of the miller's daughter !

That wheel shall turn and turn agen,
Re-turn, re-turn, for ever :
But the miller's faithless daughter—when
Shall *she* return ? Ah, never !

Definitions.

(HEINRICH HEINE.)

I. THE GRAND ÆSTHETICAL SCIENCE.

Blowing the bugle, and drubbing the drum,
Bidding dragoons and dragons defiance,
And draining pitchers of Rhenish and rum,
That's the Grand Æsthetical Science.

II. THE TRANSCENDENTAL SYSTEM.

Treating the cits to the manners of camps,
Grappling with noses, and trying to twist 'em,
Flooring old watchmen, and smashing their lamps,
That's the Transcendental System !

III. THE HEGELIAN PHILOSOPHY.

Both make the Hegelian Philosophy ;
I learned that fact one night last summer.
Ay ! laugh if you will ; but the Age has in me
Its fogleman, bugleman, bellman, and drummer !

A Warning.

TO A VENDOR OF FREESTONE.

(HEINRICH HEINE.)

Art thou mad, my friend? What! think of selling
 Stock like this? 'Twill play the deuce with thee!
 Dost thou really fancy thou art dwelling
 In a land where even *stock* or *stone* is *free*?

Mind thine eye, I warn thee! Our police are
 Active lads as ever trod the sod;
 They'll soon seize on what belongs to Cæsar,
 And thy freestone will be stone (or stown) in *quod*.

Where's the bibliopole that lodged next door, eh?
 He was nabbed, and hast not thou thy fears?
 Ah, thou quakest! 'Tis the same old story—
 Tyrants have long arms, and slaves, alas! long—ears!

Another Warning.

TO HAIDEE.

(HEINRICH HEINE.)

What!—love *me*, my fair Haidee?
 Me, of all men? Never! never!
 Day may fall in love with Night,
 Harvest fall in love with Winter,
 Life with Death, and Bloom with Blight,
 But no living lass with me!
 No! no maiden must imprint her
 Lips on mine for ever!

Love me—*wed* me? Worse and worse!
 Neither monk nor nun dreads
 Hymen's fetters more than I,
 No, my fair one, as I found thee
 I must leave thee. Pooh! don't sigh—
 While thy pa hath such a purse
 Doubt not thou wilt see around thee
 Worshippers in hundreds!

Wed some out-at-elbows peer—
 Lots are here for thee to smile and
 Turn thine eyes on. Take thy choice,
 And be happy with him! Whoso
 Wins thy—wealth, may well rejoice.
 Let him! but, for me, my dear,
 I'm the *homme tout seul*—the Crusoe
 Of Life's Desert-Island!

Young Germanists and Old.

(GEORGE HERWEGH.)

"Ye are young, and We are old ;
We are fruitage, Ye but blossoms ;
Wait until your blood be cold ;
Wisdom loves not youthful bosoms.

"Wait with patience ! When chill Age
Shall plough furrows in your foreheads,
When the snows, that speak the sage,
Strew, like silver dust, your hoar heads ;

"Then ye first may teach and preach,
Then will Mankind laud your labor,
Then will even your driest speech
Charm the ear like pipe and tabor."

"So you counsel. But, old Men !
If ~~we~~ abide inert and mute, your
World goes down, for who shall then
Rear the Temple of the Future ?

"Who shall guard your hearths and homes ?
Who espouse your darling daughters ?
Who, when Revolution comes,
Save yourselves from fearful slaughters ?

"Think more largely ! Youth secures
To the Time its only sure hope :
ON OUR DICTUM, NOT ON YOURS,
HANG THE DESTINIES OF EUROPE !"

PART II.—PROSE.—(ORIGINAL.)

"Quand Dieu efface," truly observes Le Maistre, "c'est pour recire." Complete your task, therefore, ye Levellers, ye temple-pillagers ! You act as the pioneers of a higher and holier civilization. The axe may exult in that it prostrates the majestic giants of the forest ; but the woodman well knows that the desolation around him is a sure guarantee that his visions of gay gardens and flourishing cities are already beginning to shape themselves into defined realities.

So small an accomplishment as that of soup-eating, *comme il faut*, was a few years back taught in London by a Frenchman at the rate of half a guinea a bowl. Some of our ambitious young Poetlings would do well to study this fact. It might supply them, by analogy, with some notion of the degree of preparatory training they require for the composition of an Epic. I am very much mistaken if the Muses were

not nine, and the Graces but three, solely to shew by an intelligible symbol that men need thrice as severe a drilling to qualify them for striking the golden lyre, as they do to render them capable of carrying mulligatawny to their mouths with an air.

We want a new edition of La Metrie's *L'Homme Machine*. Many of his contemporaries thought that book a rather coldblooded affair; but we of this age bid fair to realize all its leading ideas. Five-sixths of the people one meets with now really look as if they had survived Nature and the Universe, and were—(though not very successfully)—trying to make Art supply the place of both.

It is a senseless charge to bring against any eccentric gentleman who prefers health to fashion and comfort to custom, that he sets at defiance the opinions of society. Society, as at present constituted, has usages, but not opinions. The eccentric gentleman is clearly the monopolist of such opinions as are at all to be got at. It is society that sets *his* opinions at defiance.

Vain people, though they will generally try to conceal their vanity, are secretly mortified if you seem to take it for granted that they have none. The reason is, that such a taking-for-granted appears to them equivalent to an assumption that they have *no grounds* for vanity. For the vain usually form a low estimate of human nature, and their persuasion is that wherever talent, address, personal comeliness, or any other similar endowment exists, men instinctively look for vanity as a legitimate result from it.

There was once a country all the inhabitants of which hopped on one leg. A traveller appeared among them who moved after the manner of bipeds. "Monstrous!" exclaimed they; "he walks!—he puts one leg before another!" Hooted and hustled on all sides, the unlucky intruder was at length glad to make the best use of both his legs in escaping from the country. We, *nous autres*, do not treat innovators much better. Yet there is little malevolence now in the world. We are simply afraid to tolerate anything unlicensed. Fear appears to be our governing principle. Civilization, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. We have no manhood, no nobleness; there is not a shred of generous impulse in the beggarly habiliments we clothe our shining souls withal. It is very well for the more imaginative among us that they daily look forward to a millennial epoch, when all things shall undergo a change, for otherwise I do not see what could rescue them from sheer despair.

You may book it as an aphorism unupsettable as any in Sam Slick, that girls whose favourite topic is marriage are not susceptible of love. *De l'autre côté*, it is but fair to admit that such of them as can prattle of nothing but love are apt to find themselves much puzzled by marriage

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

Whatever may be the immediate result of the resignation of the late cabinet, we honestly acknowledge that we rejoice at the event. Until lately—until the depth of Sir Robert Peel's treachery was sounded, we would have preferred the wisely calculating, though scarcely honest Conservative, who winning the disaffected on every side by the concession of minor principles, endeavoured thus to extend and render more broad and comprehensive the foundations of the empire that he might rebuild and repair thereupon the tottering pillars of Church and State, the ancient bulwarks of England's greatness—we would have preferred the Conservative thus labouring for a good end with *doubtful* instruments, to the Whig, whose means have been as degrading to the character of Britons, as their end was destructive of the prosperity of their country; but the example of the late Premier has taught us not only to regard with abhorrence the man himself who could so basely betray the interests and party of his friends, but also this lesson—that truth does not suffer such inevitable ruin when vanquished and prostrated by the evil designs of her avowed enemy, as when she seeks to raise and exalt herself by means unworthy of her purity.

Whatever may follow, we rejoice that the late cabinet has been broken up. It was the impersonation of an evil thing—falsehood enthroned in the temple of truth. Though other burdens be laid upon her, a heavy burden was removed from Britain when this misnamed Conservatism expired. Of what was it conservative? Sir Robert Peel declared that the battle of the constitution must be fought at the hustings: and boldly it was fought and triumphantly it was won, when the deluded freeholders of the country entrusted to his guidance a majority of one hundred members in the Commons, through whose means he might establish and make permanent the advantage they had gained. In every instance he deceived them. He led their own forces, sometimes unwilling, but always unable to resist his commands successfully, against those very institutions which they had entrusted him to defend. The worshippers of the true God put him in power, and he endowed the Unitarian heresy. The earnest Protestant, the hater of idolatry, entrusted him with the resources which he had laboriously collected to build up with them the doctrines of the Scripture, and he employed them in giving to the Romish schism a fixed place and habitation in the Church by the recognition of their bishops, and the permanent and magnificent endowment of their clerical college. The friends of scriptural education exalted him, because he had professed an ardent opposition to the unscriptural scheme of his predecessors; but he discouraged by every means the former, and extended the latter. The friends of the Church advanced him, and he has brought the Church to the very verge of dissolution by the specious sophistries with which he pretended to defend her. The aristocracy of the kingdom appointed this stranger the steward of their interests, and he betrayed them. The friends of peace and good order placed their weapons at his disposal, and he disposed of them in arming the revolutionist against them. There are some who will say, that, in the

abstract, he has done all these things well ; but who is so base that he could justify the baseness of a traitor ?

We rejoice that this crisis has arrived ; for under no circumstances can Sir Robert Peel be ever again trusted by the constitutionalists. He may become the leader of that heterogeneous mass which are opposed to them ; he may be set up to lead against the party he betrayed—the Whig, the democrat, the infidel, the Papist, the revolutionist ; for these have shown themselves careless of the instruments they use in breaking down the State, which is opposed alike to the designs of all of them : but the supporters of the State henceforth will be free from his delusions, and however small their numbers, the friends of truth will not be less able to cope with falsehood, after they have been deprived of the alliance of those who are untrue.

The registration question is still fresh in our recollections. We cannot easily forget that glorious session, in which the sentiments of pure morality that flowed from the lips of the Conservative leaders were cheered from bench to bench of the opposition, and re-echoed by the vacillating supporters of a tottering minister. Englishmen had dared to speak the truth. The perjury at the Irish elections was exposed in plain language and denounced with indignant eloquence ; and the voice of the nation, answering through their representatives, declared, that these things ought not so to be, and should not be permitted to continue. Then, for the first time, we had hopes for Ireland. We thought that generous sentiments flow from generous spirits, and that those who had thus expressed themselves with all the fervour and earnestness of truth, would nobly justify their language when power was placed at their disposal. When Sir Robert Peel subsequently declared that Ireland was his chief difficulty, we replied—Ireland can be no real difficulty to him and his colleagues—they have been the first to discover the true source of Ireland's misery, and they have skill and energy to meet it. We ourselves are Irishmen ; and let our countrymen forgive us if, while we contemplate with excusable national pride the very many generous and noble qualities which adorn them, we speak plainly of their faults, which have been permitted to grow unchecked into enormous and disgusting vices. The neglect of minor immoralities has been the curse and ruin of Ireland. The very fecundity of the genius of Irishmen which seemed to give a license for falsehood, that enriched and even adorned their wit, tended to the growth of this evil. The natural temptation to falsify derived strength from that talent which, in Irishmen, conceals the odiousness of a lie under the ornament of fun and joviality ; and thus there was required peculiar care in education to repress this disposition. Unhappily, however, the religion professed by the Romanist portion of the population, from its very nature, fails at this point ; and, while their clergy were not sufficiently careful to teach them the great sinfulness even of lesser untruths, their characters, thus formed, were dangerously liable to the allurements of those who would draw them on to greater and more odious falsehood. It would be easy to see that many of the other evils of our country are dependent upon this one.

On this account we rejoiced that the incoming ministry expressed themselves so warmly upon the registration question ; and we hoped that those men whose moral natures shrunk back from the perjury

which prevailed to so fearful an extent in Ireland, would make their accession to power memorable by the introduction of most stringent measures to repress it, and that the public, which so eagerly cheered their sentiments, would support them in putting those measures in force. We declare fully, that we neither expected nor desired that they should govern one section of Irishmen through the ascendancy of another; but we did hope that perfect equality would be restored, and that a strong government, while it distributed alike to all, so far as it possessed the means, the blessings of prosperity and peace, would direct itself more particularly to restrain the violations of morality and law, which had done so serious harm in Ireland. We need scarcely say, that one of the grossest forms in which this Hydra falsehood exhibited itself, was in the trade of the agitators; and we did believe, that as he had the power to do so, Sir Robert Peel would put an end to it for ever.

But how have these expectations been realized? O'Connell, who no longer could find in the distribution of civil rights any grounds for agitation, such as could deceive even the least reasonable, boldly adopted the clamour for Repeal, which, not having even a show of reason, gained its sole strength from the strong national pride of an unthinking populace, cheered on by the ambitious hopes of a few young men, aspirants after political fame, and the petulant complaints of one or two disappointed members of the British legislature. Lord Stanley's speech on the Registration Bill led to the commencement of this agitation. Such were the grounds stated by O'Connell in the speech in which he opened the subject in the Corn Exchange. The registration question was dropped by the new ministry. Was it because they felt cowed by the voice of treason that they dared not meet the traitor on his own ground, with all the weight of British sense of moral justice on their side? We have not time to investigate the question: it is enough that when O'Connell took up the cause of perjury, the ministry retired from the contest; and the grosser exhibitions of Irish immorality, as seen in assassinations, in the false swearing of witnesses, and in the acquittal of the guilty by juries sworn to convict them on the evidence, have ever since advanced, until they have reached an enormity unknown to former times. We have little doubt that the present disruption of the cabinet may be traced step by step to this first weakness—a weakness the more remarkable, because there were no apparent grounds for it; parliament was prepared to support them to the utmost in carrying out the measures necessary to repress this agitation. The neglect of the opportunity, then opened, has put back the peace of Ireland for years, if it has not sowed the seeds for the complete disorganization of the empire.

The Corn Law question is said to be the proximate cause of the resignation. This, however, is mere rumour, strengthened by the peculiar circumstances of the times, and so probable in its nature, that as no other cause has been assigned, it seems to have gained universal belief. There is no authority for it whatsoever; and we must wait in patience until the late ministers choose to open their own lips, before we can declare whether this is the real account of the matter. There are other causes, which, but for the universal consent in favour of the Corn Law question, we should esteem equally probable with it. The

Irish question might have divided such a ministry ; and, notwithstanding the present outcry on the Corn Laws, it is the real and *ultima causa belli* between the parties who divide the State. And seeing that this is the real question, we are glad (with what reason we shall show presently) that so great a prominence has been given to the other. Whether the Irish question had any influence on the resignation or not, this at least is certain, that the Orange movement had placed the late government in this position, that they must either put down the Orangemen by penal laws, while they allowed the O'Connell agitation to go on, (and though the prime minister, the chief secretary, and one or two others of the late cabinet might have adopted such a course as this, it is not possible that they would have been supported by the rest) ; or they must put down both by stringent and sufficient measures. This would be the very thing Sir Robert Peel declared himself incompetent to attempt as regarded the agitation of O'Connell ; and its necessity might, perhaps, justify his resignation. To allow the two movements to go on side by side would be to leave the country in a state of anarchy.

We have always looked upon the Orange movement as most important. We have little doubt, that if not the proximate cause, it was, nevertheless, the principal cause of the resignation of the late cabinet. From the time that the Orangemen took the decided position in which they appeared last summer, it would have been utterly impossible for the late cabinet to carry on the government of Ireland in accordance with their policy, in the last two sessions of parliament. And yet they have themselves only to blame for this : and they might have expected it, for the Orange movement was a natural result of that very policy.

It would be impossible to guess what the next scene in the drama will be. If Lord John Russell is to be prime minister, and has power to carry out his schemes, the result is clear enough. The British agriculturists and the Irish Church will fall together. We know not whether he will continue long minister ; if he does, we are quite sure he will be a powerless one. We, therefore, view the accession to office of so extreme an adherent to the movement party with much less anxiety for the result, than otherwise we might feel. There is no doubt, that as Reform and the Irish Church were the great questions of his former administration, the Corn Laws and the Irish Church will be the two great questions now. But to suppose that either the Corn Laws or the Irish Church would be necessarily sacrificed because the avowed enemies of both have unexpectedly returned to office, would be to give them the promise of such a triumph as few public men have had.

As for the Corn Laws, it is the almost universal opinion, that their repeal would be injurious, if not ruinous to the whole farming population of Great Britain and Ireland. This will assuredly raise up an opposition against the minister, which he will find it by no means easy to overcome. It will bring to the trial a question which we have long wished to see tried ; because we believe the result will disappoint the revolutionary party, and surprise the constitutionalists to a degree which will be equally unexpected by both. There is a general impression abroad, that the manufacturing and commercial interests have grown to such an extent, as completely to outweigh the agriculturists

in the political scale of Great Britain. We should like to see this question tried. It has never yet been brought to a fair issue; for, in the contests which have taken place between these two sections of the people, the entire strength of the manufacturing, which was the movement party, was engaged; and when they prevailed, it was against an almost unresisting foe. Such a question as the present will, however, call up all the energies of the agriculturists, and the triumph which we have no doubt will follow, will show to the country the real amount of their comparative strength.

We feel confident of such a result in a new parliament. There is a possibility of a favourable majority in the present, that is, if Sir Robert Peel assists the minister; but this is extremely doubtful. It would be impossible even to guess what Sir Robert Peel may do. This resignation of his may have been a mere election ruse, or it may have been any thing. But let us suppose a majority in the present House of Commons. What then? It would be so small a majority as to justify the Peers in rejecting the bill almost unanimously; and such a collision with the Commons, so far from injuring the Upper House as former collisions have done, would tend to restore its influence, by rallying around it the affections of the most powerful party in the State. And this would be a most fortunate event for the Peers, if a new parliament sanctioned their resistance by an overwhelming majority.

The repeal of the Corn Laws is expected to do great things in giving cheap bread to the poor; and some suppose that this will give an impetus to the agitation against them, even among those who will personally suffer by the repeal. But we cannot think that the poor will be so much benefited, or at all sensibly. There will be a depression in the price of grain; and even a small permanent depression would seriously affect the farmer. But would there be a corresponding fall in the price of the poor man's loaf? The corn merchant, the miller, the flour merchant, the baker, the retailer, all will have their profit; and by the time it comes to the consumer, the reduction will have been absorbed by them. This is one of many instances in which political men make the voice of charity, and the necessities of the poor, trumpet their ambitious schemes. But the quieter portion of the nation ought not forget who they are that are most interested in this question, and are loudest in the agitation against Corn Laws. They are men who have shown themselves so full of charity, so deeply anxious for the comfort and improvement of the poor, as to have grown rich through means of that abominable system which, however it may apparently have exalted the nation, has turned the peaceful homes of English peasants into those broad pits of vice, and ignorance, and misery, which are to be seen throughout the entire of the manufacturing districts. Their professions ought, at least, to excite some doubts in the minds of others; and when they exclaim, with this newly born charity, that they want cheap bread for the poor, we may reasonably imagine, considering all the circumstances, that what they really desire, is cheaper labour for themselves. This, no doubt, they would have by any measure that would throw out of employment great masses of the farming population; an effect which all look forward to as a necessary result of the repeal of the corn duties. We hear of £1000 being advanced to the League, by firms and individuals among them;

we can only say, that it is a very prudent speculation, on the supposition of there being any prospect of success.

December, 22nd.

We had written thus far, when the news arrived in Dublin that Lord John Russell had declined to take office, and that Sir Robert Peel had been sent for. What cabinet he will form, or what measures he will now adopt, it is impossible to imagine. We still think that these events will be found to be as much connected with Ireland as the Corn Laws. However that may be, both questions have taken a nearly equal prominence; and whether Russell or Peel be premier, they will both be forced upon the attention of parliament together.

For the sake of Ireland we have reason to rejoice that it is so. It will be no less the interest than the duty of the English agriculturists to form as close an alliance as possible with the Irish constitutionalists. If the measures of the minister are such as most men expect them to be, and that his old friends in England are forced, in self-defence, into opposition, they will lose nothing by having the support of the Irish Protestants in the coming struggle. There can be no doubt of *their* opposition to the minister; and although there are already rumours abroad that Sir Robert Peel is now returning to power stronger than ever, we believe that he will have a very difficult card to play, if he has to meet with a well-directed and united opposition from his former supporters. He is stronger in relation to those whom he has just defeated—the Whig party; but he certainly has not increased the confidence of the Conservatives in himself.

We can even imagine a distinct line of policy, which, if adopted by the constitutionalists, and carried out with energy, would be, we feel assured, eminently successful against the minister. We have said that a nearly equal prominence is given to the Corn Law and the Irish questions. In the former of these the initiative, whatever it may be, will most probably be taken by Peel himself: whichever side he takes, he will, we believe, so manage the matter, as to save himself. He will yield to a successful opposition rather than suffer a defeat. This appears most probable from his usual conduct; and the loyal party will not be able to make any directly hostile movement in this measure. He will scarcely risk another defeat in the Commons where he can avoid it; for his party will not obey him so servilely as on former occasions. But though they cannot attack him in the Corn Law question, there is an open for the friends of the constitution in Ireland, which, if properly managed, might very much embarrass the Premier, and even compel him to adopt a better policy. There are two questions in Ireland, in support of which a powerful opposition might be brought to act together. The question of scriptural education, and the awful condition of the country, the numerous and daily increasing assassinations.

A very few observations upon each of these questions will suffice for our purpose. That the opinion of the clergy should be deemed conclusive in a politico-religious question we by no means hold. We are not among those who assert, that because the great body of the Irish clergy agree in desiring a particular system of education for the people, the State is therefore obliged under all circumstances to adopt it. This would be to give to the clergy a political position which, with all submission, we would feel most unwilling to yield to them.

But that their united opinion upon such a subject (still more, when supported by the great mass of their parishioners) ought, from the very reason of the thing, to have an enormous influence upon the minds of the public at large, and upon the legislators who represent the public mind, is quite another matter; and that when properly laid before the public, it has this weight, every reasonable man, who thinks even moderately well of the public, will believe. This is a question upon which there would be no difficulty in obtaining well-signed petitions. The English understand the value of the Scriptures, and the term Scriptural education is familiar to their thoughts. Next session the venerable Primate of the Irish Church will take his seat in parliament. A motion in the House of Lords, coming from him, claiming the right of the Protestant people of Ireland to enjoy their ancient privilege of Scriptural education, if judiciously put and well argued, could scarcely fail to meet a favourable reception. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way of bringing a money question before the Upper House: but it is by no means necessary to bring it forward in such a form. If the Irish Protestants can make out a clear case of a grievance, and of treatment from government even in the remotest degree savouring of religious persecution, to whom rather than their Lordships, are they to go for redress? And because a question of money is involved in the subject of their just complaint, are the Peers of Great Britain not to be permitted to extend their sympathy to their suffering fellow-subjects and fellow-christians?

We merely throw out this suggestion; but before we pass from it let us make one further remark. We feel convinced that it is upon this very question of Scriptural education that the pivot of the Irish Church is turning. We have already more than once said so, and we have not barely expressed an opinion without argument to support it. And yet it would seem that no argument was needed; for is it not evident, even laying aside all the political bearings of the question, (and they, too, are of great weight in this matter,) that when once we begin to give to the Scriptures a secondary place in the minds of our children, we are striking at the very root and foundation of the Protestant Church, which is essentially based upon the Scriptures? We have also stated, that we are at this moment in the crisis of the Irish Church. Let us, therefore, implore the honest and true men of Ireland to stand forward now determinately, and to force this subject upon the consideration of the English people. We are not speaking vain words. Protestants of Ireland! in your own hands you hold your destinies, if you have only the courage and the prudence to wield them. We well know the spirit, and the talent, and the energy, that belong to the Protestant population. Would that the spirit of peace were among us, that casting aside all our unreasonable and mad divisions, we might stand before the Christian world as one man, demanding from Great Britain the BIBLE for our children. Dare she refuse to grant it? It would be a noble spectacle, this union of Irish Protestants, this rallying around the Word of God. There are two millions of Protestants in Ireland. They are men of sterling honesty. They are peaceful men; but of determined purpose, and a courage, both physical and moral, unequalled by any other people in the world. They have read the Bible from childhood, and they wish that their

children should read it after them. Let them make an effort on this subject with parliament; and though it be unsuccessful, the very attempt will raise up for them numerous and powerful friends in England. We know their nature, that if they once commence this agitation in earnest, they will not be easily prevailed upon to drop it; and we protest, that if we saw them once actively alive in the business, we should rest confident that the strongest of human influences were in action for the salvation of the Church.

The other question is that dark and hideous one, every day becoming more dark and horrible, of the crimes which, unchecked by government, are spreading their poison into almost every vein of our population. We assert, that neither Italy nor Spain, nor the Slave States of America, nor the Thugs of India, ever produced a social condition more desperately demoralized, more pregnant with assassinations than that which now exists in Ireland under the *fostering* (we use this word deliberately) influence of the powerful government of England. *Fostering*,—for the rewards actually yielded to the disturbers of peace have been premiums to disturbances; and they have had the natural effect of increasing them. So far have the assassinations been from becoming less frequent from the time that Sir Robert Peel adopted the conciliatory line of policy of the Whigs, without their stringent measures to restrain crime, that these horrors have actually increased with a shocking rapidity. No man's life is now safe in very many of the rural districts of Ireland; and yet there has been no measure taken by government to give security to the subject. Now we say, that such treatment is immeasurably cruel. Can it be possible that there are no means of repressing these crimes? In Spain it might be so, while there was no strong governing power to overrule the anarchy that produced them. But if the power of England can do nothing to preserve us, to what end does she claim the right to govern us? Is it that she may exercise her strength to prevent the action of those influences by which uncontrolled nature herself is wont to heal the diseases that oppress her? Is it that she may cruelly interpose her iron rule to check every irregular effort by which nations, in a state of anarchy, violently cast off their fever, while she refuses to afford, from her own bounty, one single drop of wholesome medicine; but on the contrary, treats us so as to increase our evils? Would it not, after all, be better for us—would not our disease be sooner healed, if we were separated from England altogether, and the melancholy effects of such a separation were allowed to take their course? if deadly injuries were left to the deadly revenge of natural self-defence; if Irishmen were suffered to carry on a bloody and relentless war with one another, until, as is usual in such a case, their frenzy was exhausted, and they were compelled, by very weariness of carnage, to lay aside their hostility, and cultivate the arts of peace? Would not this sad condition be better, than that two hostile nations were allowed to grow up together, government interfering only to prevent a too early collision taking place, before the full venom of hatred was digested; while one of these is trained in the arts of murder, the other nourished with the bread of revenge, until nature shall have become too strong even for an English government, and those whose brothers and dearest friends are dead, who are themselves in hourly danger of

assassination, arise in madness to deal indiscriminate and black vengeance upon their enemies? Surely there is a grievance here; and if we call out for redress, it cannot be that all men are so callous but that some will hear us.

This, then, is a subject which parliament must listen to; and we have no doubt that it will be brought under its observation early in the session. It is not possible that the minister will be permitted to treat the loyal Protestants of Ireland any longer with the complete disdain with which hitherto he has regarded them. If he does so, they have the remedy in their own hands. We believe that it is the duty of the constitutionalist party in parliament to embarrass to the utmost of their power the government of Sir Robert Peel, until he shows a willingness to yield to their just demands. It is absurd to say, that in doing so they injure themselves; because no one else can be found to carry on the government. We do not think so badly of Great Britain as that no other can be found. But after all, this is a mere matter of bargain. If Sir Robert Peel requires the assistance of the loyalists, it is worth his while to pay for it by a fair regard to their interests; and if he be unwilling to attend to their interests, we cannot conceive what they are to gain by supporting him.

But whatever may be done in parliament, the Irish Protestants are placed in too critical a position to justify them in trifling with their own interests. Let them be more than ever active in forming a vigorous combination. Let them be prepared for *any* exigency; for it is impossible even to conceive what may arise, or how soon they may be placed in a condition calling for the most resolute conduct. Let them show a bold *political* front, and hold themselves prepared for the worst that may arise. They should keep in mind, that they have arrayed against them, not a political party only, but an unscrupulous foe, who will stop short at nothing for their destruction. **BE UNITED, BE PRUDENT; PLACE YOURSELVES UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF YOUR INFLUENTIAL LEADERS, AND BE READY TO ACT VIGOROUSLY WHEN CALLED UPON, AND YOU NEED NOT FEAR ANY DANGER.**

MURETUS.

Cum rapidus medio desævit in æthere Titan,
 Fer puer huc cyathos, Pontilianus ait;
 Cum pluit, En, inquit, Deus admonet esse bibendum,
 Qui nunc tam multo proluit imbre solem.
 Sic vacua à potu non unquam tempora ducit,
 Cur bibat semper Pontilianus habet.

TRANSLATION.

When the sun shines, says wise Pontilianus,
 Methinks my flaggons say, Why don't you drain us?
 And when it rains, says he, most archly winking,
 The very gods ordain *this* time for drinking:
 With two such noble maxims, this fine fellow
 From morn till night, from night till morn, is mellow.

E.K.

NATIONAL CLUB.

We have before us the Prospectus of the "National Club," established June 17, 1845, "in support of the Protestant principles of the constitution, and for raising the moral and social condition of the people." While we express our own strong approval of the principles of this Club, and our sincere thanks to the men who have combined to establish it, we feel confident that the heading of the prospectus here given will recommend it at least to that portion of the public who have extended their patronage to the "Irish Monthly Magazine." The views and objects of this club are in all respects identical with ours. What we are endeavouring to put into the minds of men, by the humble efforts of our pens, they have determined to carry out by a well organized system of practical exertion.

To stop short at the title would, however, be treatment very different from what this prospectus deserves. We have read the statement through with extreme pleasure. It contains a calm but straightforward assertion of the principles of the British constitution, not narrowed by the bigotry of party, or the peculiar notions of any political section, but consistent with the opinions of every man who loves "the Protestant principles of the constitution," and desires to see "the moral and social condition of the people" raised.

The "general objects" are six:—1. To maintain the Protestant principles of the constitution in the administration of public affairs.

2. To uphold a system of National Education based on Scripture, and conducted by the ministers of religion.

3. To preserve the Church of England and Ireland in its truth and integrity.

4. To use every effort that the government of Ireland may be conducted according to the principles of the British constitution; and for the establishment in Ireland of civil and religious liberty.

5. To endeavour by every means in their power to raise the social condition of the people.

6. To communicate with all who hold these principles, and to diffuse them, by forming Local Associations for these purposes, and by presenting in the metropolis a central place, where all who hold the same views may meet, and may devise the fittest means of promoting their common end.

Every one of these objects is dear to our hearts. We rejoice that they have been recognized in this practical manner by the promoters of this Club. The names which stand at its head give sure promise of its extension and stability, and we regard its establishment at this crisis as one of those healthy symptoms of re-action from the downward course to anarchy and national misery, which, in the midst of all our gloom, arise to cheer the desponding lover of his country.

His Grace the Duke of Manchester is chairman; the vice-chairmen are fourteen noblemen of high character, and well qualified to take the lead in such a national movement. The Committee consists of fifty-five gentlemen, whose names cannot fail to carry considerable weight with the Protestant portion of the public; very nearly the half of them are members of parliament. Some of these are men distinguished as speakers in the House of Commons.

We cannot dismiss this subject without making a few observations upon the "First General Statement, issued Nov. 22, 1845.

It commences with a declaration that "the National Club have no desire to enter into party cabals, but to seek in concert the objects

which have led to their union." This determination promises success. Let them go on in this spirit, attacking with unkindness none who differ from them, confining their efforts to a bold assertion of the truths they hold, and a steady purpose of extending them, and avoiding all "party cabals," as men who feel that their objects are above the paltry interests of party; let them thus go on labouring for the "moral and social" improvement of the people on a sound foundation of religion, and though they will, doubtless, meet with difficulties, which, while they try, will also confirm their resolution, surely they may look with confidence to the assistance of Him, without whose aid no work can prosper.

We extract at length the next paragraph:

"They hold it as a fundamental principle of the British constitution that there ought to be no connection between the state of England and the Church of Rome, that such connection is opposed to our civil polity, and to our religious principles. At the Reformation, the State and Church of England renounced their alliance with the Church of Rome. The English people recorded then their deliberate protest against its errors and encroachments. It was a protest made calmly,—it was meant to be final. To grant, therefore, endowments to the Church of Rome, to make the Romish priesthood pensioners of the English State, to recognize their influence as an instrument of our civil government, to tax the people of England for their payment, are all contrary to our great national protest."

Here is the statement of a fundamental principle of the constitution of great Britain. It contains no severity, no acrimonious attacks upon the Romanists. It states an undeniable fact, however disagreeable it may be to those whose *liberalism* is leading them to merge the truth in error. The nation has made this deliberate protest against Rome. This protest has never been withdrawn, and we firmly believe that the Englishman of this day would be as averse to its withdrawal as the Englishman of past times was determined in adopting it. The Emancipation Act and other similar enactments have introduced an anomaly into the constitution, but it still continues, in the eye of British law, a high crime in any English statesman to hold political intercourse with the court of Rome. To pension the sworn servants of a prince towards whom we stand in a relation so essentially hostile, would be a proceeding not merely contrary to the spirit of our constitution, but no less contrary to common sense and every principle of reason. We sincerely wish to the Romanist who is among us every blessing that the prosperity of the country can yield to him. We entertain towards him no feelings but those of kindness and good-will. We are sorry that the peculiar character of his religion places him in such complete subservience to a foreign and avowedly hostile power, as that it would be dangerous to the freedom and religion we enjoy, to endow his priesthood, whose vows compel them to regard us as excommunicate and accursed, and who have sworn to use every means they can adopt for the extermination of our faith; and yet, *so far as is consistent with the truth and our own safety*, we wish them every benefit. But let it be remembered that Rome has not withdrawn her protest against the religion of Great Britain—that, whenever she has the power, she still persecutes and exterminates it; and neither have Englishmen withdrawn their deliberate protest against its "errors and encroachments." Men who believe that to restrain the principles of government within the bounds of truth is to do an injustice to falsehood, have joined themselves with others who are indifferent to truth, and have endeavoured

to set aside the sound and unanswerable principles contained in the above extract; but we thank God that England is still averse to Rome, and we are glad the "National Club" has not lost sight of this aversion.

The statement next proceeds to the subject of "National Education." The views of the "Club" are identical with those frequently set forth by ourselves. Their observations on this subject are confined to England, but we conclude from their tone that they would join us cordially in our desires to have extended to Irish Protestants such a system of education, as that they should be taught "scriptural truths along with secular knowledge, under the superintendence of the religious guides of their parents." They join us in deprecating a system of education "which would withdraw the conduct of schools from the ministers of religion and commit them to the ministers of state." Such is the "national system of education in Ireland." The "Church Education Society" is in connexion with the English national system of education. The precedent established in the National Education Board of Ireland is most dangerous to the permanence of the orthodox system established in England. We therefore expect the co-operation of the National Club, in the endeavours that are made, to receive from Government a recognition of the alliance between the English national system of education and the Church Education Society of Ireland. This would be the best means of securing the stability of both.

We agree also with the declaration that they—

"Feel bound to maintain the Universities of England and Ireland; they, in fact, form an integral part of the great scheme of education. . . . Any attempt to overthrow or undermine this system, the National Club would steadfastly withstand. Colleges without religion are destitute of the power which impresses truth and forms character. Colleges in which different religious bodies are united in the conduct of education, can never prosper. The result of neutrality in a question which is the basis of discipline and foundation of truth, is to produce laxity in morals, and opinions either openly sceptical, or characterised by indifference to religion."

We cannot fail to recommend sentiments so exactly accordant with those set forward by ourselves.

Another object of the National Club is, "to uphold the United Church of England and Ireland in her integrity and Protestant character." They regard her as "most effective for the teaching of truth, and as the great guarantee of our social welfare." We need not say how cordially we agree with these sentiments. We have no desire to quarrel with the conscientious Dissenter, though we would give much to win him back to the bosom of the Church, but he cannot blame us for asserting that we regard the Church itself as "most effective for the teaching of truth, and as the great guarantee of our social welfare."

We are no less willing to give our sympathy to this "Club" in their expression of those "principles which should regulate the Irish government."

"They regard it as the duty of the state to extend equal justice to all her subjects, to impose no penalties on the Romanists, to inflict no injustice on the Protestants, to look to the first with deep interest, as a people sorely wronged by those who have long misled them; to look to the last with cordial sympathy, as placed in circumstances of peculiar trial, yet the firm friends of British connexion. They conceive that every one in Ireland should enjoy the full rights of freedom, and that over all, without distinction, should be asserted the supremacy of the law. In these views they confidently expect the concurrence of Irish Protestants, and as they turn to them for examples of loyalty, so they regard the Church of Ireland

with firm attachment, as the best bond of union, and the most effective instrument for accomplishing the peace of Ireland."

Would that our governors could be brought to think as these men do! There has never yet been a fair trial given to the principles of truth in the government of Ireland. As for the present system, it has brought this country to a greater pitch of demoralization than any former period has witnessed.—We conclude with one further extract:

"These are the principles which the National Club regard as all-important, not speculative, but practical, the foundation of our public fortunes. For, if we suffer the faith of the country to fail, and her morals to become corrupt, we prepare, by an unerring law, the national decline. For, where national religion decays, the public morals become disordered; reckless morals cause reckless politics, and by the shocks of frequent change the confidence of capitalists is disturbed, and the returns of industry are deranged. All, therefore, have a deep personal interest in maintaining these public principles."

We regret that the very late period at which the Prospectus of this Association was brought under our notice, has prevented us from entering more fully into a consideration of the vitally-important subjects embraced within it. We shall, however, take an early opportunity of recurring to them.

THE *tail* OF A FRAGMENT.

"'Tis lost! irrevocably lost!" sighed Mr. Solomon Grub, slowly depositing his pen on the table, and lifting his eyes towards the ceiling, apparently in search of something.

"'Tis gone, I fear, past recovery."

This last exclamation, uttered in such a plaintive tone, aroused the attention of Mrs. Grub, who was busily engaged in applying some mysterious process of renovation to an invalided stocking.

"Well, Solomon, and if it is gone," said the lady, looking up from her work, "what need you take on so about it, 'tis but a trifle at best, I suppose, whatever it is, and can be replaced."

"It *cannot* be replaced," replied Mr. Solomon Grub, elevating his voice as he spoke, "I tell you I have lost the thread——"

"Oh, if that's all," quoth Mrs. G., hastily interrupting her husband, before he had time to finish the sentence, "if that's all, 'tis no great matter, you can easily supply its place. Do you know the number, or was it on a roll?"

"Do I know the number, or was it on a roll?" repeated Solomon in amazement, "what, in the name of goodness, are you dreaming about?"

"'Tis you that are dreaming," rejoined the wife, "can't you answer a plain question. Was it coarse or fine, or what kind was it?"

"Fine, to be sure, delicately fine," ejaculated Solomon, "fine as the most ethereal vision that ever poet's waking dream realized, delicate as the tiny web which the gossamer flings abroad on the balmy breath of a summer's morning. Beautiful as—as—as—a—a—a—"

"In the name of common sense," interrupted Mrs. Grub, "is the man mad, to talk in this way; who ever heard of such a thread as that?"

"Pooh, pooh, woman!" replied Solomon, while a contemptuous smile played about the corners of his mouth as he spoke, "'twas an '*Idea*' that I lost!"

THE TWO SPIRITS.

A New Year's Ode.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

The Spirit of the New Year.

Hail to thee, bright and beautiful Earth—

I have come from my home where the Lightnings dwell,
Where the Thunders laugh in their giant mirth—

To watch thee, and tend thee, and guard thee well.

From my Cloud-Pavilion in space afar,
I have seen thee—a bright and a golden star,
Glittering still in the clear soft sky—

And oh! with what joy to thy blissful bowers,
Where sunshine blends with fruits and flowers,
On the wings of the morning light I fly.

O sister Spirit, thy throne resign,
For this beautiful earth is mine—all mine.

The Spirit of the Old Year.

Spirit of Beauty! and art thou come

To this world of sin from thine angel home?
To see the sights that must strike thee dumb?—

For know it is ruled by a ghastly Gnome.

A monster of monstrous crime,
Conceived from the earliest time;
From the horrible womb of Hell
This loathsome infant fell;

A despot without control,
His food is the human soul;
And, though millions the Fiend destroys,
Yet his hunger never cloy;
The accursed God of Gold—

He hath rul'd from the days of old.

Spirit of Beauty and Truth—I weep
For the vigil of grief, that thou must keep.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Oh weep!—oh weep!
For the vigil that thou must keep.

First Spirit.

Ah me! I dreamed that this beautiful sphere,
Was the home of all that was pure and good;
And though Evil widely reigns, yet here
I fondly fancied he never could.
The creatures of earth are passing fair,
They shine like the lovely spirits of air;

And through their eyes a heavenly soul
 Beams as soft as the moon's soft gleam—
 Alas! why *are* they not what they seem?
 And why do they bear the Fiend's control?
 O sister Spirit, for love's sweet sake,
 Tell me all, ere thy throne I take.

Second Spirit.

A tedious tale, and a tale of woe,
 Of Vice victorious, and Virtue slain;
 Of Demons laughing at Truth laid low,
 And Justice weeping in gyve and chain.
 Shall I tell thee a tale like this?
 Shall I cloud thy dreams of bliss?
 Shall I shew thee the murderous knife,
 Whetted for human life?
 Shall I shew thee the modest maid,
 By her trusting love, betray'd?
 Or Religion brought to shame,
 By wretches in God's high name?
 Or the vile and worthless priz'd?
 Or the noble and true despis'd?
 Spirit of Beauty and Truth! ah, me,
 Lonely and sad must thy vigils be.

The Voice of the Sacred Past.

Ah, me!—ah, me!
 Sad is the vigil reserved for thee.

First Spirit.

O rare, O beautiful Earth! O Sky,
 Zon'd with ten thousand worlds of light,
 O myriad Spirits who dwell on high,
 O Thou who wieldest the thunder's might!
 Can creatures of clay like these be found
 To work such deeds on God's holy ground?
 Did he build this exquisite Paradise
 Of garden and glen, and vale and mount,
 And sunny scene and crystal fount,
 For a huge bazaar, where the monster Vice
 Traffics in human souls for gold,
 And the angel Virtue is bought and sold?

Second Spirit.

I cannot tell why the Earth was made,
 I know not why man was form'd from clay—
 But the Fiend of Gold too long hath play'd
 Such tricks as darken the light of day.

Yet the mind of man shall burst
 In the end the bonds accurst ;
 And his soul shall walk in pride,
 With Truth for its godlike guide ;
 And Knowledge shall rule the world,
 And Falschood to hell be hurl'd ;
 And Genius and Worth shall shine
 Like the stars in the Milky Sign ;
 And Liberty sit enthron'd,
 And Slavery die disown'd,—
 Spirit of Beauty, these things shall be,
 They are writ in the Book of Destiny.

The Voice of the Velled Future.

I am, what is, and hath been, and shall be,
 And those great days, Mankind on earth shall see.

First Spirit.

O blest Prediction! O Eternal Voices
 Sent from the Palaces of Heaven, my soul
 Pants with celestial rapture—leaps—rejoices,
 To hear the words of Truth in thunder roll
 In glorious prophecy from pole to pole.
 O man, of woman born! awake, arise,
 Gird up thy soul with Wisdom, Knowledge, Truth,
 Let her, like eagles, straight renew her youth,
 And soar aloft to Heaven—the good man's prize!
 O ye pure spirits! sent from God to teach—
 Eloquence, Knowledge, Poesy divine,
 Come forth in majesty and beauty—each
 Bent to fulfil the Maker's great design.
 Thousands of years have sunk into the vast
 And mystic grave of Death to wake no more,
 Oh! be it your's, from many a hallowed store
 To cull the sacred wisdom of the Past.
 And pour it forth upon the world like light,
 Till Ignorance and Vice, the fiends, take flight,
 At the fair dawning of those golden beams
 Of Truth and Virtue, Charity and Love,
 Foreseen in many a godlike Poet's dreams,
 Pictures of things that are in heaven above.

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[No. 12.]

APPLICATION OF CHEMISTRY TO AGRICULTURE.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN a former Number of this journal we endeavoured to give a condensed view of the principal results which have been obtained by the application of chemistry to explain the relations of the soil to vegetation and the growth of plants, and now return to the subject in order to shew what light science has thrown on the functions of animal life, more particularly in an agricultural point of view.

Great as have been the merits of Liebig in his application of chemistry to elucidate the functions of vegetation, greater still has been the service which his labours have done to that part of the subject more immediately before us. Indeed, we know of no subject pretending to the name of a science in which there was more of uncertainty, empiricism, and ignorance, than in animal physiology, before the application of chemistry—which Liebig may be said to have commenced—had introduced a few laws into the mass of conflicting opinions which bore that name. We do not, however, mean to assert that empiricism has been completely removed from the subject, or that we are in a position to explain all the functions of the intricate machinery of animals, but merely that physiology has escaped from the crude and ignorant jargon of metaphysical dreamers, who accounted for every phenomenon which presented itself to them for the first time by some new *vis* or *aura*, until we had as many peculiar forces as phenomena, the whole of which could be included in one great force,—the *vis ignorantia*. Animal physiology is now, however, arrived at the same position in which chemistry was placed by the labours of the immortal Lavoisier, Berthollet, and others. Some general laws have been discovered, isolated facts begin to associate themselves into groups, numerical results are now collected, without which such a subject could never attain to the rank of a science, and the real nature of many functions is now recog-

* *The Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology.* By Dr. G.T. Mulder, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Utrecht. Translated from the Dutch, by P. F. H. Fromberg, First Assistant in the Laboratory of the Agricultural Chemistry Association of Scotland; with an Introduction, by F. W. Johnston, F. R. S. S. L. and E. Edinburgh, William Blackwood and Sons.

nised, and a healthy spirit of inquiry in the proper direction seems to pervade physiologists, so that much may now be hoped for from the rapid advance of this, the noblest of sciences. Physicians, whose profession it is to apply a knowledge of the laws of physiology to the prevention and cure of derangements of the animal functions, have heretofore done very little towards advancing real scientific physiology. This, however, is but natural; their profession is a mere trading corporation, and, like all great bodies of men, having selfish interests at stake, reformation can scarcely commence from within it. Theirs is not the province to change old established dogmas; they are mere bread-scholars, whose sole object is to learn sufficient knowledge to practice with some degree of success; and to them it is quite immaterial whether that knowledge is guided by the laws of science, or is mere empiricism, random gleanings from the results of successful cases, treated according to pure whim or to some absurd crotchet of the practitioner. Chemistry they seldom study, and their ignorance of it makes them scout the idea of explaining physiological phenomena by its means. Nay, many *learned* lecturers on physiology could almost address their admiring pupils in the language of Dr. Sangrado to Gil Blas—"avec les principes que vous aviez recus de moi, vous seriez devenu un habile médecin, pourvu que le ciel vous eût fait la grace, de vous préserver de l'amour dangereux de la chemle." But in a few years we hope the continuation of Sangrado's speech will be as suitable then as the first is at present—"Ah, mon fils, quel changement dans la médecine depuis quelque années!"

All rules have exceptions, and we do not intend that the above should have none. Numerous physicians are now pushing forward the boundaries of science; but then, they do not properly belong to the *Medical Craft*, and of course must be regarded as seceders from the great body—for otherwise they would have very little care to arrive at scientific truth.

And, foremost among the agents of such a change as Sangrado so eloquently described, we hail the book, the title of which is prefixed to this article. Besides, embodying the results of all that chemistry has added to physiology, it also contains the views of a man who as a physiological chemist is inferior to none—not even to Liebig himself. The first portion of the work has already appeared, and we hope that he will shortly delight the scientific world by the publication of the remainder. The original work has appeared in Dutch, but we have not had the pleasure of seeing it, and cannot, therefore, say any thing about it. Two translations have appeared in Germany, one by Winter of Heidelberg, and the other by Vieweg and Son of Brunswick, both of which we can recommend to the German scholar as preferable to the English translation of Fromberg, which is very ill done—which, in fact, is not English.

This book, as well as the observations which we have made on medicine, may appear at first view totally unconnected with agriculture. But we will see that this is by no means the case if we recollect that the functions of men and the domestic animals are perfectly identical—(we of course merely mean their strictly physical functions of digestion, &c.)—and that any observations made on the general functions of the one are equally applicable to those of the other.

The majority of our readers cannot, of course, be expected to be thoroughly acquainted with the technicalities of chemistry—if they were, they would rather read Mulder's book for themselves than leave the task of explaining it to us—we will therefore give, as in our former article, a condensed view of the state of the subject as it is laid before us by Mulder, rather than review a work which we believe to be beyond the province of ordinary criticism.

Animals differ from plants in some very essential particulars: they are generally warmer than the surrounding air, while plants are not,* and they are capable of moving from place to place. Now, whence results this difference? Does it depend on any difference between the constituent parts of these beings? and, if so, what is the nature of this difference? We know that plants and animals consist alike of four elements,—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen—(the inorganic constituents we will, for the present, leave out of view.) In what, then, consists the distinction between them?—In the proportion of these elements, and in the grouping of them together. A plant is built up, for the most part, of lignine or woody fibre, or some other substance analogous to it; in fact, the whole frame-work consists of it. In the cells formed by this woody fibre, other substances, differing very little in composition from the lignine, are deposited or held in solution by the watery fluid which circulates through them, such as starch, gum, &c. All these bodies contain no nitrogen, being composed of only the other three elements; their composition is simple—that is to say, the number of chemical atoms of the constituents which go to form one atom of the substance is not very numerous, and, consequently, the affinities which unite them together is considerable.

But in all plants, as we mentioned in our former article, a substance of very complex constitution, containing nitrogen, is found; this, from its nature, readily decomposes, and produces most of the changes which go on in plants. Its quantity is small, because plants, having comparatively few functions to perform, do not require much of it. Let us now examine the composition of animals, leaving out of view the skeleton, which consists, for the most part, of inorganic matter; and what do we find?—that the substances of complex chemical constitution, containing nitrogen, form the greater mass of all animals, and that non-nitrogenous matter, except in a few cases, does not form any of the essential organs, and that even where it does exist, its composition is much more complex than in plants. How much more complex, for instance, is the fat of animals, compared with starch or gum!

If we examine the nitrogenous part of animals more closely, we shall find that it consists of two or three substances, which, more or less organized, constitute the different parts of the body. These substances are albumine and fibrine, and, we may include, the caseine of milk. In physical properties they are very different, but one of the most beautiful results which chemistry has arrived at in reference to physiology was Mulder's discovery, that all these substances, no matter how different soever in appearance, contained the same substance,

* This distinction is by no means scientifically accurate; but, in the animals and plants which are employed in agriculture, it is sufficiently true not to affect our general view of the subject, which must be as popular as possible.

which he called *proteine*: and that, in fact, these bodies were merely *proteine*, *plus* more or less phosphorus and sulphur. Hence, the growth of the animal is easily understood—how the blood can produce flesh, hair, nails, &c., is now no longer a mystery, since it requires very little change to convert one into the other. But this is not all; not only are the nitrogenous parts of animals found to differ little from one another, but further experiment has shown that the nitrogenous part of plants, such as gluten, is identical with that of animals, or, at all events, that it contains *proteine*. How curious is this fact, and how beautifully it simplifies the nature of the conversion of vegetable food into the parts of animals—this process being a mere solution of the *proteine* bodies contained in the plants!

As we said before, very little non-nitrogenous matter forms an essential ingredient of animals; but though this be the case, it is not without its use in the animal economy, as we will have occasion to mention presently. The non-nitrogenous substances of animals, unlike the *proteine* bodies, are very different from those in plants. In the latter they always form a class of bodies denominated *fats*; these *fats* are mixtures of compounds of various acids with a substance named *glycerine*. Though occurring in small quantities in most plants, animals do not appear to derive their supply of them from this source, which is Dumas's opinion; Liebig, on the other hand, very rationally considers that the starch and other non-nitrogenous substances of plants are converted into *fat*. Mulder ably supports this view of Liebig, and, in fact, most persons are of the same opinion. The saliva converts the starch into gum or sugar, and thus renders it soluble, when it passes into the blood and there is partly converted into *fat*, or is consumed in the production of heat, as we shall see hereafter.

From what we have said of the composition of animals and plants, we can see what substances are capable of yielding them food. The first function of animals is to assimilate food, and the first product of this assimilation is blood, that peculiar fluid which circulates through every part of the animal body, and from which every organ, or part of an organ, is formed; this fluid, or blood, is in fact the intermediate state, between the unorganized matter, which is employed as nutriment, and the organized tissues. The *carnivora* may be said to eat themselves, as they derive their food from other animals, the flesh of which is perfectly identical, in a chemical sense, with their own; the process of nutrition, with them, is simply one of solution; a mere breaking up of organized tissues, and a reducing of them again to the intermediate state of blood, from which they were previously formed. In the *Gravivora* the process of nutrition is not so simple, but from what we have said of the composition of plants, it will be easily understood in what it differs from that of the *carnivora*. In the former the nitrogenous matter, which represents the meat of the *carnivora*, is similarly dissolved, while the non-nitrogenous bodies serve the purposes of fuel, as we shall presently see. The animal is thus nothing more than a higher kind of vegetable; the plant takes its food from the soil and atmosphere, assimilates it, and produces the *proteine* bodies; but then its functions cease, and those of the animal commence; it eats the plant and assimilates its elements, but unlike the plant, which continually increases, and which has none of its constituent bodies broken

up until death takes place, the animal undergoes continual change, and this brings us to the second condition of animal life—the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere.

All the changes which take place in the animal body are of a decidedly chemical nature—the food we take in contains chemical substances which undergo change by the action of the inspired oxygen—some force must be the result of this action. To attribute vital energy, heat, &c., to the action of the nerves, would be to consider that force was produced from nothing.

According to Lavoisier, an adult man takes into his body, from the atmosphere, 7 or 800lbs. of oxygen annually, and during the same period he must take in a still larger quantity of nutriment. What becomes of this enormous weight of oxygen and nutriment introduced into the system? The food is assimilated, while the oxygen combines with the carbon and hydrogen of certain parts of the body, and converts them into carbonic acid and water. At every expiration we thus lose a certain portion of our body. It has been ascertained that the whole mass of a man's blood would weigh 24lbs, of which more than 80 per cent is water, or equal to about 4.8lb of dry blood; this quantity would require about 64,103 grains of oxygen to completely convert its carbon and hydrogen into carbonic acid and water, but as there is already some oxygen in the blood, it is not necessary to inspire so much to effect this purpose. The quantity of oxygen which an average man consumes in a day is about 15,661 grains, so that unless a certain amount of nutriment be taken every day, the blood would in a very short time be consumed. The larger the quantity of oxygen inspired, the greater the quantity of carbon and hydrogen consumed. Hence temperature must affect the quantity of carbon consumed, because when the temperature is low the same volume of air contains more oxygen, hence more is taken in at each respiration. For the same reason the quantity of oxygen inspired by an individual in a low country is greater than in mountainous regions. We consume more in cold than in warm weather. Food is therefore proportional to the oxygen inspired.

In all cases of chemical combination heat is evolved. If the combination is rapid the rise of temperature is very great, but if slow it is spread over a greater space of time. Thus if a pound of carbon be burned it combines rapidly with oxygen, and great heat is evolved, but its duration is not long. In the animal body we have a continual union of carbon and hydrogen taking place, but the action is slow, and hence the temperature is not raised very high, but it is on the other hand spread over a great space of time. The chemical action taking place in the body is, therefore, the source of animal heat. The more rapid the chemical action, that is the more oxygen we inspire, the greater will be the amount of animal heat evolved. The temperature of the human body remains the same in every climate; but as it must, like every other body, radiate heat, more or less fast in proportion to the external temperature—the quantity of food required in a warm climate, where the radiation will not be rapid, must be less than what would be required in a cold one, where the radiation would be rapid. And if we prevent this radiation we diminish the necessity for food; hence clothing is merely a substitute for food. The warmer we dress the less food we will require; hence the reason why savages, who go nearly

naked, are able to take such a large quantity of food, particularly of that rich in carbon, such as train oil and brandy. This subject is of great use, as we shall see hereafter, to the practical agriculturist.

We can now understand the use of the carbon and hydrogen in the food of animals, from the fact of its being continually oxidized in the lungs and blood vessels, and thus supplying the necessary heat to the body. Let us now turn to the nitrogenous portion of the food, and see its relation to the animal economy after its assimilation.

There can be no doubt that all the organs are formed from the blood and contain the elements of it. If the blood was continually being organized, and that the tissues underwent no change after their formation, they should continually increase in size in proportion to the supply of food. But in the adult animal we do not observe such a result, so that we must come to the conclusion either that the tissues undergo some change, that is are decomposed into some other compounds, or that the tissues are not continually formed from the blood, but that the fresh supply of blood, which the daily food yields, is itself resolved into other compounds. If we examine the bile and urine, those secretions which contain the matter apparently useless to the animal economy, we find that together they contain all the elements of blood, and hence we must come to the conclusion that they are the results of the decomposition of the blood itself, or of the tissue which are identical in composition with it. If they are derived from the blood itself, then the amount of solid matter secreted in the urine daily must be in direct proportion to the food. But such is by no means the case—no matter what kind or quantity of food is taken, provided the habits of life of the animal remain the same, the amount of solid matter in the urine does not vary. So that we are forced to agree with Liebig's beautiful theory, that it is the tissues themselves which are continually decomposed. But why this decomposition—why should the tissues be formed merely for the purpose of being again decomposed and thrown out of the system? This question has been answered by Liebig, by one of the most beautiful theories ever introduced into physiology. He considers the motive power of animals, or rather the force developed in any way in them, to be the result of this degradation of the muscles. That is, whenever we move our arm, a portion of muscle is consumed proportional to the force developed; and the products of this degradation he considers to be bile and urine. The latter contains nearly all the nitrogen which existed in the tissues wasted, and is expelled from the body as useless, but the former has to serve another purpose before it is finally given off.

The bile when formed from the decomposed tissues contains some nitrogen, but it consists principally of carbon and hydrogen, it is, therefore, well suited to produce heat by its gradual combination with oxygen in the blood, and such is the use to which it is applied. The food of the carnivora consists solely of tissues, containing proteine, from this their blood is formed, which again supplies material to form new tissues. From their flesh, therefore, they have to obtain directly animal heat and motive power, and these they obtain by the degradation of their muscles. A carnivorous animal must, therefore, consume itself in order to warm itself. Hence the reason why lions and tigers, and other large carnivora, are so restless when confined in a cage; if they

remained motionless very little muscle would be disintegrated, and consequently no fuel supplied to the blood; they, therefore, move about continually, in order to break down a portion of muscle to form bile, and thus in order to gain heat they are obliged to expend power. It is different with the herbivora; from the small quantity of nitrogen which their food contains, and from which consequently very little tissue can be formed, they cannot afford to lose motive power for heat; but a wise providence has given them a substitute, in the large quantity of non-nitrogenous substances which are contained in the plants upon which they feed. These non-nitrogenous substances they are capable of assimilating, and although they could not form blood, they are employed as fuel for the supply of heat. Hence we see the value in our food of such substances as starch, sugar, &c.,—they in fact form the fuel which is to keep up the internal temperature. But as the quantity of matter consumed in the body is in direct proportion to the oxygen inspired, the whole of the non-nitrogenous food is not always consumed, but remains in the blood, and is finally converted into fat. Hence the principle of fattening animals consists in giving them more food rich in carbon than they are able to burn off in their blood. Hence also the reason why the carnivora, feeding on flesh, never become fat, as the material for fuel is obtained from their muscles which must be broken down each time to supply a fresh portion, and consequently can never be present in excess, and cannot, therefore, yield fat.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the relations of the food to motion and heat, we are now in a condition to understand what benefit the agriculturist may derive from this knowledge. We shall, therefore, at once, endeavour to point out the value of different substances as food for animals, the most economical way of rearing them, &c. But, before doing this, it is necessary to say something about the inorganic constituents of animals which we have hitherto left out of sight altogether.

The mass of animals, like that of plants, consists of the four elements, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, but like the latter, they also contain a portion of inorganic matter which remains behind, as an ash, when animal matter is burned. Thus the bones of animals contain from 53 to 68 per cent of inorganic matter, the blood about 8 parts in 1,000. Cows milk about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If we examine the ash thus left we will find it to consist of nearly the same substances, as that of most plants, though in different proportions. Thus if we take the ash of blood, the fluid from which all other parts of the body are formed, we shall find it to consist of chlorine, sulphuric and phosphoric acids, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, and traces of one or two other substances; and if we compare this composition with that of wheat, for instance, we will find that the latter contains all these substances. Thus the beautiful relation between plants and animals, which we have before pointed out in their organic constituents, exists also between them in their inorganic ones. Plants absorb carbonic acid from the air, and ammonia from the soil, and form from them the gluten, and other nitrogenous matters which serve to form blood for animals which take them for food, and the starch and sugar which form fuel for supplying them with heat. The soil yields to each plant its necessary salts, and these we find are equally necessary to the animal with the gluten and starch. Without them the animal would

languish and die. Thus has providence formed a chain each link of which is adapted to the other—the plant fashions the formless elements into complex groups, which are again endowed with sensitive and vital energy by the animal, and when they have been broken up to yield motion, sensation, and heat to these, they are expelled, and again return to their simple and formless state, thus maintaining a perfect but ever oscillating balance in the world around us.

As animals then consist of the same materials, but in altered proportions, as plants, we can, by studying these proportions, arrive at some conclusions relative to the circumstances attending the growth of animals, and to the substances forming plants, which are most useful in ministering to such growth.

The principal functions of animals, which demand our attention, are the production of animal heat and motion—substances rich in carbon supplying the first, nitrogenous bodies the latter. Hence we may divide food, which supplies the waste caused by these two processes, into two classes—bodies containing proteine—and non-nitrogenous bodies such as starch. An animal, in order to live, must be supplied with bodies containing both carbon and nitrogen, the proportions of these bodies being entirely regulated by the mode of life. If the animal runs, or works a great deal, it requires a larger quantity of nitrogen than when it remains comparatively at rest. If it is exposed to great cold it requires more carbon than when it is exposed to a warm temperature. Such is the natural process of nutrition in animals left to themselves, and in man when he does not reverse the laws of nature. But in such cases the animal, when it arrives at maturity, does not continue to increase, its waste and supply are exactly balanced. But in animals, domesticated by man, such is not the case. He to supply his wants or his luxuries, endeavours, as in the case of the growth of plants, to make animals produce in greater abundance those things which he requires. Hence it is of vast importance to him to know how to regulate the supply, and the kind of food which he gives them, so as to produce this effect. We employ animals either as sources of power, or their bodies directly as food—or their secretions, such as milk, &c.; or we employ certain portions of them as clothing, &c.; and in these relations we shall now endeavour to show what chemistry can do in assisting man to attain these objects.

The relative value of a substance, as an article of food, must, from all we have said, depend on the amount of proteine bodies (gluten, albumen, caseine,) which it contains, when our object is to produce muscle; and on the quantity of oil, fat, starch, sugar, it contains, when we wish to fatten; in all cases a quantity of inorganic matter must be contained in it. The following table shews an approximation to the average proportion of gluten and starch, sugar, &c., which those plants, which we commonly grow for food, contain.

	Starch, gum, and sugar.		Gluten, Albumine, and Caseine,	
Wheat, flour,	-	55lbs.	-	10 to 15lbs.
Barley,	-	60	-	12
Oats,	-	65	-	18
Rye,	-	60	-	14½
Indian corn,	-	70	-	12
Beans,	-	40	-	38
Peas,	-	50	-	24
Potatoes,	-	12	-	2½
Turnips,	-	10	-	1½

These numbers are by no means perfectly correct, as their value is affected by a great many circumstances, but they give a pretty good average of these substances, in general, in this climate.

If the value of the food depends on the nitrogen it contains, oats, of all the substances in the above table, should form the best article of food, as is very well known to the peasantry. A man, in order to supply the daily waste of his body, which amounts on an average to about 8oz of carbon, equal to 18oz of starch, and 360 grains of nitrogen, which is equal to about 5oz of gluten, would require about 1½lbs of wheaten bread, or 7½lbs of raw potatoes to supply the carbon, but this quantity, of these substances, would not suffice to supply all the nitrogen; as the bread contains only 3oz of gluten, and the potatoes about 2½oz, so that in order to supply the nitrogen, about 3lbs of bread are required daily, or nearly 15lbs of raw potatoes. But in the larger quantities of such food, which it is required to take, in order to supply the nitrogen, a large excess of other substances, such as starch, which is not required by the organism, must be taken into the stomach, which it tends to overload, and is again expelled through the bowels as excrements, thus producing a waste of valuable matter; hence the economy, apart from the pleasure of it, of our using cheese, and animal food, as a substitute for a portion of the vegetable diet which would be required. Thus, if instead of taking 15lbs of potatoes daily, we take only 5oz of meat or cheese, and 7½lbs of potatoes, we supply the organism with all that it requires, we do not overload the stomach with what cannot be of use to the system, and we effect a saving of all the valuable matter that would otherwise be thrown off as excrement. Hence also the great value of giving oats to horses, oil-cake, beans, &c., to cows, by which waste of starch is prevented, although their stomachs, and other digestive organs, are larger and better adapted, than those of men, for containing large quantities of vegetable food.

If we give a moderate excess of matter, containing gluten, or other nitrogenous substances, to animals, and so regulate their habits as to prevent a waste of power by restlessness or violent exercise, the muscular tissues, or what we generally denominate meat in the cow and sheep will increase, if, on the other hand, the animal be exposed to hard labour, or that nitrogenous food be diminished, the animal becomes lean from the rapid degradation of the tissues.

If we supply them only with a sufficient quantity of nitrogen to supply their daily waste, and at the same time increase the quantity of non-nitrogenous matter beyond what is sufficient to keep up the supply of carbon and hydrogen for the combustion in the blood, this excess of carbon and hydrogen is deposited in the body, in the form of fat, as the nitrogenous is in the form of tissues. This fat is of very little value to the organism, but may serve as a reservoir of fuel for the animal whenever the supply of food diminishes so as to be insufficient for its wants.

By preventing an animal from expending his nitrogen in exercise we tend to make it increase in size. So by sheltering an animal by keeping it in the dark, and making it sleep in a warm temperature, and almost without motion for a long time, and supplying it at the same time with substances rich in carbon, we cause it to form fat. And this, in fact, is the principle adopted in stall-feeding cattle, so as

to make them grow to an enormous size. We can well understand the importance of adding to the meat of an animal, because we thus concentrate in a small size an immense amount of the matter necessary to give strength and motion to man; but for what purpose we sweat cattle into a fever with steamed beets or swedes, in a dark, low ill-ventilated cattle-stall, at a temperature above blood heat, we cannot understand. What do we gain by this process? In the vegetable kingdom there is a superabundance of non-nitrogenous matter fitted for all the purpose of man; why then should we go to the expense and trouble of converting starch, sugar, &c., into fat, when nothing is gained by the change; the one answering all the purposes of fuel of the other. Or is it that we take a delight in inducing in animals all those diseases which the circumstances of human life have brought upon ourselves, and which the present mode of breeding cattle will eventually bring on the latter, or rather has already brought on them, for the late epidemic was nothing more than diseases of the respiratory organs brought on by these means, and from some cause rendered contagious. There seems to be a great rage at present for huge unwieldy porkers—consumptive cows and asthmatic sheep. But we ask has the quality of the meat improved under this treatment? Assuredly not, as every person who has ever tasted a little of the mountain mutton of Kerry or Connaught, and compared it with the insipid unhealthy mass of tallow which we obtain in the markets of cities and towns where these stall fed animals are brought to market, can testify. In the purchaser of meat it is certainly bad economy to purchase fat meat, because he can purchase other substances, of the same nature, for one half of the cost of the fat meat; and it is indeed a question whether any body derives advantage from the system—the farmer can be the only one, if he even does, as he sells his starch, and other non-nitrogenous substances, after he has converted them into fat, for the same price which he obtains for his nitrogenous matter when he has converted them into real flesh, that is to say, he sells his hay and his potatoes for the same price as an equal weight of wheat or oats. As an illustration of the value of animals fed in a natural manner, over those fed in stalls, &c., we need only point to the fine hams of Westphalia—the pigs from which they are obtained being fed on acorns, substances rich nitrogen, and left to roam through the forests of that country, and thus burn off the carbon, which would otherwise produce fat—or even to ordinary country bacon.

We have already stated that animals contain certain inorganic substances, which likewise exist in plants, from which, of course, animals derive them. Consequently the value of a substance, as an article of food, does not depend entirely on the amount of gluten or starch which it contains, but also on the presence of those inorganic substances. As in plants, they are not contained equally in every part of the body, but exist in different proportions in different organs, and even sometimes one organ contains a substance which the others do not; if, therefore, we wish to increase the developement of one particular substance, or part of an animal in particular, such for instance as milk or wool, &c., it becomes important to know the means for affecting this object. Thus we know, from the experiments of Van Laer, that wool contains about 5 per cent of sulphur; in order, therefore, that the sheep on a farm be able to produce wool, food must be given them

which contains a large quantity of sulphur; and again, the soil on which such food can grow must be rich in gypsum.

In young children, and animals, there is a continual formation of bone which ceases when we grow up; this bone consists principally of phosphate of lime, and some phosphate of magnesia; the food, which should, therefore, be supplied to them, ought to contain an abundance of such phosphates in addition to the ordinary elements; and how beautifully has nature provided such a food for man and animals in milk, which more than any other substances may be considered as true food. Cows milk consists, according to Playfair, in 100 parts of—

Caseine,	-	-	4.0
Butter,	-	-	4.6
Sugar of milk,	-	-	3.8
Ashes,	-	-	0.6
Water,	-	-	87.0

And this 0.6 per cent of ashes contains, according to Haidlen.

Phosphate of lime, (earth of bones),	-	-	-	0.344 per cent
Phosphate of magnesia,	-	-	-	0.064
Phosphate of iron,	-	-	-	0.097
Chloride of potassium,	-	-	-	0.183
Chloride of sodium,	-	-	-	0.034
Caustic soda,	-	-	-	0.045

In milk we thus have caseine to form blood, sugar of milk, and butter, to yield animal heat and produce fat; and in the salts, which it contains, we have all the inorganic elements which the body requires. By a wise provision of providence, this substance, which forms the first food of animals, contains a very large quantity of earth of bones, without which all the others would be useless, as the body could not increase unless the skeleton did so likewise. Hence, in the rearing of animals, it is of the utmost importance to supply them with such food as contains abundance of bone earth; and hence the great advantage of sprinkling bone dust over pasture lands, by which grasses rich in phosphates are produced. From what we have just said the folly of nurses will be evident, who to spare themselves from giving too much milk to their infants, endeavour to find a substitute in arrow-root, a substance which, as every one knows, is the pure starch of a tropical plant, or more generally potatoe starch, and can, therefore, produce neither bone nor muscle; it, however, forms fuel for animal heat, and a portion of it is generally converted into fat, which production of fat renders the infant large and healthy looking, while in reality its strength is fast consuming, and the time for the proper deposition of bone is passing away, and the child which delighted its parents by its blooming looks soon after birth, remains for ever a weak diminutive creature. The circumstances attending the production of milk are so interesting and important in themselves, and form such an excellent illustration of all the principles which we have endeavoured to explain, that we will say a few words on the subject.

The analysis given above is the mean of many, as the constituents vary in their proportion (though they are always present in it) with the breed of the cow, with the food on which it is supported, with the time that has elapsed since calving, with its state of health, its age, with the amount it sleeps, and the heat of the weather. The milk of different animals also consists of different proportions from those given above, thus the milk of the woman, cow, ass, goat, sheep, consists on an average of—

	Woman	Cow	Ass	Goat	Sheep
Caseine, (or curd,)	1.5	4.0	1.8	4.1	4.5
Butter, -	3.6	4.6	0.1	3.3	4.2
Milk, sugar, -	6.5	3.8	6.1	5.3	5.0
Saline substances,	0.5	0.6	0.3	0.6	0.7
Water, -	87.9	87.0	91.7	86.7	85.6
	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100

Of these milks that of the sheep is the best, as it contains a larger amount of solid matter than any of the others; the milk of the ass resembles woman's milk most, hence the reason probably of its being so well adapted to invalids.

The breed of the cow has a very great influence on the proportion of the constituents, and also on the whole quantity of milk. The smaller races invariably give more milk, and that of a better quality, than the larger breeds. Thus the Alderney, West Highland, Shetland, and Kerry cows, yield a much richer and larger quantity of milk than the enormous Durham or Lancashire. Cows which tend to form fat give very little milk, and that of a poor quality—as it is the fat which is converted into butter; while those which never fatten give the best milk, and continue to yield it longest. Hence any advantage the farmer may gain by large fat cattle, or by selling his fat at a high price, he loses it by the small quantity of milk which such animals produce. We have often been surprised at the ignorance displayed, by those who manage agricultural societies, in giving premiums to farmers (whenever a farmer does get one, which is rather rarely) for large fat cattle, totally unsuited to their wants and capabilities, while they cry up all those smaller and leaner breeds which are best suited to the poor farmers of Ireland, and, in our opinion, also to the public who purchase meat. The stall-feeding of milch cows, provided they are supplied with good air and a little exercise, is not so objectionable as when they are so treated in order to fatten them, as it is uniformly found that stall-fed cattle yield more butter in their milk than those fed in the field. From the non-nitrogenous food the butter is formed; if therefore the cow be exposed to a cold atmosphere, or have to walk a considerable distance to the cow-shed, this non-nitrogenous matter will be consumed by the large quantity of oxygen inspired. In the stall the respirations of the cow are not so rapid, nor is so much oxygen taken in at each inspiration as in the first case, and consequently less matter is oxidized in the system. Hence the advantage of having the field, where milch cows are kept, near the cow shed, and the animals themselves warmly housed during night. When a cow runs about a great deal, or is goaded by flies, its milk becomes heated, and diminishes in quantity, and quality, and becomes sour very soon. We see from these facts that it is of great advantage to stall feed milch cows as much as possible in winter or in cold weather, when it is of advantage to obtain a large quantity of butter, but in summer, when the air is warm, and the pastures tender and green, the exercise and air increase the appetite of the cattle, and this increase more than counterbalances for the increased oxidations of carbon in the blood. It is also of advantage to have the fields for such cattle as sheltered as possible by high fences and furze hedges. When water evaporates it absorbs a large quantity of heat in order to convert it into vapour, and the heat thus absorbed becomes

latent and useless; consequently in moist and undrained fields, when the weather is warm, or in fact in any weather, there is a continual absorption of heat caused by the gradual evaporation of the water from the moist surface of the soil, and this loss of heat lowers the temperature of the field. Cattle placed in such a field consequently consume a much larger amount of carbon than they would in a dry drained one, and the product of butter is, therefore, much less.

The conditions necessary for the production of the curd or caseine in milk are very different from those which favour the production of butter and milk sugar, and consequently a different line of proceeding must be adopted, when our object is to obtain cheese, from that which should be employed when we require butter. Rich pastures, turnips, potatoes, and such substances as contain a large quantity of fat, starch, &c., are most favourable to the production of butter. But poor land—that is, land which does not produce such substances abundantly, is most suited for the production of curd or cheese. In such lands the cattle are compelled to eat a very large quantity of food in order to sustain animal heat, and are consequently compelled to roam about more in search of their food, which causes increased circulation, and consequently a greater oxidation and disintegration of the tissues, and an increase of the appetite and consequent increase in the consumption of food. But it has been ascertained that the waste of the tissues causes a greater supply of caseine to the milk; and it is a common practice in cheese farms to make the cows move over a great space of ground during the day, and thus cause them to waste their tissues, and consequently produce a large quantity of caseine, whilst at the same time their appetite increases and with it the quantity of food which they consume; during the night they are housed in, and are thus prevented from oxidizing the carbon of their food rapidly; by this means the two elements of milk will be produced in abundance,—the caseine during the day, and the butter during the night. The opposite circumstances under which butter and curd are produced, appear as if the Creator intended it as a provision for the poorer classes. The poor peasant has an abundant supply of non-nitrogenous nutriment in potatoes, &c., but not so of the proteine bodies which yield him muscle; it is, therefore, of the greatest importance to him to have some source of nitrogen, as he cannot always purchase meat or eggs. Milk, then, which contains a large quantity of caseine or curd, answers this purpose admirably. The quantity of butter, unless he wishes to sell it, ought to be of no importance to him; in what he uses himself, the constituent of most value is the caseine, and this he can increase at the expense of the butter. Indeed, the circumstances in which the poor cottier's cow, when he has one, is kept, are well adapted to produce this effect, as his land is poor and the cow is therefore compelled to exert itself in searching for a sufficiency of food. So that this, which in other respects is a disadvantage, happens in this one instance to be of service to him. A poor cottier should not certainly stall-feed a cow, if he wishes to employ the milk himself, as very little caseine will be produced by this management, and abundance of butter, which, though a very agreeable food, could never afford strength—that, which above all other things, the poor man most requires.

Although a substance may be, weight for weight, much more nu-

tritive than another, it by no means follows that it would be the best crop which could be gotten from a certain quantity of land. The reason of this is, that the total quantity of nutriment which an acre, for instance, would produce, when sown with one crop, may be absolutely double that produced by another crop, although, weight for weight, the former may be much more nutritive than the latter. Hence our previous comparison of the relative values of different substances as food, referred only to a given weight of them, and not to their total value as a crop. Hence we see that it is not the most nutritious substances which yield the best return to the farmer, and that he must be guided as much by the total value of the crop as by the relative value of the article, in deciding what would be the most economical food which he could give his cattle. Thus, if we suppose an acre of land to yield the following quantities of some of the usually cultivated crops, namely—

Of Wheat,*	25 bushels, or	1500 lbs.
" Barley,	35	1800
" Oats	50	2100
" Pease,	25	1600
" Beans,	25	1600
" Indian Corn,	80	1800
" Potatoes,	12 tons, ...	27000
" Turnips,	30	67000
" Wheat straw,	—	3000
" Meadow hay,	1½	3400
" Clover hay,	2	4500

The weight of woody fibre or substance analogous to wood, and which is incapable of yielding any nutrition,—of starch, sugar, and gum,—of gluten, albumen, caseine, &c.,—of fat, oil, &c., and of saline matters, reaped in each crop, would be nearly as follows:—

	Woody fibre.	Starch, Sugar, &c.	Gluten, Albumen, &c.	Oil or fat.	Saline matter.
Wheat,	220 lbs.	825 lbs.	180 lbs.	45 lbs.	30 lbs.
Barley,	270	1080	210	50	36
Oats,	420	1050	300	100	75
Pease,	130	800	380	35?	45
Beans,	160	640	450	40	50
Indian Corn,	270	900	220	150	30
Potatoes,	1350	3240	600?	90	240
Turnips,	2006	6700	800?	170	600
Wheat straw,	1500	900	40	60	15
Meadow hay,	1020	1360	240	120	220
Clover hay,	1120	1800	420	200	400

If we examine this list, we find that the turnip will give, in the crop from an acre, nearly four times as much food as a crop of wheat for an equal space of ground; and yet the turnip, in the same weight, probably contains less nutriment than any other crop in the list. Turnip culture is therefore of the greatest importance to the farmer, particularly if he feeds his stock on the ground.

There are a great many other points connected with this important subject, but which our space forbids us from touching on; points, indeed, which would require a volume to give anything like an accu-

* Johnston.

rate idea of. All that our analysis can do—and it was our only object in making it—is to draw attention to the nature of the aid which chemistry will confer on agriculture. Already has it done much, but what may we not expect from it when our knowledge becomes more exact and extended? Some of the theories which have been broached may be found erroneous when tested practically; but this should not bring discredit on the whole science, or prevent its application where practicable. For truth is only to be arrived at progressively and by perseverance. We first obtain a crop of corn, consisting of straw, chaff, and grain, and it is only by separating the former we can obtain the latter.

In conclusion we will only observe, that in this country our system of agriculture, for various reasons, must be always more or less different from that of England and Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, which must stare everybody in the face, we hear of nothing but Durham cows, Ayrshire bulls, Scotch farming, Norfolk rotation of cropping—all of which, no doubt, are excellent in their several localities, but, for that very reason, cannot be so well suited to other districts. The fact is, our agriculturists are mere imitators; instead of making a system suit the locality, they endeavour to make the locality suit the system—which system is taken verbatim from some Scotch or English book or journal. And this wretched state of things is continually extended and perpetuated by our agricultural societies, who have done more real mischief to the agricultural interests of the country than they can ever hope to remedy. We would remind the members of such societies, and our so called *agriculturists on an improved system*, that local circumstances have a great influence on the mode of agriculture suited to a country, and that instead of giving premiums for fat cattle and reading scraps out of Scotch books at their agricultural dinners, they should rather study the nature of their land and its natural and *local* capabilities, and pay more attention to the instruction of their tenants in the rudiments of agricultural knowledge, of which there is very little in Ireland—bearing in mind, at the same time, that every farm in this country does not contain 500 or 1000 acres, and that it is bad economy to have them so,—that improved carts and immense cart-horses are all very well to look at, but not at all fitted for the circumstances of our Irish peasant,—and that the palace-like cow-houses which one often sees in England may answer very well for a Lancashire cotton-spinner, who has a taste for manufacturing fat bees after he has grown tired of making calicoes, and who is so accustomed in commerce to deal in thousands, that he must fain act similarly in agriculture, but are by no means suited to the circumstances of an Irish farmer, who should first commence by providing himself with a house.

MONS. DE LAMARTINE.

FIFTH HARMONY.

Whence, Lord ! this peace that all my soul o'erflows ?
 This new-born faith that in my bosom glows ?
 My mind, so late in wildering error lost,
 Cast helmless on the wave, and tempest-tost,
 Sought truth and virtue in the sage's lore—
 Peace in man's heart, with passion at its core—
 Now, wondrous change ! a few brief days are sped,
 A world seems lapsed—a century is dead !
 And, severing the new being from the old,
 'Twixt their far confines yawns an ocean rolled.
 Ah ! 'tis that timely I have learned to flee
 From madding crowds, my desert-home to thee ;
 To quit the path where low ambition fires,
 Where virtue droops unprized, and peace expires ;
 And turned for safety to this sheltered glade,
 My brook's sweet murmur, and my beech's shade ;
 To these blue hills, that prop the spangled vault ;
 These starry heavens, that nurse th' aspiring thought.
 'Tis that the soul is like the azure lake,—
 Its brightness flies when ruffling winds awake ;
 But, lull the wing that broke its limpid rest,
 Calm heavens irradiate all its tranquil breast.
 What though the smoke that cottage hearth can raise,
 Or smouldering heap the farmer bids to blaze
 Enwrap the little valley's narrow sky,
 And snatch the loveliest landscape from the eye ?
 Wake but the breeze at even—let morning breathe—
 Fast melting, dissipates each dusky wreath ;
 Rich forms of beauty rise revealed between,
 And laughing tints shed magic o'er the scene ;
 The joyous earth a radiant deluge laves,
 And, thence reflected, like ethereal waves
 Ebbs to its source, nor leaves one lingering stain
 To tell that passing clouds had blurred the plain.
 Far from the noise of the tumultuous town,
 Whose echoes the lone heart's weak accents drown,
 What lacks there, Lord ! to 'stablish here the throne
 Of Faith, and make man's spirit all thine own ?
 One day to Thee and silence would we give—
 One day to think—to feel—to breathe—to live ;
 Not the rank world's intoxicating life—
 Not battenng on its breath of vulgar strife—
 But on retirement's sounder, homelier fare,
 Where smiles content on days of toil and prayer,
 That waft us gently on to where the past
 And future blend their shoreless waves at last.

The feeblest ripple on the slumbering main
 Lifts the light weed that strews the watery plain,
 Till, like an oarless boat, it drifts to land,
 And heaves unpiloted upon the strand :
 So tends the soul to God ; what wouldst thou more
 Than life, if living thou canst Heaven adore ?

Lo ! 'tis the gentle morn, but feeble yet,
 His early path by humid clouds beset,
 The wakening breeze, companion of his rise,
 Light o'er the corn with frolic pinion flies,
 Bending the fragile stems ; the exhaling dews
 Their molten pearls upon the blast diffuse ;
 Shrill crows the cock ; the chaunt of warbling birds
 Blends with the long bleat of the answering herds ;
 The stream's low murmur o'er the busy wheel—
 The ancient steeple's sweet familiar peal—
 The ploughman's carol—childhood's joyous cheer,
 Tracking the footsteps of the labouring steer,
 These smiling heavens encourage me to lift
 My soul in thanks for day—God's precious gift ;
 Deep in my heart unuttered transports move,
 Blessing this new bright proof of endless love.
 Lord ! thou hast given—oh, consecrate this day,
 From sordid aim, from passion's fiery sway,
 To peace and joy and innocence resigned ;
 That Thou, dread Judge ! its every hour may'st find
 Meet, when all things are weighed for bliss or bale,
 To turn the unerring beam, and sink the scale.

Now to our daily cares ;—to mow the grass—
 To pile the sheaves ere yonder cloud can pass,
 Rent by the recent flash, and drench the plain
 With pattering shower, and bloat the thirsty grain
 Or blanch the golden stalk ;—beneath the trees
 To seek the sheddings of the midnight breeze ;
 To watch the gathering bees when suns are warm,
 And to the hive recall the vagrant swarm ;
 To ease the blushing bough with careful hand ;
 Or track the current lurking in the sand ;
 Blessing His name that hath increased our store,
 Freely to share God's bounty with God's poor ;
 To raise the lowly widow's drooping cheer,
 And give—'tis all she asks—a pitying tear ;
 To point to ignorance the doubtful way ;
 To bid some task the orphan's toil repay ;
 Or give the sick, that cannot work, a bed.
 Now noon arrives ; beneath the boughs outspread
 Of some old tree, the family council meet,
 —Servant and Lord—discuss the shades that fleet
 Across the changeful sky, the freshening blast,
 Wish we might see yon hail-cloud fairly past—

Mark the worm-eaten branch, or, chiding look
 On spreading brambles that have 'scaped the hook.
 Now troop the children round the sober dame
 That teaches their young lips th' Eternal name,
 To lisp the sacred text, or, pointing, show
 Hard words whose utterance they must yet forego.
 Now nimble fingers twist the whirling thread,
 And clacks the loom, by infant labour fed.

Light toil, thus varying, links the flying hours,
 Till o'er unwearied hearts the evening lowers.
 Now, calmly fallen, the well spent day is past;
 Grouped at the door, or, haply, listless cast
 Upon some time-worn trunk, with placid eye
 We watch the hay-carts slowly wending by;
 The herbage strews the path and scents the wind,
 The gleaner lifts the straggling blades behind.
 Now from the woods the goats returning bleat,
 Their dugs distended with their balmy-freight.
 While the old beggar, pleased his rounds to close,
 Smiles on his well-stuffed wallet as he goes.
 A reverent fondness every bosom fills
 As sinks the westing sun behind the hills,
 Or plunges in the main;—and, as a stream
 Of molten gold surrounds his glowing team,
 Or gathering clouds obscure the slanting ray,
 We catch an earnest of the coming day.
 Thus holy thoughts that light us to the tomb
 Yield glorious presage of the life to come.
 Now peals the vesper; Pain her welcome sings
 To Night that comes with healing on its wings.
 Creation takes the livery of the hour;
 The heart grows dark, and memory's mystic power
 Of friends long lost, the tender thought awakes,—
 Friends on whose sleepless lids nor morning breaks,
 Nor night alternate falls, but, ever bright,
 Day shines for them one lapse of living light.
 Sadly adroit, within the widowed breast
 The wizard bares each depth, whose cherished guest,
 Once lost, no time the aching void may fill,
 That wastes the heart with cureless craving still.
 Vainly we sigh—our tears all vainly fall—
 Can tears revive them, or can sighs recall?

At length the twinkling stars illumine the night;
 Around the hearth, in conversation light
 Fast wears the hour; or o'er the immortal page
 Of those whose memory is man's heritage—
 Th' undying, that still rule us from the clay,
 To genius pointing virtue's arduous way—
 Homer or Fenelon, or, grander still
 Than loftiest harp may yield to human skill,

The eternal Volume, in whose Holy text,
 By wrangling bigots' jargon unperplexed,
 We learn in Hope and Charity to prove
 The meetest offering to the throne of love.
 And oft we read, our household task to cheer,
 Some pious bard ; upon the enchained ear
 The sacred verse a melting murmur flings,
 Caught from the throbbing of Seraphic strings ;
 Truth, wond'ring, borrows a new grace from Art,
 And song, like nature's voice, enthral's the heart.

Now sleep, sweet guerdon of laborious days,
 On willing lids its early burthen lays,
 But first, as joined of old in homely rite
 The patriarchal household, we unite
 In praise to Heaven ; sweet childhood lisps the prayer,
 For childhood's voice hath sure acceptance there,
 To Him who bade the little ones draw nigh ;
 Its artless tones arise confidingly,
 Imploring Him to shield us with his power
 From perils that attend the midnight hour.
 Now, in some strain from Zion's harp of old,
 Our voices blend, in mingling cadence rolled :
 The hopeful mother tremulously thrills ;
 The father's graver tone the chorus fills ;
 The old thank God that yet their age is green ;
 The outworn for the days of strength they've seen ;
 Through the deep harmony, by childhood led,
 Its soft tone meets the ear,—a silvery thread
 Inwoven with the web of human life ;
 An hour of calm amid a day of strife ;
 A bright, unclouded, consecrated spot,
 That sorrow throbs around, but touches not.
 You might have deemed, as through the hoarser strain
 Thrilled that ethereal tone, then died again,
 That mortals asked, and angel lips on high
 In pitying accents shaped the soft reply.

Thus life glides on—a blandly tranquil dream ;
 Why let dull dogmas chafe the shining stream ?
 How need we here the strife of jangling thought ?—
 Vain premises to vain conclusions brought ;
 That, when the futile bickering is past,
 With broken bubbles cumber us at last ;
 Or drift in sparkling foam upon the wind,
 And, save their bursting sound, leave nought behind.
 True, life is short ; but he who wisely spends,
 Will find its length proportioned to its ends.
 The humble heart to rural cares resigned,
 Doubts not the Godhead which it bears enshrined ;
 Its modest virtues are the homely guise
 Of Faith, whose eye untutored can comprise

More of eternal goodness in a glance,
 Than lights an age of wisdom's loveless trance.
 The mellowing eve reposing on its clouds ;
 The night that to the wond'ring gaze unshrouds
 The radiant infinite of peopled space ;
 The moon, exulting to resume its race,
 Emblazoning the blue vault with orient smiles ;
 The light-winged hour that cheerful toil beguiles ;
 The calm of heart that grows on holy thought ;
 The cares thy name, O God ! can render nought ;
 These, for the untaught but humbly trusting mind,
 An age of faith in one pulsation bind—
 More bliss concentre than life's cup contains—
 More hope than robs the death-hour of its pains.
 Lord ! leave us these light hearts, these tranquil hours ;
 And—as the rapturous bird that heavenward towers
 In nature's homage, when the wakening spring
 Heaves at his heart, invigorates his wing,
 Disdaining feeble accents to employ,
 Soars on and worships Thee with voiceless joy—
 Calmly as evening veils the genial ray,
 And trusts thy bounty for another day—
 As dies the just man, proud of suffering years,
 Assured that Thou wilt dry the mourner's tears—
 As virtue, that hath made its walk with Thee,
 In death sees nought save immortality—
 As to the day the eye confiding turns—
 The soul to truth, where'er her beacon burns—
 Thus stedfastly our hopes shall soar above,
 Bound to thy laws, believing in thy love.

C.

 DIONISIUS THE SOPHIST.

Εἰθ' ἀνέμος γενομένη, σὺ δὲ γὰρ στερχούσῃ παρ' αὐγὰς
 Στήθεα γυμνῶσας καὶ μὲ πνιόντα λαβοῖς, .
 Εἶδε ῥόδον γενομένη ὑποπεφυγόν ὄφρα μὲ χερσὶν
 Ἀραμνὴ κομισαῖς, στήθεσι χιονοῖς,
 Εἶδε κρίνον γενομένη λευκοχρόον ὄφρα μὲ χερσὶν
 Ἀραμνὴ μαλλὸν σὴς χροτὴς κορίσῃς.

Oh ! that I were some gentle wind to blow
 Round thee, and kiss thy bosom white as snow !
 Oh ! that I were the rose I've seen thee wear
 In thy sweet breast—itself more soft and fair !
 Or the white lily which thou lov'st to twine
 Round those bright hairs which all the stars outshine !

E. K.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY THE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

NO. III.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

No man can write a real living history, who is not capable of sympathizing with the age of which he writes: it is not sufficient that he should have a knowledge of the events, opinions, manners, prejudices, and literature of the period. Unless he can throw himself into the position of his actors and feel as they felt, or, at least, appreciate how and what they felt, his production will be of the catalogue species, and no true history. No man can write of Witchcraft who does not believe in Witches, or, at least, he must have the capability of believing. The historian of the Crusades must be at heart a Crusader. Read over what Hume says of the Cavaliers, and you admire its spirit and vivacity—its reality, in other words; for the man was at heart a Cavalier: then turn to his account of the Puritans, and you have the most miserable, lying picture that ever called itself history.

If this be true, it applies with even more force to the history of an individual who exerts any remarkable influence upon his age. Measured by the opinions, feelings, and prejudices of another age, he may be morally right or wrong; but any character of him drawn according to this standard, will not only be imperfect, but, as a picture, essentially false. Facts must be judged by the permanent laws of truth. Men must be estimated, in a great measure, by the light they possessed, and judged according as their actions corresponded with their principles.

No party has suffered more or more unjustly from this false mode of estimation than the Puritans, and especially Oliver Cromwell. We live in tranquil times compared with those in which he flourished. The principles of civil and religious liberty for which he struggled unto the death are part of our every day existence, guaranteed by laws which bind equally king and subject. The establishment of these principles was mainly the result of the struggle in which he and they engaged. But looking only at certain of their proceedings, judgment has been passed upon them as impostors, hypocrites, canting psalm-singing rogues, &c.; and this has been repeated so often, that it seems established as a valid portion of the stock in trade of historians.

That this was a false conclusion, all thinking men must have surmised, even though, like ourselves, they differed as widely as possible from the principles of the Puritans; but the difficulty for ordinary men was how to get at a true picture of the times, unwarped by our present opinions: this, thanks to Mr. Carlyle, all can now do. He has published the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell,* with elucidations of his own, pretty much in the manner of his "French Revolution;" rough, quaint, terse, yet full of meaning and provocative of thought. And, moreover, he is a man quite capable of entire sympathy with earnest men, however much he may differ from them; and he

* Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

is able to dislocate himself from the present and live again in the past. What, then, is his judgment of Puritanism? Was it the hollow hypocrisy its enemies have asserted? "Few nobler Heroisms, at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this earth, and it lies as good as lost to us, overwhelmed under such an avalanche of human stupidities as no Heroism ever before did." "For, indisputably, this too was a Heroism: and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things. Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the earth once more, who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to heart, that an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side! The essence of all Heroisms and Veracities that ever have been or will be."

How far our readers may understand this we cannot tell; perhaps a little light may be thrown on the matter as we advance. Meanwhile, let the reader imagine how matters must have appeared to a thoughtful religious man of the middle rank of society in those times, and he will have a key to much of the acts and feelings of Puritans. We are far from undervaluing either Church or Aristocracy, both being of divine institution; but we cannot look on either, during the reigns of James and Charles, without feeling, that to a great extent, and speaking of the mass, they had become mere shows of things, forms and formulas with but little of life. None can deny that the Church had not fulfilled her mission. The defection of such large bodies of the middle classes is proof sufficient. She was content with things as they were: she was an *Established Church*, and surely that was enough. There was little thought of the souls committed to her, little energy in watching her flock. She was not "instant in season and out of season," warning, reproof, and exhorting; and truly it appeared, that for her sins, God was about "to remove her Candlestick out of its place."

As for the Aristocracy—the Cavaliers—the main point of the irreligion was their loyalty. They left "fearing God" to the clergy, and were satisfied with "honouring the King" themselves. And undoubtedly it is a redeeming point in the history of their trifling, showy, profligate body—that undying, self-sacrificing, devotion to the King. Truly might they have exclaimed in the words of Cardinal Wolsey:—

"Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Among the middle classes, a strong feeling of religious fervour had arisen, which, finding no response in the Church of that day, betook itself to irregular teaching, and was at once fanned into greater heat, and misguided by the preachings and prayings of the wild fanatics who assumed a divine call. Even the more sober-minded who felt the need of deeper religious exercises, and who were in earnest in their religious feelings, were often driven into the ranks of dissent by the absence or lukewarmness of their authorized guides.

Moreover, political feelings were inextricably connected with religious. The Cavaliers, who were Church-and-King men, were opposed

to the Puritans, who were advocates for freedom. The one party upheld the absolute prerogative; the other, the authority of parliament to limit that prerogative.

It would have been a phenomenon (we had nearly said, an impossibility) to have at once united the Church and popular principles in politics, or the religious views of the Puritans, with thorough loyalty to the King. M. Guizot observes, "In separating herself from the independent head of the Catholic Church, the Anglican Church had lost all its own strength, and no longer held her rights or her power, but as of the power and rights of the sovereigns of the state. She was thus bound to the cause of civil despotism, and constrained to profess its maxims in order to legitimate her own origin—to serve its interests in order to preserve her own."

"On their part the Nonconformists, in attacking their religious adversaries, found themselves also compelled to attack the temporal sovereign, and in accomplishing the reformation of the Church, to assert the liberties of the people. The King had succeeded to the Pope; the Anglican clergy, successors of the (Roman) Catholic clergy, no longer acted but in the name of the King: throughout, in a dogma, a ceremony, a prayer, the erection of an altar, the fashion of a surplice, the royal will was compromised in common with that of the bishops, the government in common with the discipline and faith."—(*Hist. of the Eng. Rev. p. 8, trans.*)

No wonder, then, that earnest-minded religious men felt that *their* lot lay with the Puritans, nor can we hesitate to do them justice although we hold not their opinions. They were *men*, *aye strong men*, with a deep sense of the reality of the things they strove for, and an earnest heart to dare all for the attainment of what they believed truth. Many great men there were, but none greater or truer (do not start good reader) than Oliver Cromwell, the "head and front" of Puritanism. Carlyle observes:—"Working for long years in those unspeakable historic Provinces of which the reader has already had an account, it becomes more and more apparent to me, that this man, Oliver Cromwell, was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable and an Epoch in the world's history; that, in fact, He, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then, farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of the time are worth considering. His words—and, still more, his *silences* and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man."—P. 19.

That the reader may benefit by these new lights, we shall slightly notice a few of the events of Oliver's life, availing ourselves freely of Mr. Carlyle's labours, and as freely of the works of others when we need them.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's parish, on the 25th of April, 1599, and christened on the 29th of the same month.

Of his lineage, and even of his parentage, we shall say—nothing. None so great went before him; none at all great succeeded him. He was the one great fruit of the family tree, and the life of the tree was exhausted in its production.

“Oliver attended the public school of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a Dr. Beard. He learned to all appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places; went through the universal doctrines which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularized in any one point by an authentic record.”

The first public record of Cromwell, is the registry of his entrance at Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, April 23, 1616. A memorable date; for, “while Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this world. (He died on the same day). Oliver’s father had most likely come with him. It is but twelve miles from Huntingdon; you can go and come in a day. Oliver’s father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge: at Stratford, Shakspeare’s Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History—the literature of Shakspeare was ending: the second world-great thing that remains of English History—the armed appeal of Puritanism to the invisible God of Heaven against many very visible Devils on earth and elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning.”

Oliver’s course at Cambridge was but short. On the death of his father he returned home to take possession of his estate, and to assume his place as head of the family. Shortly after we find him in London studying law, not as a profession, but apparently as an accomplishment suitable to a country gentleman. “Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle.”

On the 22nd of August, 1620, he was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, Knight, in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate: at that time he was twenty-one years and four months old. He returned with his wife to Huntingdon, where he took the management of the estate, his mother living with him. In this state of quietness he remained ten years, fulfilling creditably such duties as came before him and something more.

“In those years it must be, that Dr. Smicott, physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver’s hypocondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date or time that has survived, ‘he had often been sent for at midnight.’ Mr. Cromwell, for many years was very ‘splenetic’ (spleen-struck); often thought he was just about to die; and also ‘had fancies about the Town-Cross.’ Brief intimation, of which the reflective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson, too, had hypocondriacs—all great souls are apt to have, and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and celestial guiding stars disclose themselves, and the vague abyss of life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, labours of Hercules and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow that he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet

have? 'Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.' The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet, filling all your universe, it can yet, by true heart energy, become *flame* and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

"It is, therefore, in these years, undated by history, that we must place Oliver's clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion, his Deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand Epoch for a man: properly the one Epoch, the turning point which guides upwards or guides downwards, him and his activity for evermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons? wilt thou join with the Gods? Of Thee, too, the question is asked,—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting or by the Death everlasting. That the 'sense of difference between Right and Wrong' had filled all time and all space for man, and bodied itself forth into a heaven and hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan old Christian ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great; manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorable achievement of our species: without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

"Oliver was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases.

"Oliver naturally consorted henceforth with the Puritan clergy in preference to the other kind, zealously attended their ministry when possible; consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were gentry of his own rank, some of them nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent 'to make his calling and election sure,' to whom, in credible dialect, the voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity, and manful worth, gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such. The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's cousin, was a devout Puritan. John Pym, the like; Lord Brooke, Lord Saye, Lord Montague. Puritans in the better ranks, in every rank, abounded. Already, either in conscious act or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan."—*Carlyle*.

In March, 1627–8, Oliver Cromwell appears for the first time in parliament as member for Huntingdon, in the third and most remarkable of King Charles' parliaments, except the Long Parliament. But before we pass to Cromwell's public life, let us notice, that in the year 1631 he removed from Huntingdon to St. Ives, where he took a grazing farm. From this place he removed to Ely, after a few years, certainly by 1636; and we have a letter from this place, the second in Carlyle's collection, which we consider worth laying before the reader.

"To my beloved Cousin, Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham, his house, called Otes, in Essex; Present these.

"Ely, 13th October, 1638.

"DEAR COUSIN—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind

remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

"Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident I will be so. Truly then, this I find; that He giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is.

"I live, you know where—in Meshec, which, they say, signifies *prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *blackness*; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will, I trust, bring me to His Tabernacle, to His Resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope, and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad.

"Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light—give us to walk in the light, as He is in the light. He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One bean in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh! I lived in and loved darkness: I was a chief—the chief, of sinners. This is true. I hated godliness; yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me; pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

"Salute all my friends in the family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them, and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

"Salute your husband and sister from me. He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet, I receive no letters. Put him in mind to do what with convenience may be done for the poor cousin I did exhort him about.

"Once more, farewell. The Lord be with you, so prayeth,

"Your truly loving Cousin,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

That this is the letter of a deep, earnest, and religious man, none can doubt; nor in the present day is it likely that any will mistake the penitent expressions that a retrospect of his past life drew forth: but they were mistaken, and were the origin of the opinion that Cromwell's early life was a dissolute one.

We have now given a rough sketch of Oliver's life up to his entrance into parliament. We find him a deeply religious, moral man, of earnest and somewhat melancholy mind, composed, clear, and decided. We all know to what these qualities led. Let us examine his course a little more in detail.

It was the third parliament summoned by the King, in which Oliver took his seat for the first time; but the Revolution was more than begun—the power had already passed from the royal hands.

Revolutions seem to be inevitable in the history of nations; but the

mode in which they are effected differs widely. The welfare of societies is based upon due protection to persons and property in the various relations of each, and consequently upon due freedom in each and all ; and for this protection, government exists, in whatever form. The King's duty is so to govern that each man in his different relations, temporal and spiritual, and his property in all its relations, shall have due liberty and due restraint ; and his two great engines are the Laws as regards temporal matters, and the Church in all that regards man's spiritual interests.

But in the progress of societies and nations, both personal relations and the relations of property become more complicated as well as multiplied ; and to meet this increased complexity, new arrangements or modifications of the old ones become necessary ; and the express duty of the Head of the State is to meet this necessity, and by adapting the laws to prevent the evil which must otherwise result. So in spiritual matters. The Church's duty is to meet the increased needs of society in the way best suited to effect her mission, and so to sanctify the new and varying relations of men arising from the increase of society.

If these depositaries of power duly fulfil the duties which devolve upon them, the faith ever felt by mankind in authority that is *real*, will, render a revolution not only improbable, but almost impossible. But unfortunately, men in power are but men, and are much given to remember their rights and forget their duties ; and when this is the case, their neglect allows the mischief to accumulate, until inconveniences become grievances. Meantime their subjects have made progress in intelligence, in numbers, and in wealth—three potent elements in the coming struggle. We say "*coming* struggle ;" for come it must ; if the sovereign will not remove the grievances and provide for the wants of his people, they will inevitably, sooner or later, do it for themselves.

But the greatest misfortune to the country is, that in the struggle all sense of justice is lost, and the masses which commenced the effort in order to obtain redress, when they discern their strength, are no longer satisfied without obtaining power. And they must discern it ; for in a period of revolutionary movement, it is in vain to suppose that the King or Aristocracy can succeed against a determined people of great intelligence and moral culture.

The history of the English and French Revolutions at once illustrate and prove the truth of what we have stated. King Charles inherited absolute power, limited, to a certain extent, by occasional parliaments. He and his predecessors had paid little regard to the altered state of the nation and its varying necessities. The people had increased in wealth, with a keen sense of their power and rights in consequence ; in intelligence and in religious feeling. The King regarded them mainly as a source of revenue, with no thought of his duty towards them : the Church was too much a creature of the state, and made no attempt to guide the augmented religious feeling, or to meet the increased spiritual wants of the people.

No wonder, then, that the people determined to make themselves felt and attended to on the first opportunity. This is exactly the history of the first two parliaments of Charles. They were not unreasonable

on the whole; and had the King met them fairly, he would have continued on the throne. But this he scorned to do; and in utter ignorance of their power, he dissolved them after a few weeks, only to recal another this said March, 1628. They met, as Guizot observes, "resolved solemnly to proclaim their liberties, to compel power to acknowledge them original and independent, no longer to suffer that any right should pass for a concession, any abuse for a right." Whilst the King, according to Carlyle, "strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King! we see him chafing, stamping—a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations, struggling much to be composed."

This parliament framed and passed the Petition of Right, forwarded to the King a remonstrance against the Duke of Buckingham, and another to establish that tonnage and poundage should only be levied by law, took cognizance of certain clergymen, and were prorogued in June. Buckingham was murdered in August, and parliament met again in January, 1629. They discovered that the printer had, by authority, altered the King's positive answer to the Petition of Right into an evasive one. All the attacks were renewed against the toleration of Papists, the favour granted to false doctrines, the depravation of morals, the ill-distribution of dignities and employments, the proceedings of the irregular courts, the contempt of the liberties of subjects.

"So great was the excitement of the house, that one day it listened in silence and with favour to a man new to them, badly dressed, of a common appearance, who, addressing them for the first time, denounced in furious and very indifferent language, the indulgence of a bishop to some obscure preacher, a rank Papist, as he called him. This man was Oliver Cromwell."—*Guizot*.

This parliament then took their stand on the illegality of levying taxes (tonnage and poundage) without their consent; and finding that they would not give way, the King again had recourse to a dissolution, and with no better results. The members kept alive in their cities and counties the opinions and feelings which actuated themselves, and they in return were urged to still further lengths by the "pressure from without."

The King again essayed to govern without a parliament with the same heedlessness as before. The most distinguished patriots were sent to the Tower, and the judges refused to release them. The Queen, who was a Romanist, and possessed much influence with Charles, by that very circumstance added to his unpopularity.

But the fears of the people, and the unpopularity (almost hatred) of the King reached their height, when it was found that he was entirely influenced by Laud and Strafford. Both were great men, sincere, earnest, and conscientious; but neither very wise, or justly appreciating the signs of the times. Placed in the front of the battle before the King, it was plain, that whilst the struggle would apparently be with them, it was in reality a battle between the Commons and the King. If Laud and Strafford gained the victory, the King would occupy a highly favourable position: if they were conquered, it was evident that Royalty would be endangered.

Had they been wise and moderate men, even now one does not see but that matters might have been accommodated; but they were neither by nature, and the encroachments of the Commons upon what was the legitimate power of the King, drove them back upon arbitrary measures both in Church and State. For a time these measures seemed successful. No means of relief short of open rebellion offered themselves; and in consequence, many sold their properties and emigrated. To such an extent did this take place, that an order in Council was issued, forbidding them. "At that very time, eight vessels, ready to depart, were at anchor in the Thames: on board one of them, were Pym, Haselrig, Hampden, and Cromwell."—*Guizot*.

Tyranny begets and augments rebellion. The more the temporal and spiritual power was unjustly exerted, the more furious were the malcontents. The persecution of Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick, instead of fear, alone exerted the greatest indignation; and Hampden, by his resistance to Ship Money, became the hero of the nation. The active resistance of the Scotch to the imposition of Episcopacy met with hearty sympathy, and the rebellion of the Irish Romanists with indifference.

Surrounded with a network of difficulties, Ireland and Scotland in open rebellion, and England seething with discontent and complaint, the King called a great council of the Peers, and by their advice determined upon once more trying a parliament, which met November, 3, 1640. This is the world-famous Long Parliament; the embodiment of the popular power—concentrated, serious, and prepared for a final struggle with royalty itself. Beginning with seeking redress of grievances, it now aims at supreme power, as we said before. "The King had scarcely quitted the house, (after opening parliament), ere his friends—there were very few of them—clearly perceived, from the conversation of the various groups, that the public indignation surpassed even what they had feared. The dissolution of the last parliament had exasperated even the most moderate. There was no longer talk of conciliation or caution. The day was come, they said, for putting in force the whole power of parliament, and eradicating all abuses so effectually, that not a stray root should remain. Thus, with very unequal strength, thoughts equally haughty found themselves drawn up in battle array. For eleven years, the King and the Church had proclaimed their absolute, independent, *jure divino* sovereignty; they had tried all modes of forcing it upon the nation. Unable to effect this, and yet insisting upon the same maxims, they came, in their own weakness, to seek aid from an assembly, which, without putting it forward as a principle, without making any show of it, believed in their own sovereignty, and felt themselves capable of exercising it."—*Guizot*, p. 87.

The first act of the parliament was to appoint more than forty committees to inquire into abuses and to hear grievances; and the next, was at once to come to close quarters with their ostensible opponents. They first impeached Strafford, and then Laud, of high treason. The history of their trials is painful and humiliating. But we have not space for details; suffice it to say, that the house passed from the position of patriots, resisting an illegal stretch of power, to that of persecutors, urged on by fanaticism to the verge, if not beyond it, of legal

and parliamentary murder. Men who could so conduct a prosecution, adopt such means to obtain a sentence, and condemn on such evidence, could clearly be restrained by no scruples from going much further. And a king who could consent to the execution of faithful and zealous servants, despite his absolute promise, must, in a great measure, forfeit all sympathy with his own sufferings. More than Charles's life—his honour—was involved in the death of Strafford.

The ruin of the Church followed the death of Laud, and it became evident that the quarrel between the King and Commons would not end without recourse to arms. The militia of counties were called out, and the Commons claimed the right to nominate commanders and lord lieutenants of counties. The King removed to York, and failed in an attempt to obtain possession of Hull.

Once more we obtain a glimpse of Oliver Cromwell—offering to lend money (£500) for the service of the Commonwealth—seizing the Magazine in the Castle at Cambridge, and hindering the carrying off of the University plate, and figuring as captain in troop 67, of the Earl of Bedford's Horse, under Lord Essex, and his son Oliver, a cornet in troop 8. "How a staid, most pacific, solid farmer of three-and-forty, decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers, let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves."

"On Sunday, October 23rd, was Edgehill Battle, called also Keinton fight, near Keinton, on the south edge of Warwickshire: in which battle Captain Cromwell *was* present and did his duty, let angry Denzil say what he will. The fight was indecisive—victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, they never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people, fighting against men of honour. To cope with men of honour they must have men of religion. Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed. Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, bye and bye."—*Carlyle*.

This was one of the secrets of Oliver's success—his Ironsides were devout men, who substituted religious enthusiasm or fanaticism for chivalry; zeal for God for "gallant devoir;" and as a war cry, instead of "Vive le Roi," adopted "God our Strength:" the result was a matter of course.

Oliver became Colonel Cromwell, and was successful in a skirmish near Grantham, and in an action near Gainsborough, and at Wincely fight; but these we shall pass over, and lay before the reader a letter written by him after "Marston Moor," the bloodiest battle of the whole war.

"To my loving brother, Colonel Valentine M. Walton: These.

"Leaguer, before York, 5th July, 1644."

"DEAR SIR—It is our duty to sympathise in all mercies, and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, that so we may sorrow together.

"Truly England and the church of God hath had a great favour from the Lord, in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this war began. It had all the evidences of an abso-

lute victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party principally. We were charged, but we routed the enemy. The left wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but, I believe, of twenty thousand, the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God!

"Sir—God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

"Sir, you know my own trials this way;* but the Lord supported me with this—that the Lord took him unto the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death, he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russell and myself he could not express it, 'it was so great above his pain.' This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? He told me, that God had not suffered him any more to be the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and, as I am informed, three horses more, I am told, he bid them—Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: So prays

"Your truly faithful and loving brother,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Colonel Walton had married Oliver's sister, Margaret; and it is good to see him turn aside from a battle in which he had gained a foremost position, to pour comfort into the heart of a bereaved father.

But we must press forward, omitting letters of interest, until we come to the battle of Naseby, where Lieutenant General Cromwell again met the Prince.

"It was on this high moor ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th June, 1645, fought his last battle; dashed fiercely against the new-model army, which he had despised till then, and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill and carried all before him;' but Lieutenant General Cromwell charged *down hill* on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder. He, Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived

* Note by Carlyle.—"I conclude the poor boy, Oliver, had fallen already in these wars: none of us know where, though his father well knew!"

from the association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole army:' he had the ordering of the horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, 'finds the King's Infantry a ruin;' prepares to charge again with the rallied cavalry; but the cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to re-assemble more."

"For the Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

"Harborough, 14th June, 1645.

"SIR—Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

"We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us, both armies engaged. We, after three hours fight, very doubtful, at last routed his army; killed and took about 5,000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We also took about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverius, and I think the rest sakers. We pursued the enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

"Sir, this is none other but the hand of God; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The general served you with all faithfulness and honour: and the best commendation I can give him is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way:—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action, as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is—Your most humble Servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

It has become clear now who is to lead in future—Earls of Essex and Bedford, Waller and Fairfax, gradually decline in lustre until they nearly or quite disappear. The destiny of England is in the hands of a plain farmer, who commenced war at the age of 43, and whose training was neither to the art of governing nor of gaining battles. A strong head, and an earnest heart, can do much.

Passing on to the interval between the two civil wars, we find some eighteen letters in Carlyle's collection, and we shall extract one to his daughter Bridget, as a variety, and as exhibiting Cromwell's warm domestic affection. Bridget Cromwell, we should mention, had married Colonel Ireton, and Elizabeth, her sister, Mr. Claypole, the previous spring.

"London, 25th October, 1646.

"DEAR DAUGHTER—I write not to thy husband; partly to avoid

trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed (disinclined) at this time, having some other considerations.

"Your friends at Ely are well: your sister Claypole is, I trust, in mercy exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind: bewailing it: she seeks after (as I hope also) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect, next to a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder! Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self, vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of his, and could go less in desire,—less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on; let not husband, let not any thing cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he (thy husband) will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of thy love in thy husband, is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me.

"My service, and dear affections, to the General and Generaless. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations.

"I am, thy dear Father,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

In following the steps of Cromwell, as indicated in his letters, we have, of necessity, discontinued all notion of parliamentary proceedings, nor will our space permit us to resume them; but in order to make one brief notice intelligible, we may mention that after the battle of Naseby the parliament published the King's correspondence, which at that time fell into their hands. The King attempted to join Montrose, in Scotland, after his victory, but failed, and returned to Oxford, where he attempted fresh negotiations with the parliament which were rejected. He authorized Lord Glamorgan, under his own hand, to treat with the Irish, granting concessions contrary to law, and when the treaty was discovered, he disowned his agent. He then, after many disasters to his partisans, at last fled to the Scottish camp. There he was received very willingly, but shortly after the Scotch made a canny bargain, and delivered him over to the Paliaments Commissioners, by whom he was first conducted to Holmby, and thence to Hampton Court.

But strife prevailed in the Parliament—hitherto the Presbyterians had carried the day, but now the Independents, with Cromwell and the majority of the army at their head, determined to wrest the power out of their hands—which they succeeded in doing after much cabaling and party warfare—by the exhibition of military force.

Reports of danger, to the person of the King, induced Oliver to write a letter of caution to Colonel Whally, commanding at Hampton Court, and in the Commons Journals of Friday, November 12, 1647, we find entered—"A letter from Lieutenant General Cromwell, of 11th November, twelve at night, was read; signifying the escape of the King, who went away about 9 o'clock yesterday," to the Isle of Wight. From whence he treats secretly with the Scots—who on the breaking out of the second civil war enter England.

Cromwell defeats them at Preston, Wigan, and Warrington, and

marches into Scotland. After the battle of Preston, he writes to the Committee of Manchester:—

Preston, 17th Aug., 1648.

"GENTLEMEN.—It hath pleased God this day to show His great power, by making the army successful against the common enemy. We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots' quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the enemy; and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the enemy, we were within four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole army; and the enemy being drawn out upon a moor betwixt us and the town, the armies on both sides engaged; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin; and in this service your countrymen have not the least share.

"We cannot be particular, not having time to take account of the slain and prisoners; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality; and many slain, and the army so dissipated as I say. The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton, is on southside Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and are lying with the greatest part of the army close to them, nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the enemy's army but the night. It shall be our care that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the bridge, to go northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

"We understand Colonel-general Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clotheroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies, that so we may endeavour the ruin of the enemy. You perceive by this letter how things stand. By this means the enemy is broken; and most of their army having gone northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them; and the enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the foot are naked;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your country; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of the enemy, which way soever they go; and if you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.

"We thought fit to speed this to you, to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interests as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for His unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from

"Your very humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

Daily the gloom thickens round the poor king. In prosperity he had been haughty, careless, and weak, but the chastening hand of adversity had been blessed, and nothing can be more saint-like than his behaviour after his removal from the Isle of Wight to Hurst Castle and Windsor.

We would draw a veil over the conclusion of this tragedy; it was,

in our opinion, a great crime, committed by men many of whom acted from conscientious convictions, and was the result of weakness and falsehood on the one hand, and strength with a lust of power on the other. God grant that to the end of time it may be the one solitary stain of the kind in British annals !

(To be continued.)

Taillefer.

FROM UHLAND.

BY WILLIAM LANDER.

Once William Duke of Normandy his merry men did call,
 " Who sings so sweet within my court—who sings within my hall—
 Who sings from early morning till fall the shades of night,
 So sweet he thrills my very heart within me with delight ?"

" Sir Duke, his name is Taillefer, whose song at eventide
 You hear so merry ringing, as he sits the fire beside ;
 And when he helps the maidens drawing water o'er the lawn,
 And when he lays him down to rest, and when he wakes at dawn."

Loud laughed the Duke :—" What squire or page of high or low
 degree

E'er served his Lord as Taillefer, my vassal, serveth me ?
 He draws me water from the well, and tends my hall-fire's blaze,
 And sings so merrily my heart delights to hear his lays !"

" And were I but a freeman now," sang Taillefer so brave,
 " Much better would I serve my Duke than any bounden slave :
 I fain would ride in warrior pride when we to fight advance,
 I fain would sing where round me ring the strokes of sword and lance."

And very soon Duke William led his forces to the field,
 And there rode Taillefer so proud with faulchion and with shield ;
 And from the castle windows down there looked a lady bright,
 Who smiled on him and said " Behold ! there rides a stately knight !"

And as the train rode on, and he the maiden's tower past,
 He sang now soft as summer breeze—now loud as winter blast ;
 " Ah, me !" she said, " how sweet it is such melody to hear !
 It shakes the tower, it thrills my heart, he sings so loud and clear !"

And now Duke William led his host across the waters wide,
 To English shores he steered his fleet, with all his soldiers tried :
 And as he sprang from out the ship, he fell upon his hand,
 And " Ha !" cried he, " thou'rt mine ! for thus I grasp thee, English
 Land !"

Now rode the gallant Norman knights their English foe to meet,
And there rode noble Taillefer, and still he sang so sweet :—
“ Full many a year I sang and served, within thy lofty hall,
And many a year I sang and fought where men in battle fall ;

“ And I have sung, and I have served, Sir Duke, for love of thee,
As bounden vassal at the first, and now as knight so free ;
Then grant me but this sole reward, this single boon to-day,—
That I may ride the first, and strike the first blow of the fray !”

Sir Taillefer has won his wish to lead the Norman fight,
And foremost on his war-horse rode, with lance and faulchion bright ;
And louder still and clearer, as the din of battle rolled,
He sang the song of Roland and the Paladins of old.

And as the hymn of Roland over all the battle knelled,
Then high beat many a Norman heart, and many a bosom swelled,
Then burned each knight to prove the fight, nor doubt nor fear felt
more,

When rose that song so clear and strong o’er all the battle’s roar !

And now he spurred his horse and rode against the English van ;
Alas ! for him who met the charge !—for down went horse and man,
And then he raised his sword, that he the first might strike a blow,
And ever as it fell there lay an English warrior low.

The Northmen saw the gallant deed, nor tarried long behind,
But charged with shout and armour-clash, as rapid as the wind.
And arrows flew like hail, and horsemen fought with might and main,
’Till haughty Harold and his host lay bleeding on the plain.

The Conqueror on the battle-field his banner proud displayed,
And while the foe lay dead around, a noble banquet made ;
And in his royal tent he sate, the wine-cup in his hand,
And round his brow he wore the golden crown of Saxon land !

“ Come pledge me, gallant Taillefer, and let thy cup o’erflow !
Full many a song of thine I’ve heard in gladness and in woe ;
But here on Hasting’s battle-field the song I heard to-day
Will ring within mine ears till life itself shall pass away !”

CASSANDRA.

"Speak well and speed well."—OLD PROVERB.

Mrs. Cooper had been left a widow at a very early period of life, and guardian to an only daughter, who was heiress to a considerable fortune: her husband had been a merchant of eminence. Being still in the morning of life and possessed of beauty, she received proposals from men of rank, and as her former marriage had been contracted under parental influence, and was not productive of happiness, she was led to make another trial of the conjugal state, and became the wife of the Earl of Airfield, who survived their nuptials but one year. The offspring of this second union was Lady Frances Airfield, whom she applied herself to educate along with Miss Cooper, the daughter of her former husband.

Miss Cassandra Cooper, her Ladyship's sister-in-law by her first marriage, resided with her; and as they were both persons of honest minds and capable of strong attachment, a great degree of friendship and confidence subsisted between them; and although each could see and sometimes smile at the foibles of the other, they were, nevertheless, deeply sensible of each other's worth. Lady Airfield, from having been much left to her own guidance, and from having gone through many changes of life, was a most acute woman of business. Miss Cassandra's mind had taken a different turn, from leading a single and a retired life; she had more acquaintance with books, but was simple in common concerns, and she was apt to think she foresaw danger to her nieces to which their situation and turn of mind did not appear to expose them. There was one subject upon which her dread amounted to nearly an hallucination, and this was, the unfaithfulness of the other sex, or, in plain terms, she apprehended that her nieces should be jilted.

It was difficult to witness Miss Cassandra's solicitude on this subject without suspecting that she had been personally a sufferer; but here she was impenetrable. An ancient family tradition existed, that she had been jilted by a chaplain of the late Lord Airfield. She, however, bore the raillery of her young friends with perfect good humour, and had no greater object of anxiety than to preserve them from this spectre of her imagination, although it really appeared the most unlikely danger imaginable.

Miss Cooper, the elder of the two young ladies by three years, was remarkably pretty, and had a large fortune; the portion of Lady Frances, who was but merely well-looking, was small, but the circumstance of her being the daughter of an earl threw such a weight of influence into her scale, as to place the sisters quite upon a footing of equality.

The guardianship of two such young women, thus situated, appeared to Lady Airfield a weighty charge, and she naturally looked forward to their establishment with anxiety. There was one person whom she had long considered a desirable husband for either of her daughters, and this was the Earl of Airfield, nephew and heir to her second husband. His Lordship had been educated in England, and at an

early age had entered the army. He had fought at Waterloo, and, subsequent to the Peace, had resided chiefly in London, where his attendance upon his parliamentary duties had been constant; he had never visited Ireland, where his aunt, since the commencement of her second widowhood, had resided. She therefore recollected him merely as a very handsome boy, but had always kept up a correspondence with him, diligent on her part, and never wholly neglected on his; and he now appeared tacitly to enter into her views, having volunteered to pay his first visit to his aunt at the period fixed upon for celebrating Miss Cooper's coming of age.

When the letter containing this pleasing intelligence was delivered to Lady Airfield, she was engaged in transacting business with her agent, Mr. Gorman, and, in the fulness of her gratification, communicated its contents, and observed that as the place where his Lordship was expected to land was some miles from her house, as the days were short and the roads intricate, it would be expedient to send some one to await his arrival, and, therefore, judged it best to dispatch her steward thither with one of the carriages.

Mr. Gorman suggested that it would tend more to the comfort of his lordship to send some one in a more companionable line, and proceeded to offer his own services, by which, as he must on that day forego the pleasure of dining with Lady Airfield, his wish to oblige appeared so genuine, that she knew not how to refuse his offer.

She next considered it necessary to communicate the news to her sister-in-law, without whose concurrence she seldom felt satisfied to act. Miss Cassandra, as was her custom when any subject connected with matrimony was mentioned, looked grave, and said merely *she hoped it might issue well*. Lady Airfield, rather annoyed at the portentous aspect of her sister, inquired what she could see to be apprehended from her nephew's visit.

Miss Cassandra replied that there was always evil to be apprehended from the intimacy of young persons of both sexes—men were inconstant—women susceptible, &c., &c.

Lady Airfield observed that an evil of this nature was one she believed her daughters least liable to; that she fully believed his lordship had the object of her family alliance in view, by appointing his visit for the very day of celebrating her eldest daughter's majority. That either of her girls might be considered a match fully suitable for a nobleman; however, supposing the worst, she trusted she had formed their minds so much in the mould of her own, as to have little reason to fear their forming an attachment without her sanction. She was likewise so well assured of their mutual affection, as to see nothing to be dreaded in the way of rivalry, which, she must lament to say, was but too common, even amongst sisters. She had, therefore, only good to augur from the visit of her nephew, exclusive of the benefit arising to her young people from the conversation of one who had seen so much of the world, and of whom it might be said that he united the qualities of soldier and statesman in no ordinary degree. Miss Cassandra shook her head, and withdrew in silence.

On the following evening, as his lordship was expected to land, Mr. Gorman set off, in one of Lady Airfield's carriages, for the pier. Lady Airfield's house was filled with relatives of both her families,

and her daughters made their appearance in the drawing-room, each surrounded by her own particular friends. The only person who was at that time on confidential terms with both was a female cousin of Lady Frances—a Miss Murray, orphan daughter of a naval officer, whom Lady Airfield invited to her house, chiefly under the idea that her example might be useful, as, even at an early age, she had made herself a character for many valuable qualities. One point appeared manifestly in her favour,—that she continued to possess the friendship and confidence of both these young ladies, which had never yet been effected by any other person.

“How wearisome it is,” said Lady Frances to Miss Murray, “to see this crowd of old familiar faces, that we have been looking at all our lives, assembled here as if upon some great occasion!—and what is it all for? Jemima has not much to boast of for her one and twenty years’ work; is there anything either useful or ornamental of which she is capable? I have seldom met with any one more utterly insignificant—in saying she is pretty, you say everything; and yet, even in that respect, there is much to find fault with. She has buoyed herself up with the notion that my cousin has fixed upon her birthday through preference; now, I am persuaded that the idea of coming here to encounter a large party would annoy him extremely; I think I may answer for his non-appearance.”

“What do you mean?” said Miss Murray, with quickness.

“I met with Mr. Gorman,” replied Lady Frances, “when he was going to step into the carriage, and I gave him a hint to that purpose; so I cannot be accused of charging him with a message. I merely threw the idea into his mind, by saying, ‘Mr. Gorman, Lord Airfield will be surprized to find he has come here on my sister’s birthday;’ to which he answered, looking very brisk, ‘I shall have the pleasure of announcing to him his good fortune.’”

“You need not doubt,” said Miss Murray, “Mr. Gorman’s imparting his whole stock of ideas. But why do you suppose that his lordship should wish to avoid the birth-day?”

“Because I have heard some queer things of him, of which more another time—”

Here, as if in direct refutation of what Lady Frances had asserted, a vehicle was heard to approach, and the house bell was rung with violence. It was exactly the hour when the traveller was expected. Lady Airfield rose, and, as the door opened, walked half across the room, expecting to meet her nephew; a servant entered, saying, “My lady, Mr. Gorman is sent for to his wife, my lady, who is not expected to live.”

Lady Airfield gave directions as to whither to send on the messenger, saying, at the same time, that she was in expectation of Mr. Gorman’s immediate arrival.

In the change of seats consequent upon this interruption, Miss Murray found herself beside Miss Cooper, who said to her—“I have not been able to make my way to you all night, I have been so surrounded; is Fanny impatient for the arrival of Lord Airfield?”

“I think not.”

“Was it not strange,” observed Miss Cooper, “that he should fix on my birth-day to make his visit? don’t you think it implies something particular?”

"Certainly," replied her friend.

"He is," continued Miss Cooper, "a man of various powers; 'the statesman's, soldier's, scholar's, tongue, pen, sword'—but I must not fall in love by anticipation; besides, where there are persons of superior merit, why should I aspire?"

"Are you jesting, *Jemima*?" said Miss Murray, turning on her a look of surprise.

"Not at all; you know there is the Lady Frances Airfield, a highly educated personage, who has made acquirements much to be admired; she is gifted with that plodding disposition suited to conquer difficulties, and has no uneasy sensibilities to disturb her. Whereas, I am a mere idler, a restless spirit, who never could confine myself to the narrow path of business; my feelings were too strong and my tastes too fastidious for common things. Now what do you say to this confession.

"I say, *Jemima*," replied Miss Murray, gravely, "that the neglect of superior talents is deeply culpable; that genius, under proper regulations, is an instrument of vast good, but that genius perverted requires a stronger term than I shall make use of."

Miss Cooper took this reproof in the sense it was intended to be taken; she began to feel herself a *character*.

"I am able," said she, "to appreciate your sincerity. I know that I have neglected talents—misused powers which might have rendered me—no matter what; but my day is past. I feel that my destiny must now be decided by the character of him to whom I shall be united. Our expected guest possesses my mind strangely."

These effusions were broken in upon by the performance of Lady Frances upon the harp, which was much admired. Miss Cooper never played, nor did anything else that might tend to the gratification of others. A succession of musical performance followed, after which the party broke up.

There was as yet no sign of his lordship's arrival, and Lady Airfield, leaving orders to be informed of it when he did come, retired to her dressing-room. The young ladies entered for their nightly audience.

"*Jemima*, my child," said her ladyship, "to-morrow will form an era in your life of which I cannot think without solemn feelings. Before the bustle of the day commences I should wish to have you with me. Come to me at seven o'clock. I have met with a little treatise adapted to such an occasion, which I wish you to read to me. Is your dress altered?"

"No, Ma'am, but before morning it will be ready."

"Before morning! do you really propose to let your maid sit up for such a purpose?"

"Dear Mamma, the occasion is so peculiar, and the necessity so great, that I have yielded to her request of letting her sit up to make the necessary alterations."

"I am sorry to find you can make such an abuse of power, but it is my duty to set you right. Wear something else. And now good night, my dear girls," said her ladyship, kissing her daughter *Jemima*; "I do not wonder you are affected, this is a solemn season for you, but come to me at an early hour, and I hope to suggest some things that may be useful to your future walk through life. Good night, *Fanny*." Lady

Fanny covered her face with her handkerchief and hastily withdrew. She met her friend, Miss Murray, in the gallery, and, seizing her arm, dragged her into her room, where, throwing herself upon a sofa, she gave way to a violent fit of laughter. She was long unable to explain the subject of her mirth, but by degrees, in broken sentences, she gave an account of the birth-day pleasures projected for her sister. "And most ridiculous of all," she said, "poor *Jemima* dares not say nay, and when she shed tears of rage and vexation, mamma ascribed it all to sensibility."

"Well, Fanny," replied her friend, "I think I have seen you much in the same predicament yourself. What would you have said to your mother, if placed in similar circumstances?"

"Nothing, I frankly own, Mamma, has such a tone of command; and we have been so strictly brought up that I could not venture to contradict her—if I were as old as Aunt Cassandra. You see that even *Jemima*, who is of age and independent, has yet *contracted*, if I may say so, such a habit of obedience, that even in what she looks upon as the prime concern of life—namely her dress, she dares not even breathe dissent." Here Lady Frances relapsed into a fit of laughter.

"Well, Fanny," replied Miss Murray, "I am quite angry with you. Your sister's love of dress excites your contempt. And how have you the advantage? Are you indifferent to your own appearance?"

"Humph, I don't know."

"But I know, Fanny, why you undervalue the aid of dress, I will be candid with you as friend to friend, it is from the consciousness that you do not need it." Lady Fanny became suddenly grave and sat up. "Now, my dear," continued she, "I need not dwell on such a subject; to value ourselves on externals is extremely weak."

Lady Fanny did not speak, but her heart beat quicker. This was the first time that she had heard she was considered handsome—nay, her mother had sought to impress her with the opposite belief, but she heard it now in such reproving terms, from her grave mistress, that to doubt it was impossible.

At length she said "Isabella, you speak useful truths to me, and I wish I could act more than I do by your advice. I acknowledge I was wrong to ridicule *Jemima*. You are not angry with me," she added, approaching the looking-glass, for the double purpose of being reconciled to her friend, and of surveying that beauty which she had been *accused* of possessing.

CHAPTER II.

"Madam, and Mistress, a thousand good morrows."—SHAKESPEARE.

LADY AIRFIELD had been kept awake during half the night by the expectation of her nephew's arrival, and slept late next morning. Miss Cooper was, however, true to her appointment, and had waited an hour in expectation of her mother's entrance. She likewise had rested ill, and had moreover wept during the greater part of the night; and now with pale cheeks, and swollen eyes, she sat shivering in the dressing-room, which was without a fire, as Lady Airfield was a person of a hardy constitution.

Her melancholy solitude was broken in upon by Miss Cassandra, who, on beholding her forlorn appearance, first took off her own shawl to cover her, and then explained that she had come to speak to her sister concerning the coachman, who had but just then returned home; that one of the horses was lamed, and the carriage had met with an accident; that Lord Airfield had not appeared, and the coachman gave such a confused account of the affair, that she believed he was still intoxicated; that she had advised him to go to bed, but he had insisted upon seeing his lady, and delivering a message with which he said Mr. Gorman had charged him.

"I wish," continued Miss Cassandra, "that he would refrain from speaking to his mistress until he is more collected, as she might then, perhaps, be prevailed upon to forgive him."

"Mamma forgive!"

"Yes, Jemima, I have no doubt but the poor man will be exceedingly sorry for what he has been guilty of when he comes to himself."

"His sorrow will avail him but little if he has transgressed. Now, aunt, you are acquainted with mamma, for many years, and have you ever known her to extend forgiveness to an offender?"

"My dear, you wrong your excellent mother, she has always good reasons for her conduct. I am inclined now to hope she will overlook Owen's offence, as I especially warned her against sending him with Mr. Gorman, by whose neglect this accident has occurred."

"Apropos, how is Mrs. Gorman?"

"Oh, poor woman, she died last night in giving birth to a daughter."

"How shocking! Then lay the whole blame on Mr. Gorman. As he is in trouble, mamma will think the less of it."

"I shall give him no more blame than his share—for he is the person chiefly in fault."

Lady Airfield now entered, and, on being made acquainted with what had happened, answered that she would give audience to the coachman as soon as she was dressed. She then recurred to the order of day, and desired her daughter to read the sermon whilst she made her toilette.

As soon as Lady Airfield descended to her study, she called for Owen, who entered followed by the three young ladies, and Miss Cassandra as counsel for the prisoners. Her ladyship took her seat at her writing desk. Owen standing opposite at a respectful distance, and the ladies seated on either side.

Owen looked truly as if he had not recovered from his night's intoxication, his face was swelled, and seemed to show that he had been engaged in pugilistic exercises.

"Owen," said his lady with much composure, "I request an account of your last night's business? You had my orders to drive to the Pier for my Lord Airfield."

"My lady," said Owen, "may I never"—

"Don't swear, Owen," said his lady, raising her hand upon the desk in a deprecatory manner.

"Well, my lady, I driv to the Pier for my lord, but the sarrow bit of my lord was there."

"But did you not await his arrival?"

"I did, my lady, and Mr. Gorman too waited—he inside of the

carriage and I out. Well, my lady, when we had waited 'till we were tired, at last two min came out of a public house, and stript off their coats to fight, when Mr. Gorman puts his head out of the window, and says he, 'Owen, I must go and see what's the matter between the min;' so says I, 'Mr. Gorman don't spoil sport, but let the boys enjoy themselves, and they'll fight 'till they are black in the face;' but if I'd go down on my two binded knees to him he wouldn't be said nor led by Owen; but he would ax what they were going to fight about; so he got out of the coach, and over he goes to the two min, and what passed I'm sure I cannot tell; but the end of it was, that they set too and fought it out fairly; and it would do your heart good to see the iligant fair play, my lady—and how honourable they both behaved—and Mr. Gorman, bottle-holder, standing by—and he seemed quite gratified, and when they shook hands, and went away to take a drink, he walked in after them, and I saw no more of Mr. Gorman for a good half hour. Well, my lady, it began to sleet, and to get dark all of a sudden—and the wind was going to my heart—so I called a little chap just by, and I bid him step in and ax Mr. Gorman to send me a drink of beer; so he came back and tould me that Mr. Gorman was warming himself, and drinking mulled wine—and he sent me, good luck to him, the beer, sure enough."

"And did that intoxicate you?"

"Not entirely, my lady, but much would have more, as they say, so before long the horses got tired standing, and I don't know what kem over them, but they did not behave like themselves—and, in short, we meet with an accidence. I've erred, my lady, I've erred and gone astray."

"And Lord Airfield when did he arrive?"

"At long last, my lady, he came, sure enough, and by that time we had got things to rights, and we had put the horse, that had met with the accidence, to livery; and Mr. Gorman himself went into the coach and picked out the broken glass, and we were all iligant when his lordship arrived; and to be sure he was could and hungry, though he is a lord; and, says he, 'I wish I'd my dinner;' so Mr. Gorman stept up to him quite pillite, and made him sinsible that he was come in pudden-time for the Birth-day; and how you expected him to dance with the Fleiress to-morrow, that's to-day, my lady; and how gratified you were at his fixing on the birth-day in particular; but when my lord heard this he was quite confounded—though it was dark, my lady, I knew by his voice he was mad—and he swore that he had never heard of any birth-day, and he did know how to dance, and had jist come over to recreate himself a bit; so what does he do, my lady, but he orders a chaise, and before we could bless ourselves he sets off to Dublin, and, says he, putting his head out of the window, 'My compliments to your mistress, Mr. O'Gorman, and tell her ladyship I'll come back when the ball is over.'"

Here Lady Frances drew back, and concealed her face behind her mother's chair.

"So when my lord driv off, Mr. Gorman and I stood looking at one another in the dark, and at last, says he, 'may the curse of the crows'——"

"Don't swear, Owen."

"—light on me for telling him one word about it. Ooh, an' if I'd held my tongue he'd never have absconded away from me; and what's to be done, Owen?" But Owen couldn't tell; and while we were parleying about it, up driv Mr. Gorman's own jaunting car, and bruk it to him quite delicate, that the wife was as good as dead. So the poor gentleman bid me take care of myself home, and he gets into the car and bids the driver pelt on. So there I was left all alone, and"—

"Why did you not come home immediately?"

"I've erred, my lady, I've erred and gone astray; but if your ladyship will have the goodness to overlook what is past, I'll sarve you, my lady, by day and by night, without fee or reward."

"My good man, I regret to part with you, but I cannot suffer a bad example in my household."

"Plade for me, ladies, to my lady; I've sarved her seven years in honour and honesty—and I've a house full of children—there's my lady Fanny crying for me, the cratur."

Whatever was the nature of Lady Fanny's feelings at this scene, Miss Cassandra really wept for Owen, and alone ventured to plead his cause; but Lady Airfield was inflexible. She, however, promised to give him a good character, stating his single error as the cause of his dismissal.

The birth-day went off heavily. Miss Cooper exhibited the very image of mortification. She was pale and chilly from having spent a sleepless night; and from the grievous circumstance of wearing a dress inferior to the occasion and the disappointment respecting Lord Airfield she was completely out of humour. Lady Frances was in high spirits, and was dressed with more than usual care; for having understood that the aid of dress was not essential, she used it as a means of setting off what was already sufficiently agreeable. The success of her manoeuvre concerning her cousin, and the consequent mortification of her sister, furnished a subject of continued mirth, and she imparted to Miss Murray many lively observations on the subject, which were answered by such grave reproofs on the subject of the *misapplication of wit*, as led her ladyship to consider herself a prime favourite of nature.

Miss Cassandra had quitted the festive scene to walk to Mr. Gorman's, and to visit his afflicted family. She was admitted into the house, and saw the infant, a delicate girl, whom she pronounced not likely to live. Mr. Gorman was, of course, not to be spoken with. His mother said that when the fatal event had taken place, on the night preceding, he had become delirious, and called repeatedly for his pistols which she prudently put aside. After some time he became more composed, and complied with her request of writing to the undertaker.

About a week had elapsed since the unfortunate embassy of Mr. Gorman. And Lady Airfield, indignant at the insulting neglect of her nephew, determined to give him a cool reception whenever he should make his appearance. She had one evening gone to dine abroad, accompanied by her young ladies, leaving Miss Cassandra, by her own desire, at home, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room without lights, a short time before dinner, when the door opened, and a man considerably above the middle size entered the room. He threw himself

into a chair, and inquired for Lady Airfield, whom he said he had come to visit. He spoke with something of hesitation in his manner, and, from the tone of his voice, it occurred to Miss Cassandra that he was intoxicated. She waited a short time in hopes of learning who he was, but the gentleman appeared to consider the ceremony of an introduction, as quite unnecessary, and talked familiarly on general subjects, but still with a degree of blundering hesitation, little like sobriety.

He said he had walked fifteen miles, and asked for something to drink. Miss Cassandra took advantage of this circumstance to leave the apartment, and to inquire of the servants who was the stranger. She could gain no information, but that he had found the hall-door open, and had walked in. The butler proposed to supply his wants in person, bringing in a light to aid his observations. He returned, saying, that the stranger had the appearance of a military man, but that he was undoubtedly drunk; upon which, Miss Cassandra retired to her apartment.

He sat for some time very patiently, but at length inquired when dinner should be ready. One of the maid servants, of whom he made the inquiry, went to Miss Cassandra, and appealed to her humanity in favour of the stranger, whom she described as very handsome, and said she really believed that he was none other than Lord Airfield himself.

Miss Cassandra treated this idea as purely chimerical; but felt her curiosity so strongly excited, and her humanity so interested by the physical sufferings of the stranger, that she resolved on the courageous proceeding of descending to do the honours of the dinner table, protected by the presence of the butler. Considering that whoever the stranger might be, to take or mistake him for an earl could hardly give offence, she began by saying, that she presumed he was her sister's nephew, Lord Airfield; and on his acknowledging that he was the man, she entered into familiar conversation with him. He partook of the good things before him with such an appearance of appetite, that it appeared to his hostess he could not have drunk enough to intoxicate him, and she began to perceive that the blundering, stammering, rhodomontain manner in which he expressed himself was natural to him. He was extremely handsome: he touched the very point where delicacy consists with manly beauty; but his eyes had an unmeaning roll, and there was a strong expression of folly about his mouth, and Miss Cassandra judged that he looked to most advantage when asleep. Having concluded his report, he turned his chair round to the fire, and declared he had never enjoyed a meal more since the dinner he had eaten in General A.'s tent, the day after Waterloo. "I had fasted," said his lordship, "for more than eight-and-forty hours, and I had never been off my horse for that time—my horses I should say; for I had three killed under me, and another poor animal died of fatigue. How he escaped the fire I cannot say; for the shots flew like hail. I solemnly assure you, the coat I wore that day is perforated like a sieve. Upon my honour it is."

"And did your lordship receive many wounds?"

"Not a scratch. It is the most extraordinary thing that ever was known. Well, we settled Europe on that day. Now what odd

dispositions some people have. If you mention that day to General A., he looks as if he were going to cry."

"Did he suffer much in the engagement?"

"He was desperately wounded. I suppose that is what affects him; for lately, when I spoke of the appearance of the field as we both saw it on the day after, the confused heaps of men and horses dead and dying, and the spoilers stripping the slain, he turned as white as your cap, and he said, 'My lord, let us talk of something else, for this subject makes my very heart sick.' Now give me the man that will stare danger in the face when it is before him, and can look back upon it when it is past. Oh! I'm a steady fellow on these occasions. I must shew you my coat that got the shots. I give you my honour, it is a curiosity. You shall see it when my luggage arrives. I always carry it about with me. Well, having done what I could for my country abroad, I thought the next best thing was to serve her at home; so I did not set myself down in Paris as many an idle fellow has done; but I came home, and I took my seat in the house, and I considered well before I spoke. Oh! I knew how to hold my tongue, and how to speak, I hope, likewise: however, I am not going to praise myself. Do you read the debates?"

"My sister, who understands public business better than I do, has them read aloud to her; therefore I hear what is going on."

"Then, of course, you have read my speech on the corn laws."

Miss Cassandra said she had not.

"Why, what papers do you take, pray?"

"The———"

"Oh, that's the thing; that villanous scoundrel of an editor makes it a point to omit my speeches, or to garble them; but he is in pay, the dog. I know he is, and I know to whom; but I'll name no names. Oh, I'm discreet! Not but that I would trust you, upon my honour, if it were necessary. Now, I take you to be a very sensible woman."

Miss Cassandra smiled, and thanked his lordship for his good opinion.

"Give me your hand. Now you and I must be friends—I'm going to place confidence in you. I hear there are two pretty girls in this house; which of them would you advise me to take?"

Miss Cassandra hesitated, and at length said, "My lord, excuse me for saying that this savours of presumption. The young ladies are to be won, perhaps with some difficulty. They have merits of a different kind, and many claims to admiration. As to changing their condition, they have, I should conceive, no present thoughts of it. They apply to study and various elegant occupations, form society for their mamma, look after the poot, and whoever shall obtain the hand of either may esteem himself a happy man."

His lordship felt rather disappointed by this stately repulse; but he put the best face on the matter, and declared he had a high respect for all ladies young and old, and thought single ladies of a *certain age* very much to be liked indeed, and had known some very sensible men who had married women from thirty to forty, nay, fifty years of age, with whom they had led the life of turtle doves; and so saying, he established his feet upon the fender, and leaning back in his chair, sunk into a profound slumber, during which time Miss Cassandra was

much gratified by admiring his beauty, and thought "what a pity he ever should awake."

CHAPTER III.

"Now valour had relaxed his ardent look,
And like a lion tame, at lady's feet he lay."

Sir W. Scott.

The disappointment of Lady Airfield on conversing for a short time with her nephew was very great. She saw that he was a mere fanfaron or braggadocio, and his manner painfully convinced her that he was a "chip of the old block," nay, the block itself. She looked back to the trying though brief period of her second marriage, when she had groaned under the conviction, that to expect to govern a fool is a deplorable error, and she resolved that Lord Airfield should never ally himself with either of her daughters. No sooner was this resolution made known to Miss Cassandra, than she advised her sister to abridge as much as possible his lordship's visit, his propinquity to the young ladies being dangerous, and proposed that she should leave home in a few days and carry them along with her. But Lady Airfield saying she would lay her commands upon her daughters to discourage the attentions of his lordship, disregarded the prognostications of her sister. "At all events," said she, laughing, "he can jilt but *one* of the girls, Cassandra."

"There is no knowing what may happen," said Miss Cassandra.

"No knowing," repeated Lady Airfield, in an irritated tone; "surely, Cassandra, you do not mean to say that he may jilt *both*?"

"If he does," said Miss Cassandra, "it will not surprise me."

Lady Airfield was near making a severe reply; but she checked herself, and in a mild tone of voice requested her sister to summon the girls until she gave them her instructions. Enter the young ladies.

"Sit down my dear girls. I wish to speak a few words to you in confidence, respecting your cousin, Lord Airfield, who has now become my guest. I had long entertained the wish, that an alliance between his lordship and one of you might cement the friendship I feel for his family, in consequence of my own union with his regretted uncle."

The young ladies listened with great attention.

"It was with this object in view I gave his lordship an invitation to visit me. It is my desire that you both treat him with the respect due to my nephew and guest, but no more; because I have found in half an hour's conversation with him, that he is a man of no understanding, and as such, I judge him an unsuitable partner for either of you. You have therefore my commands to refuse him in the event of his making a proposal, which he possibly may."

Miss Cooper's colour changed, and she seemed ready to burst into tears. Her mother not appearing to notice this emotion, addressed herself to her other daughter, saying—

"Fanny, on this occasion I hope you will be guided by your accustomed good sense, and not caught by mere externals. Lord Airfield is very handsome; he is, moreover, an earl; and he is rich; but he is likewise a fool: therefore, beware of him, and avoid the fatal error of thinking that a man of inferior understanding may be led."

Lady Frances, who betrayed no emotion during this scene, promised acquiescence, and both young ladies withdrew; Miss Cooper, ashamed to own the bitter disappointment she had experienced, retired to her room; and Lady Frances went in search of her friend, Miss Murray. She detailed, with much humour, an account of the scene she had witnessed; but very frankly observed, that although the daughter of an earl, the smallness of her fortune rendered it improbable she should be able to marry in her own rank of life; that she had discovered at one glance that his lordship was a fool, but she trusted she had herself good sense enough for both, and she did not think it necessary to fall in love.

Miss Murray listened with deep attention, and then gave it as her opinion that Lady Airfield was certainly in the right, and that Lady Frances in the wrong, inasmuch as an intellectual husband was indispensable for the latter, and adduced instances of a tender heart thrown back upon itself, such as somewhat shook Lady Frances' opinions.

"Well," said she, "Isabella, you contradict me, and you tell me severe and unpleasant truths; and yet I love to consult you. How do you manage to tell truth so agreeably? Mamma tells me truth; but her severity repels me. Aunt Cassandra tells me truth; but I feel humbled by it. But when you tell me truth, no matter what you say, I always feel raised in my own opinion."

Isabella, not choosing to impart her secret of *pill gilding*, contented herself with expressing much solicitude for her dear cousin's welfare.

Mr. Gorman, as became a disconsolate widower, did not for sometime shew himself even amongst his friends. At length on hearing of his lordship's arrival, he paid him a visit which was very graciously received. Lady Airfield was well pleased to commit to him the care of entertaining her nephew, as it would in some measure detach him from the society of the young ladies.

Mr. Gorman, and Lord Airfield, were admirably suited to each other; the former listened to his lordship's stories with the most profound respect and interest, and bestowed unqualified admiration on the military coat which some one had undoubtedly fired at, but in such a manner, that it was difficult to conceive how the wearer had escaped unhurt. On the subject of politics, also, Mr. Gorman was found an intelligent auditor; and his society became so pleasing to Lord Airfield, that on hearing the pathetic story of his domestic bereavement, and of Miss Cooper's great kindness in proposing to become one of the sponsors for his child, his lordship, without the smallest hesitation, offered himself for another.

Lady Airfield was a good deal vexed at this occurrence, but there was no remedy, her nephew had said that his Parliamentary duties would require his attendance in London at the next session; and as she had given him repeated invitations to her house, she found it impossible to retract, and determined whatever might be the event, to treat him with the consideration due to her relative and guest. She was mortified on recurring to his letters, to find them abound with characteristic marks, and surprised at her own dullness in not having sooner made him out.

She deplored her mistake in strong terms to Isabella, the only person

likely to sympathize with her—"My sister," she said, "is not an eligible person to communicate with in difficulties arising from my own errors, as she faithfully reminds me of her own predictions which I have disregarded. She prognosticates so much of evil, that, in a world of sin and sorrow, she necessarily makes many safe guesses; but she also makes mistakes. She foretold, when my girls were in their childhood, that I should lose their confidence, by what she termed my severity, because I had endeavoured, at the expense of my own feelings, to keep them in their place. Now this, I am thankful to say, has not been the result; Jemima has less of natural good sense than her sister, but I have carefully guarded her from evil, and will, if possible, ensure her a steady partner for life."

"Will you allow me, ma'am," said Isabella, "to speak to you, with perfect candour, without your being displeased?"

"Certainly, Isabella, you are indeed the only young person whose understanding I respect. You have told me truths which a less conscientious person would have withheld, and yet you have never offended me. I have always been able to allow for the rectitude of your notions."

"Then, my dear aunt, I would advise you to lay a restraint on that great softness and facility of character, which, were it not counter-balanced by strong principle, would lead you into improper compliances. I saw the great pain you inflicted on yourself, lately, when compelled, by motives of duty, to dismiss Owen. I saw that you were ready to yield."

Lady Airfield had too much veracity to say "Yes," but believing that her compassionate disposition had furnished data for her niece's apprehension, she thanked her cordially for her reproof.

Their union, in a good work, appeared to form at once a bond of intimacy between Miss Cooper, and Lord Airfield. He related to her his "hair breadth 'scapes," shewed her his military coat, the whole marvellous account of which she believed with perfect simplicity; recited a part of his speech on the Corn Laws; drew her a plan of the engagements of Waterloo; and at length, in despite of the prohibitions of her mother, but in accordance with the prognostications of her aunt, "she loved" him "for the dangers" he "had passed"—and "he loved her that she did pity them."

Lady Frances, although she refused to believe that a tender motive influenced Lord Airfield in partaking of Miss Cooper's interest in the child, felt much annoyed on hearing it; and had she not, at first, refused to join her sister, in this good work, and consequently was now ashamed to come forward, would have offered herself likewise. His lordship satisfied with having achieved the feat of gaining Miss Cooper's affections, and fully believing that his aunt had brought him over for the express purpose of courting her daughter, and so far secure of her approbation, let the matter rest for the present, intending at his own convenience to lay it in due form before her.

Miss Cooper, on her part, solaced herself with the consideration, that, although her mother might fancy she saw something to disapprove of in his lordship, yet she would not, when the proposal was actually made, be influenced by them. At all events she was of age, and independent, and although she should never have the courage to contradict her mother personally, she yet had it in her power to take a decided

step. Meantime she engaged in preparations for the christening, notwithstanding the prognostications of Aunt Cassandra, who frequently recommended private and immediate baptism, in her full belief that the child had but few days to live.

Lady Frances, having exhausted her powers of ridicule on the subject, was now beginning to suspect that something serious was going on between Lord Airfield and her sister, and declared to Isabella that she felt called upon to warn her mamma. Isabella, who was confidante to Miss Cooper, did not think it wise to deny the affairs in direct terms, as, on its coming to light, she might be convicted of falsehood; neither could she, with any appearance of honour, confess it; and she wished for particular reasons that it should be put a stop to; so she merely showed some confusion, and entreated Lady Frances not to question her, intimating that she had been enlisted as confidante against her will. Lady Frances immediately carried this information to her mamma who was much startled by it. She would not have recourse to Miss Cassandra, who would, she knew, recapitulate her prognostications, but she sent for Isabella.

Isabella, prepared to expect this summons, appeared before her aunt with a countenance expressive of deep concern, and, on being questioned, confessed that Jemima had told her Lord Airfield was her lover, but that, as his lordship intended to make his proposal immediately, she did not feel called upon to reveal the secret committed to her, as her aunt would so soon have it in her power to give her negative.

This was the first time Lady Airfield had seen any thing, in the conduct of Isabella, not properly to be approved of; however, she did not express her opinion, but immediately summoned her daughter whom she charged with disobedience and breach of faith.

In answer to her mother's reproaches Miss Cooper could answer only that she was in love, and summoned courage to remind her mother that she had placed her in a trying situation.

Lady Airfield, much irritated at receiving this first contradiction from her daughter, had begun to reply in severe terms, when Miss Cassandra walked in and announced that Miss Gorman had, according to her predictions, died unbaptized on the preceding night; her ladyship, annoyed at her sister's inopportune appearance, lost her temper altogether, so that it was impossible to conceal the subject of debate. Miss Cassandra shook her head, and said she hoped her niece's engagement might "*issue well*." This was a sentence which had always the effect of provoking Lady Airfield, and under circumstances of aggravated vexation, she uttered the most severe denunciations against her daughter in the event of her disobedience. Miss Cooper was seized with strong hysterics, and carried to her room nearly insensible.

Lady Airfield considering, in her cooler moments, that she had tempted her daughter beyond her strength, and remembering, with much pain, that to have followed the advice of Cassandra would have averted this misfortune, now turned to her with feelings of humiliation, and, professing much respect for her judgment, begged to know if she could devise any honourable means of withdrawing herself from this dilemma—so much the greater as her daughter was independent.

Miss Cassandra, far from being elated by this tribute to her wisdom, sympathised in her sister's distress, and gave it, as her opinion, that to postpone the union to a distant period, and allow the lovers the unlimited enjoyment of each other's society, would, as they were neither of them possessed of strong sense, or strong feeling, prove, under Providence, the means of their disunion. Lady Airfield could think of nothing better, and, as she felt her faith in Cassandra's predictions strengthened by recent circumstances, she resolved to follow her advice.

Accordingly nothing was said to Lord Airfield respecting what had passed between Miss Cooper and her mother, but the former was told by Miss Cassandra, who acted as mediatrix—that Lady Airfield would not oppose any alliance which she might consider essential to her happiness, and, therefore, when in a short time after Lord Airfield made his proposal, it was accepted; Lady Airfield stipulating merely for a delay of six months, in order to prepare her for the separation from her child. This was conceded, and the lovers professed to consider themselves at the very pinnacle of human happiness.

Thus permitted to give free scope to their tender passion they did not neglect their privilege, and avowing that they desired no society but that of each other, they were indulged in a *tete à tete*, as far as decorum allowed; nay, Lady Airfield and Miss Cassandra put themselves to positive inconvenience to oblige them. The season too was favourable, the little birds were selecting their mates, and beginning to sing their loves; and the lambs were sporting in the meadows, and the flowers were throwing out their early perfume. There was a sloping bank, nearly opposite to the house, where the lovers could at once enjoy the pleasures of solitude, and the dignity of exciting observation; and Jemima, holding a lamb by a green ribbon, reclined upon the grass, and there her noble lover, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," lay at her feet, and when he had told his tale of love he read poetry, played upon the flute, or listened to the guitar. It does not appear that any thing less than the mighty power of love could have reconciled Lord Airfield to this mode of life, for he was a renowned pedestrian, and given to field sports; and his reading did not lie in the ærial region of poetry. His favourite study was the art of governing mankind; he had even written a treatise on the subject, which, owing to the malevolence of his political enemies, had not sold; it, however, occupied a high place in his own esteem, and he proposed, on the first wet day, to read it to his Jemima, for she had declared that nothing but poetry was congenial to her feelings in the open air; and during the first fortnight, of this happy period, they lived literally in the open air, and professed to suffer so much from the necessary calls to table, that Lady Airfield obligingly proposed letting them take their meals *al fresco*. This was exquisite; and, but for the accident of his lordship finding a caterpillar in his soup, it is difficult to say how long this pastoral way of life had lasted. He then proposed, with deference to his Jemima, to dine under a roof.

At the end of a month, the noble lover proposed another change, he wished to ride or drive; Jemima did not disapprove of this, for she was beginning to find a little sameness in the pastoral life, and she recollected that the ancient shepherdesses had various occupations. She was now captivated with the idea of learning to drive. His lordship

had an elegant phaeton, and he proposed to make his fair one a complete charioteer.

This exercise was a great help to the lovers—to converse agreeably every day, and all day long, is, perhaps, what no human being ever attained to. Here was a succedaneum. This amusement bore more upon the body than the mind, and it was adopted and pursued with ardour.

In a few weeks *Jemima* drove extremely well, and had explored the country within a circuit of ten miles, and then there was no more to be done. The country was not picturesque, it consisted chiefly of a boggy ground, crossed at right angles by level roads, a good place for learning to drive, but not very interesting to frequent every day.

A change now occurred, which, after having been so much in the open air, promised to be agreeable. The month of July set in with heavy rains. The drawing-room was, by Lady Airfield's desire, set apart for the lovers, a fire lighted, and directions given not to offer them any interruption.

His lordship considered this a favourable opportunity for reading his pamphlet, but *Jemima*, whose complacency was a little on the wane, said she detested politics, and proposed a game at shuttle-cock.

Lord Airfield felt disappointed by this rejection of his great work; however, he was expert at the game in question, and did not wish to express dissent, and for three days the shuttle-cock kept ennui at bay.

On the fourth day they had played a considerable time, until *Jemima* sat down fatigued, and soon after began to try some tunes upon the piano fort , and his lordship, placing his feet upon the fender, and reclining his head upon the back of his chair, fell asleep. Just then the door opened and Mr. Gorman put his head into the room.

"May I venture to intrude," said he; "here is the chess-board his lordship expressed a wish for, but I beg pardon, you were asleep."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said his lordship, yawning violently, "I was only dull."

"Dull in such company! but here, my lord, Miss Cooper is a perfect *Philodora*—she will initiate you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Gorman," said *Jemima* in a tone of vexation, "my dullness would infect his lordship."

"Well, Gorman," said Lord Airfield, "stay here and play with me yourself, and I will lend you my pamphlet when I have done. I brought it down for the purpose of"—Here a simile, of casting precious things before those unable to appreciate them, occurred to his lordship, but he suppressed the sentiment, and set himself to the chess-board.

By degrees *Jemima* drew nigh to observe, and at length felt so much interested as to forget her ill humour, and when the game was ended offered herself for an antagonist to his lordship. He accepted her with pleasure; peace was restored, and they continued playing until dinner was announced. Lord Airfield handed *Jemima*, and taking Mr. Gorman by the shoulder pushed him into the dinner-room. Lady Airfield had not expected this addition to the party; she had avoided inviting any one who might enliven the monotony of the courtship, and did not by any means desire Mr. Gorman's company. She, however,

received him politely, but was a good deal vexed at his own explanation of his visit.

"It was most fortunate," said he, "that I stepped in with the chess-board. Miss Cooper was in want of amusement, and his lordship was asleep, but I roused them both, and I trust they will acknowledge they spent a pleasant day."

"Gorman," said his lordship, "come to us whilst the rain lasts, and we will keep up a merry party."

Lady Airfield could scarcely keep her temper, but Miss Cassandra only smiled.

On the following day Mr. Gorman came, according to appointment, and played chess, and ate luncheon, and afterwards, perceiving his friends in want of amusement, proposed a game of small plays, if they could enlist more company. Jemima went immediately for her sister and Isabella who joined their party, and they played merrily for two hours.

Lord Airfield and Miss Cooper, now by common consent, daily summoned coadjutors in the art of killing time, and Mr. Gorman, Arbiter Elegantiarum, was fertile in expedients.

Lady Airfield could no longer restrain the expression of her disappointment.—"But for the officiousness of Mr. Gorman, I do believe, Cassandra," said she, "that your plan would have succeeded, but now I am reduced to utter despair."

"Courage, my dear sister," said Miss Cassandra, "I am nearly sure of success. Lord Airfield came to me to day and told me he was very happy."

Lady Airfield looked provoked, but she made an effort to keep silence.

"Now," continued Miss. Cassandra, "this is the worst sign imaginable; I mean for the happiness of the person who boasts of it. Have you not observed that people sometimes praise an object immediately before making an utter breach with it?"

"Indeed," replied Lady Airfield, her countenance brightening, "I must say that I have, but I placed it to the accompt of duplicity."

"You were mistaken; 'Emotion,' as some one wisely says, 'rests on its own consciousness;' therefore, so long as we are happy, we do not think it necessary to say so; but in beginning to feel dissatisfaction, with what we ought to like, we seek for reasons to reconcile us to it. This state I look upon as the very turning point of disgust."

It was well for Miss Cassandra that she had not flourished three hundred years earlier, or she would have been undoubtedly burnt for a witch; for it appeared, shortly after, that the lovers had—not quarrelled, but, separated; they were literally tired of each other.

CHAPTER IV.

"What think'st thou of the gentle Porteus?"—SHAKESPEARE.

No sooner had Lady Frances joined the morning party, than Lord Airfield, merely to dissipate ennui, had entered into conversation with her, and found he had discovered a mine of wealth. She had a genuine military ardour, and was also a politician. She had been in

the habit of reading the Debates to her mother, and knew the existing state of things in public life. She had heard his Lordship was an author, and modestly asked for a sight of his pamphlet. Oh! what a mistake had he not made!—here was a companion for a statesman, and a soldier, instead of an automaton, whom it required constant exertion to amuse. It is true that the superiority of beauty and of fortune belonged to Miss Cooper, but Lady Frances had many advantages to counterbalance, independently of the treasures of the mind.

Such were the reflections of his Lordship as he contemplated the sisters, and revolved the possibility of making a transfer of his allegiance. The more he considered the subject, the more difficulty he saw; but his distaste for *Jemima* increased so rapidly, that he felt it necessary to come to some determination, and accordingly he opened his mind to Mr. Gorman.

Mr. Gorman appeared to feel some other emotions besides those of surprise on receiving his Lordship's confidence, and, after some deliberation, replied, that he did not consider the thing by any means impracticable, as the honour of his Lordship's alliance was, he knew, Lady Airfield's great object; and that as Lady Frances might be more difficult to establish eligibly than her sister, he should not wonder if consent might be obtained for the transfer; but that if Miss Cooper still continued to profess herself attached to his Lordship, the difficulty would be increased. He therefore recommended caution, and offered his own services to examine into the state of that lady's mind.

Pursuant to this advice, Lord Airfield deferred explaining himself, and left *Jemima* as much as possible to the society of Mr. Gorman, whilst he occupied himself with Lady Frances and *Isabella*, but without paying any marked attention to either.

Seeing all parties continue to preserve their good humour, Miss Cassandra became anxious concerning the result of the courtship, and inquired of Lady Airfield how she thought it was going on. Her Ladyship declared she was afraid that by the help of Mr. Gorman the lovers would get through their probation with success, and wished that something short of much evil to that busy gentleman might withdraw him from the house, to which she knew not how to forbid his entrance.

It was but a few days after being made aware of his Lordship's difficulties, that Mr. Gorman informed him he judged Miss Cooper to be now in a disposition favourable to his wishes. Lord Airfield requested a personal conference with the young lady, and, after a suitable commencement, in his accustomed style of perspicuity, said he was sorry to perceive that an union with him was not likely to ensure her happiness. Miss Cooper appeared indignant, and throwing the whole odium of the breach upon his Lordship, gave him an immediate release.

He was rather disconcerted at this appearance of anger, but the release was a solid good, and he received it with pleasure.

The next step would, to a man of good sense or feeling, have appeared a little awkward, and that was to propose for Lady Frances; but that prime ingredient in a statesman—namely, boldness—carried him through.

And Lady Airfield did truly venerate the wisdom of Cassandra, which had thus delivered her from all difficulty. She received his Lordship's resignation of her eldest daughter with dignity, and his proposal for her youngest with decision, pronouncing the latter to be an indecorum she would never sanction, and that Lady Frances was her ward for three years longer—saying, moreover, that she had some reliance on her daughter Fanny's sense of duty and sense of shame. But these words she spoke against her conscience, for in truth she had neither.

Lady Frances stated, in her own defence, that she had conceived a passion for Lord Airfield at first sight, which, however, from feelings of sisterly affection, she had concealed, until she saw that an utter breach had taken place between the lovers. Her mother knew Lady Frances too well to believe that she could love a fool. She was shocked at her duplicity, and ordered her to quit her presence.

Lady Airfield now pointed out to his Lordship, very politely, the expediency of his departure, expressing a hope that, when her daughters were eligibly established, they should have the pleasure of renewing their friendship on other terms. Upon hearing this, he exhibited the very image of despair, and declared that she had the happiness of his life at her disposal; but Lady Airfield, nothing moved, merely said she regretted the necessity of acting thus, and prayed his Lordship to exert his good sense; but he refused to be comforted, and at length, ordering his carriage to be ready at an early hour the next morning, he retired.

Lady Airfield was awakened the next morning somewhat before the usual time, by Miss Cassandra, who opened her curtains with a portentous aspect, saying that his Lordship had been taken ill in the course of the night, and professed himself to be in a high fever in consequence of his mental agony: that she had paid him a visit, and did not consider him to be very ill, but had, however, sent for medical advice, and that the true state of the case would soon appear.

His Lordship's medical attendant pronounced him to be so seriously ill, that a removal might be productive of fatal consequences; so that Lady Airfield's only alternative to keeping her daughters within reach of his influence, was to set out immediately for town, leaving the noble patient to the care of Miss Cassandra and to Isabella, who volunteered to share the danger and fatigue of nurse-tending him. But although he declared himself to be so extremely ill, so far was he from desiring the silence and repose which was considered necessary, that he was never satisfied unless one or both of the ladies were at his bedside, to whom he incessantly poured forth the complaints of his broken heart, and wished that he had lost his life upon the field of battle, rather than die by the lingering tortures of a hopeless passion.

Miss Cassandra, who had ever the truest pity for real suffering, became at length disgusted with these effusions of folly, and seeing that his Lordship was likely to be reserved for another field, she returned to her daily occupations, advising Isabella to do the same.

But Isabella, like a ministering angel, smoothed his pillow and poured balm into his wounded heart, and, meanwhile, gently chid him for the indulgence of *strong feelings*, and told him he was born for *higher destinies*, and sought to rouse the energies of his mighty mind,

and spared not reproof for the *neglect of privileges* and the abuse of *Nature's gifts*, sacrificed at the shrine of one tyrannical passion. Lord Airfield listened with great attention; he had always stood pretty high in his own esteem, but he had never dreamt he was the tythe of such a glorious fellow as his admonitress described him. His complaints ceased, and he fell into deep musing. The result of this deliberation was, that he felt himself surprisingly better, and said he would remain in bed no longer. He spent three days as an invalid in the society of his sweet reprover, and at length declared that her *plain, candid, uncompromising* advice shewed she would make an invaluable partner for life.

This was good news for Miss Cassandra, who despatched it to her sister, and invited her to return and matronize the wedding, which, through regard for Isabella's family, it would be desirable to celebrate at Lady Airfield's house, and which it would be unwise to defer.

Lady Airfield, truly rejoiced at this turn of affairs, came home, having laid her commands upon her daughters, in order to save appearances and shield themselves from all suspicion of disappointment, to appear as bridesmaids on the occasion.

The young ladies promised obedience, and expressed their pleasure at having escaped the distinction of bride.

The necessary preparations were made with all possible dispatch, in the apprehension that Lord Airfield might possibly change his mind.

Upon the wedding-day, when the party was preparing to set out for the Church, Miss Cooper's maid brought a message to Lady Airfield, saying that her young lady was suffering under a violent headache, and begged that the ceremony might not be deferred on her account. Her Ladyship was equally desirous that no delay should be made, and the procession accordingly set out.

The ceremony being performed, the party returned in a short time, and Lady Airfield immediately inquired for her eldest daughter, but she was presented with a letter, which Miss Cooper, who had left the house, had desired to be put into her hands, the contents of which were as follows :—

MY DEAR MAMMA,

When I promised you, a fortnight since, to appear as bridesmaid at my cousin's wedding, I had not anticipated an event which has, since that time, rendered my appearance in such a capacity, unsuitable. As you, my ever dear mamma, have assured me that an union with a person of *plain good sense*, in even the *humblest rank* of life, would be less offensive to you than with a nobleman of weak understanding, I trust you will not be dissatisfied at my having accepted of a husband who, by your own declaration, unites great quickness of abilities with a respectable position.

I shall await your answer with impatience, and trust you will not, by a cloud of dissatisfaction, overshadow the felicity of,

My dearest Mother,

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

JEMIMA GORMAN.

Lady Airfield read and re-read this letter in stupified astonishment, and then, without speaking, put it into the hands of her sister, who likewise perused it in silence.

"Well," said Lady Airfield at length, "what do you think of that proceeding?"

"I hope," said Miss Cassandra, "it may issue well!"

A Legend of the Mac Coghlan.

The winds of November had rifled the woods—
 The fords of old Croghan were swelled with the floods;
 And the flash of their luminous foam seemed to light
 The march of the waters, one desolate night,
 When dashed the Mac Coghlan his steed at the tide,
 With the lash to his flank and the spur to his side.
 But, gallant Mac Coghlan, if e'er thou hast known
 A love for the life of thy steed—or thine own—
 Oh! return; for thy stoutest retainer, aback
 As haughty a steed, will not follow thy track;
 Or, if thou wilt dare the mad enterprize, throw
 That cumbersome freight from thy broad saddle-bow:
 No—no! by the mass!—the Mac Coghlan has sworn,
 From bank unto bank shall that burden be borne;
 And borne it is, with a smothered "Hurrah!—
 The road will be lighter the rest of the way!"
 He tossed off the burden, to banquet the eel;
 And the heart of his horse took new fire from his heel.

But what of the shiv'ring retainer condemned
 To watch by the waters Mac Coghlan had stemmed?
 In grey* Garrycastle no stone rests above
 Another more firm than his Lord on his love;
 And there though the harper be kindling the brow
 Of gentle and vassal with minstrelsy now;
 Though the abbot of Meelick shed tears with the tale
 Of butchery wrought by the Lords of the Pale;
 Though swords be examined, that hacked the red brands
 Of Cromwell's freebooters for Lorragh's broad lands;
 Though wassail and welcome, and chariot and hoof,
 Be shaking the wall from foundation to roof,
 He would not accept, in his fulness of pride,
 The light of the hall for the gloom of the tide;
 He quailed for his Chieftain, no doubt—but he knew
 The merriest spirits there quailed for him too.

* An extensive ruin within five miles of the town of Birr and one of Banagher, formerly the seat of the Mac Coghlan; the other localities mentioned in the text are within a few miles compass of it.

Who sweeps through the midnight, a-head of the blast,
 With shouts of wild vengeance pursuing as fast?
 Mac Coghlan's white steed it is easy to know,—
 And a burden again at his broad saddle-bow !
 A desperate pace, and more desperate will—
 A bracing of nerve, and condensing of skill—
 A plunge in the current—a roar of the storm—
 A whisper of faith, and a pressure of form—
 A strife with the river—a bound to the land—
 A noble black steed, and a vassal's quick hand—
 A vault to the saddle—a wild, broken wail—
 A mantle and kerchief flung off on the gale—
 A glance at the forest—a moment's delay
 To wrap up his freight, and—Mac Coghlan's away !

Wail, wail for the fairest of Lusmagh's fair daughters
 She died in her sins, and she sleeps in the waters !
 Still louder the wail ; for the night when she died
 Her father had destined to bless her—a bride !
 The guests had been gathered, the banquet was spread,
 The Missal was open—the rite was unread ;
 Long hours had her maidens been braiding her hair
 And shifting her gems, she would fain be so fair ;
 Till came to her casement a low, hollow tramp,
 And a rush of the tempest extinguished her lamp ;
 Then rang from her chamber a shriek to the hall,
 And read was the riddle that puzzled them all :—
 “ To horse for the fords ! ” and away, like a swarm
 Of Spirits of darkness, they pushed through the storm ;
 But though, in the lull of the winds, they could trace
 The tramp of the charger that led them the chase,
 They rushed, and they rolled, and they toiled thro' the river,
 To learn the fair Norah escaped them for ever.
 To the boot of the bridegroom her neckerchief clave,
 Her mantle bore down her fierce sire in the wave ;
 And a steed they well knew for his beauty and blood—
 The fleetest a-field and the strongest a-flood—
 Bereft of his rider, lay gored on the bank,
 With the foam of the river still fresh on his flank.

Fatigued with the tempest, the Sun seemed to lie
 Belated next morrow a-bed in the sky ;
 But when he threw open his curtains at last,
 A light, oaten sheaf on mid-current was cast ;
 And many a bosom, with breathing suppressed,
 Half wished and half feared to behold it at rest.
 But onward it went, from the flat to the sweep—
 The reach to the rapid—the ford to the deep ;
 Now nearing the brink, and now bursting away—
 Now rounding the rock to escape from the spray ;
 Now staid by the willow—now stopped by the sedge—
 Now caught by the root of old ash at the edge ;

Still onward, and onward, and onward it bent,
 And took up the foam and the leaves as it went;
 Now whirled in the eddy, now paused, and anon
 The impulse was changed, and again it dashed on;
 Now careless, now cautious in peering about,
 Exploring the nooks and selecting the route;
 Till, doubling the bank, from the current it stole
 In circles to rest, o'er a dark, sullen hole;
 And, heedless alike of the forward and past,
 Resigned its full length to composure at last;
 The motionless water there gathered the spray
 And drift-leaves—like some old church-yard, by the way—
 There turned the tired float-wood away from the tide,
 To rot with the rushes and reeds at the side;
 And there—if be truth in the sheaf—will be found
 The warm, muddy bottom—the bed of the drowned!
 The divers were chosen; they plunged in the deep,
 And hauled from its bosom—a sack and a sheep!
 The truth in one instant sprung up to full growth,—
 The name of Mac Coghlan was stamped upon both!

“Outwitted, by Heaven!”—in high and low strain
 They cursed the Mac Coghlan—but cursed him in vain.
 In gray Garrycastle loud merriment then
 Was bursting the hearts of fair dames and brave men;
 The Chieftain was there, 'mid the cheers of his clan,
 And Norah beside him—fit match for such man!
 The Abbot of Meelick—(sure what brought him there
 But the bridal expected)—made one of the pair.
 And who shall divide them, since God from above
 Had looked on their spirits and wed them in love?

J. DE JEAN.

Mother and Child.

LUDWIG UHLAND.

“Look up to Heaven, my child!”—so spake a mother;
 “There dwells in everlasting bliss thy brother.
 The angels took him to their bright domain
 Because he never caused me any pain.”

“Then, mother dear! that they may not take *me* too,”
 The sobbing boy made answer—“and that we two
 May live together till I grow a man,
 I'll henceforth cause thee all the pain I can!”

SURVEY OF THE OLDEST EXPEDITIONS FROM THE NORTH TO IRELAND.

Translated from the Danish of N. M. Petersen.

BY FRANK WOODLEY, ESQ.

In the dark antiquity of nations, in which it is often impossible to discover the historical truth of fables and traditions (*Sagn*), and even in the commencement of the really historical period, when most of the sources do not supply contemporaneous testimony, the comparison of the accounts of different races supplies a clue without which the historian can do next to nothing. As it is now known that the inhabitants of the North, long before Christianity was introduced there, made several important viking-voyages to the Western lands, and, after the introduction of Christianity, continued to maintain the connections once established, a Survey of these various expeditions to the Western countries may not be altogether useless towards producing a more circumstantial and attentive examination of their history. This subject has been already successfully considered with regard to England and Scotland. The present essay is, therefore, confined to Ireland.

Old Irish traditions point to the North as the quarter to which Ireland is indebted for a portion of her population; but these traditions are obscure and uncertain—nor, indeed, could they well be otherwise. In times the most ancient, this island was inhabited by a savage race whose origin is unknown, and whose kindred stock is by some still sought for in America.¹ To these were gradually added some Gaulish colonists, and the country became distinguished by its early civilization.² But it is said, that even long before the Romans conquered

¹ See Rask's *Samlede Afhandlingar*, I. Deel. S. 165—167.*

² See Thorkelin's Proof, that on the arrival of the Ostmen, the Irish had attained a distinguished rank among the enlightened nations of Europe, published in the *Videnskabs Selskabs Skrifter*. Ny Samling, IV. Deel. I regret, that from the

* "The tradition which relates the colonization of Ireland, is of a very remote period. It is mixed up with much that is clearly mythic; but still it preserves the main fact, that the earliest colonist tribes belonged to the great Celtic family which occupied the greater part of the west and south of Europe. These were Partholani from the continent; Nemethi from the banks of the Rhine under the name of Nemedians; Belgæ from Northern Gaul under that of Fir Boig (Viri Belgici) Fomorai or Fomorians, an African race, conjectured, with great probability, to be Phenician or Carthaginian traders; Cathains or Scoto-Phenicians under the name of Scuit or Clanna Miledh (Scots or the warrior-race), a mixed people who migrated from the eastern shores of Asia to Spain and thence to Ireland some centuries before the introduction of Christianity into the latter country. It is probable, that to the two first named primitive tribes we are indebted for the stone implements, hammers, hatchets, arrow-heads, &c., still found, as also those singular cooking-places called *Follochs*, which so strikingly resemble those of some of the natives of Oceania, and which so much abound beside our streams and springs. The precise date of the arrival of the Scots, the final and long-dominant colony, cannot, of course, be fixed with certainty; but it certainly preceded that dawn of Irish history indicated by the accurate and trustworthy annalist Tigernach, in the oft-quoted passage."—Note communicated by John Windele, Esq., of Cork.

Britain, there came another colony called *Tuatha de Danaans* from the northern part of Germany, and settled in the north of Ireland. These *Danannæ* are said to have spoken a Teutonic tongue.³ We will not, however, insist that in the name of this people lies that of *Danes*, or that they came from the south-western parts of Denmark, which in old times might be easily reckoned a portion of Germany; for nothing is more uncertain than what is grounded upon a mere similarity of this kind, which very often is altogether fortuitous. Nor would we take it upon us either to decide whether the Irish word *Thuat* has the signification of *people* and *land*,⁴ in which case it would be the same word as the old Norse *thjóð*, which not only means generally *land, people, (gens, natio, populus)*, but also appears as a proper name for various districts and races, as *Thóði, Franconia, Thóð, Thy, Svithjóð the land and people of Sweden*. The tradition is merely remarkable, because it points to the North. If there existed an ancient consanguinity between the inhabitants of North Jutland and those of the British Isles, and if a Kymric race dwelt in both countries, the tradition of a migration from Denmark to Britain, and from that again to Ireland, could not be entirely destitute of meaning.⁵

The historical period immediately following presents us with far clearer proofs of intercourse between Ireland and the North. Even in the remotest North, in Iceland, we meet persons with Irish names, and in Ireland we find places whose names are composed of Northern elements. Examples of the first are the not uncommon Icelandic

poverty of the Dublin libraries in works on Northern Antiquities and Philology, subjects which seem to be most unaccountably neglected though so important for our history, I have not been able to verify any of the references to the Northern sources quoted in this essay. Even the Library of Trinity College does not contain the works of men of such reputation as Rask, W. v. Humbolt, Arndt, Bopp, Pott, &c., and the student in vain seeks their names in the catalogue of a Library which should be considered a National one. Were the writings of these authors better known, we should no longer hear of such absurd fancies as that which would make the Basques a Celtic race. Of the Northern sources for the history of Ireland, lately published in Sweden and Denmark, the Library of Trinity College possesses the *Fornmanna Sögur* alone. While to the student even this collection is useless, as it does not contain an Icelandic Dictionary to enable him to translate it. (Tr.)

³ O'Flaherty *Ogygia*, page 12 & passim. "*Firbolí dicuntur britanni et Danannæ germanicè locuti*," ib. p. 10.—O'Halloran's *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. I. p. 11, 12. Arndt über die Ursprung und Verwandtschaft der europäischen Sprachen. S. 235, 236.*

⁴ O'Flaherty explains *Tuath-Dee* by *populus ad Deam fluvium insidens* (*Ogygia*, p. 12). The *Thuata, Landman*, cited by Arndt, as well as *Thuatach, Lord*, seems also to point to the same meaning. (From *Theod, Thiut, Teut*, people, possibly come Teutons, Teutsche, Deutsche, (Germans) Tr.).

⁵ See also Schöning's *Norges Historie*. I. Deel. 8. 513.

* "The Irish traditions and writers represent them as a Celtic race migrating from Ireland to Greece, and thence wandering over Europe, until passing through Denmark, they re-settled in Ireland. Their whole history is in all probability a mere myth. Vallancey tries to identify them with the oriental Dedanites. The Danish name as such was never known in Ireland. Lochlan was the general name of the Irish for the Scandinavian cradle, whence issued the fierce hordes known in Ireland as *Dubh Loch-lannace* and *Fionn Loch-lannaice*, that is, Black-haired sea-dwellers (Danes), and Fair-haired sea-dwellers (Norwegians)." —Communication from John Windle, Esq.

names, Niel (*Njall*) Kiallak [Kelly?] (*Kjallakr*), Kiaran (*Kjaran*), which are precisely the Irish names Niall, Kellach or Keallach, Kieran. Names of Irish districts are of a mixed origin. To the Irish names Laighean, Munhain, Ulladh, the Northmen added their *Staðr* (*place, locus*), since become *ster*, and thus was produced Leinster, Munster, Ulster.⁶ Such an interchange of names could not have happened without frequent intercourse; but we find many other proofs that the Irish went up to the North, and likewise that the Northmen went over to Ireland, that both people communicated their discoveries to each other, and, moreover, that the Northmen here as in Scotland and England, did not confine themselves to plundering the coasts, but settled themselves in the country and founded towns.

Before Iceland was yet inhabited (A.D. 874), Northmen sailed to Ireland to plunder. Leif, one of the new colonists of Iceland, undertook one of these expeditions before settling himself in that island. He herried and plundered far and wide in Ireland, and received the name of Herliof, from a sword which he got there. From the same expedition he brought with him ten Irish slaves, among whom was one called Dufthak. These slaves afterwards killed their master, Leif, in Iceland, from whence they then fled over to the group of islands, which after these Irish, or Westmen, (*Vestmenn*) as they were called in the North, received the name of the Westmen's Isles (*Vestmannaeyjar*).⁷ There is another part of Iceland with an Irish name, which also owes its origin to the same occurrence. During Lief's voyage to Iceland, they ran short of water on board-ship, when it occurred to the Irish slaves to knead flour and butter together, which, they said, relieved the thirst. This mixture they named *Mynnthak*;† but when it rained, they cast it overboard, and the place where it came to land received the name of Mindak's Strand (*Mynnthakseyri*).

As the Northmen were now in possession of the Southern Isles,* it becomes the more probable that they might also have come into close contact with Ireland. A grandson of the Norwegian Björn Buna, whose son, Ketil Flatnæs, settled in the Southern Isles was, according to the Icelanders, fostered with one Bishop Patreck in the Southern Isles; but according to Torfæus, this Bishop was rather an Abbot in Ireland,⁸ where one of the same name was then living. His foster-son, named Oerlyg, also built in Iceland a church, and dedicated it to the holy Kolumbil⁹ or Kolumbus, which saint is the well-known Irish monk, Kolumba (A.D. 597).¹⁰ Another Northman, Helge the Lean, was fostered in Ireland.¹¹ Besides, several Irishmen are named amongst the first colonists of Iceland, as Avang, the brothers Thormod and Ketil Bufo, Karman, Vilbold, Askel Hnokkan, Steenröd Melpatrek-

* Chalmer's Caledonia. Vol. I. p. 28, 29. † Landnámabok. P. 1. Kap. 6. 7.

* Sudreyeja, the Southern Isles, were the islands south of the Feroe, Orkney and Shetland Isles; that is the Hebrides, including the Cambray Isles and the Isle of Man. Their ancient Norse name is still preserved in that of the bishopric of Sodor and Man. In 1266, King Magnus, the Law Improver, sold these islands to the crown of Scotland for 4000 marks sterling, and 100 marks yearly, as feu duty. (Tr.)

⁸ Histor. Norveg. P. 2. S. 120.

⁹ Landnám. P. I. Kap. 12.

¹⁰ Finni Johannai Hist. Eccles. Isl. T. 1. p. 36. Note.

¹¹ Landnám. P. III. Kap. 12.

† Of this word the first syllable is the Eres m)η meal. (Tr.)

son the descendant of the Erse King Kiarval (probably the Cearfaola of the Irish), and many others.¹³

King Harold Haarfager's conquests in Norway, was the next inducement to the Northmen to pass over to Ireland. His subjugation of Norway was the cause of emigration to the Feroe Isles, the Orkneys, and from thence to *Dyflineskire* (Dublinshire) in Ireland. Frode and Thorgils, two of this king's sons, met their death in Dublin, and are said to have been the first Northmen that founded kingdoms there.¹³ Before and after this time, frequent communications are related to have taken place between the Norse and the Irish. The above-named Erse King Kiarval is said to have been king of Dublin at the same time as Sigurd the Mighty, a brother of the Norseman, Rognvald Jarl of Møre, was Jarl over the Orkneys: this was the time of the discovery of Iceland. A daughter of Kiarval, of the name of Edna, was married to Lödver, Jarl of the Orkneys, while two others of his daughters, Rafarté and Fridgerd,¹⁴ were married to famous Norse Vikings.* The Northman Oenund Træfod had a meeting with the same king Kjarval in the Southern Isles after the great battle of Hafur's Firth in Norway,† and visited Evind Oestmand in Ireland, the husband of the Rafarté just named.¹⁵ A daughter of Ketil Flatnæs, of the name of Audé or Unn, was married to Olaf the White, a pirate king from Norway, who, in one of his cruises, had made himself master of Dublin. Their son, Thorsteen the Red, in company with Sigard Jarl surnamed the Mighty, conquered a great part of Scotland.

Olaf the White fell in battle in Ireland. According to the Northern accounts, this must have happened before the year 890.¹⁶ The intercourse which we find taking place so early as this between Norway and Ireland must have been kept up chiefly through the connexion of Norway with the Orkneys and the Southern Isles, and both people must afterwards have come into close contact on many occasions with the Danes, by means of the frequent viking cruises of the latter to Northumberland and Bretland (Wales). There is no doubt that, of all the people of the North who at this time had settled in Ireland, the Northmen (Norwegians, not Danes) were the most numerous,¹⁷ and were known by the name of Ostmen or Eastmen (*Austmenn*). We have already seen, that in the North, the Irish, on the contrary, were called Westmen.

The Irish accounts of the arrival of the Ostmen in this island, begin so early as the year 795. The northern names in these accounts are easily recognised as such. In the reign of King Niall III. (A.D. 838 or 836), Turgesius came from Norway with a considerable fleet, and established himself firmly in the island.¹⁸ After the death of Turgesius, there arrived three brothers whose names were Amelanus or

¹³ Landnámabok, P. 1. Kap. 14, 15. & passim.

¹³ Egilssaga, Kap. 4. Olafss. heiga in the Fornmanna Sögur, Kap. 1. Haraldss. hárfagra, Heinskf. Kap. 20, 35.

¹⁴ Olafss. Tryggvas. in the Fornmanna Sögur, Kap. 97, 111, 124, 226.

* Vikingr, that is, *Bay-boy*, from *Vik*, a bay, and *Ingr*, a young man. The word *King* has no part in its composition, as is popularly supposed. (Tr.)

† Fought A.D. 875. (Tr.)

¹⁵ Gretiss. Kap. 1, &c.

¹⁶ Olafss. Tryggvas. Kap. 122. Eyrbyggjasaga, Kap. 6.

¹⁷ Compare Suhms Danmarks Historie, 2 Deel. S. 37.

¹⁸ MacGeoghegan, Histoire de l'Irlande. T. I. p. 380. O'Halloran's History of Ireland, vol. II. p. 158.

Amelavus, Cyrakus or Sitaracus, and Imorus or Ivarus also from Norway, who, under the pretext of wishing to trade, likewise established themselves in the country, and founded or enlarged the towns Waterford, Dublin, and Limerick.¹⁹ We here, at once, recognise the Northern names of Olaf (*Olaf*, in its Erse form *Amhlaoibh*), Sigtryg (*Sigtryggr*) and Ivar, which have only been distorted through the ignorance of authors and copyists. To some writers the name Turgesius has suggested the Northern Thorkel (so that for Turgesius they would read Turgelsius); and to others, Thorgils, which is still nearer. The identity of Olaf is generally acknowledged;²⁰ the reference of Turgesius alone to a Northern source still remains doubtful. Suhm is of opinion, that he was the Thorkel Adelfar, well known from the Saga of his journey to Loki of Utgard,* and from many similar stories. But the evident existence of the fabulous in the Danish account, must deter us from relying on it as an historical authority; besides, it does not contain the slightest grounds for the supposition that he visited Ireland, although Thorkil's voyages are spoken of. On the contrary, there is a remarkable accordance between the Norse account of the already-named Thorgils, Harald Harfagar's son, and that of the Irish Turgesius. According to the Irish authorities, Turgesius, and according to the Northern, Thorgils, was the first Northman who founded a kingdom in Dublin. The Northern accounts also say, that Thorgils was "*deceived by the Irish and died there,*" (*svikinn af Irum ok fëll thar*).²¹

This seems to be a concise notice of the fact which the Irish relate concerning Turgesius;—namely, that Melachlin, King of Meath, promised to send him fifteen young maidens, but sent him instead the same number of young men, dressed as women, by whom he was overpowered and killed. But dates are opposed to the identity of these two persons. Some fix the arrival of Turgesius in the year 818, others in 836 or 838, and his death in 845 or 846;²² but this is earlier than the year of Harald Harfagar's birth, which, according to the authorities which fix it farthest back, did not take place before the year 848. We must leave it to those who are able to pursue the difficult but important chronological researches which concern as well the history of the North as of Ireland at this period, to examine whether the difference in the years cited may not create a doubt as to the correctness of our chronological tables, or whether we must assume that the Norse account is set down to a period to which it does not properly belong.

The remaining notices of the Ostmen in Ireland, relate for the most

¹⁹ MacGeoghegan, p. 387. O'Halloran, p. 178.

²⁰ Suhm Danmarks Hist. 2. Deel. S. 189.

* Loki of Urgan, the Evil Principle of the Scandinavian Mythology, who, by his power and artifice, was able to deceive even the great god Thor himself. (Snorri, Edda, 54). He was the father of Hela, the goddess of Hell; by his wiles he caused the death of Balder the good, the ideal of all that is excellent, and enticed from Paradise Iduna the goddess of Immortality. Saxo Grammaticus describes him as a gigantic monster, dwelling in a far distant land, whom it was usual to invoke for assistance in time of storms. Utgard, the extremest bounds of the inhabited world, where dwelled the giants. (Tr.)

²¹ Haraldss, hárfag, Kap. 35.

²² Suhms Danmarks Historie, 2. Deel., and the Chronologia Anscariana in Langenbek's Scriptores rerum Danicarum, Vol. I. ad. annum. 815. 835. 845. Schöninghs Norges Historie. 1 Deel. S. 515.

part to the plundering of various districts, and both in the North and in the South, to the taking of towns, the spoiling of religious houses, and the building of castles (mothes or Danes' rathes). These were built on small elevations or mounds, and usually lay within view one of another, in order that by firing straw or wood, notice might be given of the approach of an enemy. They were also of like construction with the *Bavner* afterwards erected in Norway, in the reign of Hagen Adelsteen's foster-son.* Of these castles mention is also made in the story of the death of Turgesius; namely, when king Melachlin had resolved to destroy all the strangers, he asked Turgesius in what manner he could best get rid of some pernicious birds, which had lately made their appearance in the country, to which Turgesius replied that the most certain way would be to destroy their nests. This advice was followed by the above told stratagem of the fifteen youths. The Irish now rose in mass, destroyed the castles, and routed the foreigners in several battles. Shortly after, however, Melachlin found himself forced to conclude a peace and an alliance with the Ostmen, against his other enemies. The strangers therefore continued to hold their position in the island, where new colonists from the North, but especially from Norway, were continually joining them. The town of Armagh was taken and plundered, an event which excited so deep a sorrow in the learned Archbishop Diermicius, that he died soon after. Among the later arrivals, the three brothers before mentioned, are especially distinguished. Olaf settled himself in Dublin, Sigtrygg in Waterford, and Ivar in Limerick; of these towns Dublin was the capital of Norse traffic and dominion.

From the voyages and expeditions to Ireland at this period, the following may be selected. King Harald Graafeld himself made an expedition to Ireland, and fought a battle there.²³ In the time of this King, Höskuld Dalakoll's son, from Laxadaal in Iceland, bought, at a market at Brennœ, in Holland, a daughter of the Irish King Myrkjartan,† named Melkorka, who must have been carried away into slavery from Ireland, in one of the viking expeditions. He took her with him to Iceland, and had by her a son, Olaf Paa (*Paafugi*), who learned the Erse language from his mother, and at her request undertook a voyage to Ireland, to her father Myrkjartan. The conduct of this slave and princess, as Höskuld's wife, is told with very interesting minuteness in the *Laxdælasaga*, to which I must refer the reader. Olaf Paa's son, Kjartan, was also called after the Irish King, his father's grandfather by the mother's side.²⁴ After the Norwegian prince, Olaf Tryggvesson, was baptised at the Scilly Isles, (A.D. 993), he went across to England, and became acquainted with Gyda, a sister of the Irish King Olaf Kvaran of Dublin; she had been the wife of an English Earl, and she now married Olaf Tryggvesson. The same Irish King entertained the Icelandic poet Thorgils Orraskjald.²⁵ Another famous Icelandic

* A.D. 940—963. (Tr.)

²³ *Kormakssaga*, Kap. 19.

† Erse. *Muerkertagh*. (Tr.)

²⁴ *Olafss. Tryggvas.* Kap. 123, 156. *Laxdælas.* Kap. 12 20, &c.

²⁵ *Olafss. Tryggvas.* in *Heimskr.* Kap. 33, 34. 52. *Landn.* P. I. Kap. 19.

Skjald, Gunnlaug Ormstunge, sailed in the year 1006 to King Edelred of England, from whence he next year proceeded with some merchants to Dublin, where Sigtryg Silkbeard, a son of Olaf Kvaran and Kormlöd was then reigning, and had but lately come to the throne. From him Gunnlaug went to Sigurd Lödverson Jarl of the Orkneys.²⁶ On this occasion it is remarked that the same language was spoken in England, Norway, and Denmark, while that of the Irish was, on the contrary, quite different. This remark is strengthened by the Laxdælasaga above cited, which tells us that Olaf Paa, who had learned their language from his mother, could speak with the Irish, but that the merchants required an interpreter.²⁷

The above named Kormlöd had been married to Brien (*Brján*) King of Kunnjatteborg (*Kunnjättaborg*) in Ireland; his brother was called Ulf Hræda. Kerthjalfad, a son of King Kylfe, was a foster-son of Brien. There arose a war between Brien and Kylfe, which ended in a treaty. Brien's sons were Dungad (*Dungaðr*), Margad (*Margaðr*), and Takt (*Taktr*), of which last the Northern accounts add, "*him we call Tann or Tanna*." Kormlöd stirred up her son Sigtryg to kill King Brien. Sigtryg now sought the aid of Sigurd Jarl in the Orkneys, and the latter crossed over to Dublin, where he arrived on Palm Sunday; and now was fought the great fight which, in the Northern sources is called Brien's battle (*Brjáns bardagi*), and concerning which they have preserved a remarkable poem.

They say that a man of the name of Dörrud, or Darrad, happened to be walking out on Caithness in Scotland, when he saw twelve persons riding towards a lonely house, where they all disappeared. Out of curiosity he went up to the house, looked through a hole, and saw that there were women inside who had set up a loom. On this they had placed men's heads, instead of the weights or stones which are used to strain the web; while human entrails served for woof and warp. To thicken the web they used a sword, and arrows for spools or shuttles. They sang the following song, and the man listened to it with affright:—

The loom works wide—
Men must be slain—
And the red tide,
Of life-blood rain;
Man on man fierce rushing,
In our web we see;
Blood in red streams gushing—
Warriors' friends are we.

The web we weave,
Of men's-guts blue;
For weights, heads heave,
Chopped off new;
An iron beam is swinging,
Launces are the cords—
For shuttles, arrows flinging,
Make thick the web with swords.

Hildir! Hjörthrimúl!
By the web stand!
Sangridr! Svipúl!
Work with the brand.
Ha! what fears dismay him?
Lances fly like hail—
Rock nor gulf shall stay him,
Cumbered with his mail!

Twist ye, twine
With mighty loom,
Shew Darrad sign
Of the King's doom.
Ho! what merry dancing,
To the sound of blows,
With our friends advancing
Slaughtering their foes!

²⁶ Gunnlaugss. Ormstúnga. Kap. 7, 8.

²⁷ See Vidalin de lingua septentrion. in Gunnlaugss. S. 259—265.

Be the web twined,
With magic song—
Speed the King behind,
Stout and strong,
Where through battle-thunder,
Stout Gunn and Gündul pierce;
And shields are cleft asunder
Around the war-maids fierce.

Twine ye, braid ye,
Darrad's web of wo—
War-spirits wade we
With fiery glow.
Forth to battle faring,
Choose the fated slain;
Valkyriur* unsparing
Smite through blood and brain!

That people shall reign
Many a long mile,
Whose sole domain
Was a bleak isle.
With words of fatal power,
We name the King to death;
Beneath the arrows' shower
The Jarl shall yield his breath.

The fleet steeds ride—
With sword bright
O'er land and tide
Be our wild flight!

Irish wives are pale,
And wild with grief;
Loud the land shall wail
That fallen chief.
Our web of desolation,
Is woven now at last,
And we o'er many a nation,
Must ride upon the blast!

No more clangs
The battle-cry—
Dark red hangs
The bloody sky.
Red shall be the flushing
Of the welkin dark,
When our course is rushing
Steady to its mark.

Now let us raise,
While swords ring,
A song of praise
To the young King;
We sing our monarch's glory—
You that hear our strain,
Take heed you mark the story,
And sing it once again!

They then tore the web in pieces, and each kept what remained in her hand. Darrad now left the hole, and went home; but the women mounted their horses, and rode off, six towards the south, and six towards the north.²⁸

So sang the inhabitants of the North concerning this famous battle, which was fought, on the plain near Clontarf, in the year 1014, and of the cause of which Irish writers supply more circumstantial accounts.²⁹ But the Northern sources relate divers circumstances, which, as far as I know, have been as yet unused by Irish historians. Variances and agreements in both sources therefore deserve to be closely examined, much that is now doubtful would then be acknowledged, and light would be thrown on various obscurities. For example, Brien's son Morrough, is the Margad of the Northmen; his second son, Donnough, is their Dungad, and Teige, his third, their Takt. When the Irish chronicles relate that Sithrick, the Danish king of Dublin, sought aid in Denmark, the Northern sources show us that by Denmark the Orkneys are here meant. Like information the Northern sources would, I have no doubt, also supply concerning that disturbed period which immediately followed king Brien's death. They make particular mention of the Irish king Kouofög, (*Konnofögr*) into whose service

* That is, "Choosers of the slain," from *vala*, *covpus*, and *hjera*, *höra eligere*. (Tr.)

** Orkneyingas. S. 4. Olafss. helga in Fornmannas. Kap. 91. Njála. Kap. 156-158. Compare Finn Magnusson, Lex. Mythol. p. 804, 805.

** MacGeoghegan, T. I. p. 408-412. O'Halloran, vol. ii. p. 258, &c. Suhms Danm. Hist. I. D. S. 435. &c.

the viking Evind Urarhorn entered, and who fought a battle in Ulfreksfjord, or Ulfkelsfjord, with Einar, Jarl of the Orkneys;³⁰ also, the Irish king Margad [Murchad?] (*Margadr*), with whom Guttorm of Ringness, a sister's son of king Olaf the Lean, remained during the winter, and in company with whom he undertook an expedition to Bretland, or Wales, where king Margad lost his life.³¹ Suhm³² is of opinion that the first named king Konofög is probably Conochar O'Melachlin king of Meath. The name has a striking resemblance to that of an earlier king, Conan ab Fago; king Margad has been taken for Mathgaunus O'Riagan;³³ but he is perhaps with greater probability the same as Murchad a son of Donough O'Brien.³⁴ Meanwhile it is evident that no full elucidation of these points can be given save by an Irish historian who has all the necessary original authorities at his service.

Far more notable still are the following notices. In the time of King Olaf the Saint (about 1028) an Icelander of the name of Gudleif went to Ireland for the purpose of trading, but being driven far out to sea by a storm, arrived at a land in the southwest, (*i úturlönd*) the inhabitants of which spoke an unknown tongue, which, however, the ship-folk thought had the most resemblance to Irish. In the meantime they met a man who spoke Icelandic, and sent a message by him to his native land.³⁵ In this account the name of the land is not given, but we are elsewhere told that the Icelander, Are Marsön, (about 982) when on a voyage, was driven to the White Men's Land (*Hvitramannaland*) which some call the Great Ireland (*Irland hit mikla*). This land is described as lying out in the ocean to the west, near Vinland the Good, six days' sail westwards from Ireland. Aré, it is related, was baptized there, but he never returned from it. The whole of this narrative was first heard from Rafn Hlinireksfarer,³⁶ so called from the trade he carried on with Limerick in Ireland. Both these accounts, which we merely touch on here, coincide completely with what we know from other sources of the distant voyages undertaken by the Irish at this early period. The Irish it was who first discovered Iceland, where they settled on the eastern coast. It is, moreover, exceedingly probable that they also, (and the accounts just cited seem to prove this), discovered either a portion of the American continent itself, or some large island near it, and that Irish colonists settled there, as the inhabitants of it were Christians.

The Northern accounts, which are the elder, serve to elucidate and confirm the Irish, and prove that the great seafarer, Maidog of Wales, who, in the year 1169,³⁷ made his great voyage from Ireland to New Spain, or some other part of America, did not set out on a mere random voyage for a land hitherto totally unknown.

In conclusion, we will merely glance at the Norwegian king Magnus Barefoot's (*Berfætts*) well-known attempt to conquer Ireland, and its im-

³⁰ Saga of Saint Olaf in the Fornmannasögur. Kap. 82. 92. Orkneyingasaga. S. 10.

³¹ St. Olaf's Saga, Kap. 249. Haraldss. harðraða. Heimsk. Kap 56-58.

³² Danmarks Historie. 3 Deel. S. 522; compare MacGeoghegan, T. I. p. 442.

³³ Wærus. p. 116.

³⁴ MacGeoghegan in loco citato.

³⁵ Eyrbyggjas. Kap. 64.

³⁶ Landnámabok. p. ii. Kap. 22.

³⁷ O'Halloran, vol. II. p. 345.

mediate consequences. He married his son Sigurd to Bjadmynia (more correctly *Bjadmyrja*) or Bjadmorya, a daughter of the Irish king Myrkjartan, or more correctly, Myriartak Thialbasön, king of Connaught (1090).³⁸ At a somewhat later period Magnus Barefoot undertook his great expedition to Ireland, united with king Myriartak, who is usually thought to be the Murtoigh [Qu. Muerkertagh?] of the Irish, or Myriertach O'Brien, who conquered Dublin and Dublinshire, and also fought several battles in Ulster (*Ulaztir*). This expedition of his, together with his fall, is circumstantially narrated in the Sagas,³⁹ as well as how a Norwegian was afterwards sent to Ireland to demand blood-money for the fallen king.⁴⁰ In fine, an Irishman of the name of Harold Gille, or Gille-Krist, (Erse, Giolla Christ, or Kristian,) ascended even the throne of Norway. He gave himself out for a son of Magnus Barefoot, travelled to Norway, and proved his parentage by the ordeal of red hot iron, during which, like a good Irishman, he invoked the holy Kolumba; nearly all the very interesting traits told of him, his swiftness of foot, his accent, and the like, clearly betray his Irish origin. After the death of his brother, Sigurd Jorsalafara, or the Crusader, he possessed himself of the kingdom, and caused Sigurd's son, Magnus, to be blinded.⁴¹

The districts and towns, besides those already mentioned, which were known to the Northmen in Ireland, and whose names the Northern sources have preserved, are the following:—

The provinces KUNNAKTIR, or KUNNOKTIR, Connaught; ULAZTIR, Ulster; and DYFLINNAKSKIRI, or SKIDI, the district around Dublin.

The towns, DYFLIN, Dublin, voyages to which are also frequently mentioned, and even so early as in the time of Harald Haarfager, or the Fairhaired;⁴² ILIMREK, Limerick; VEDRAFJÖRÐR, Waterford, which is mentioned in the poem Krákumál, or Ragnar Lodbrok's Death-Song.⁴³

These are also named:—

KUNNJATTABORG or KANNTARABORG, which latter occurs in the Njála Saga, where the context seems to require that by this name should be understood not a *borg*, (fortress, or town), but a district. Schöning in his map (Hkr. T. 3), places it in Munster in the neighbourhood of Cork, most probably because King Brien was King of Munster; then the name Kantaraborg is in all likelihood incorrect, and originated from its similarity to the well-known Canterbury in England, and the correct Irish name, there is no doubt, was Carberry.⁴⁴ Meanwhile it is to be remarked, that King Brien conquered Dublin and a great part of Leinster; that it was here the Northmen had their dominions, and that they most likely called him king of a district which was known to them, rather than King of Munster.* Then

³⁸ Magnúsar S. berfætta i Fornmannas. Kap. 24, Hkr. Kap. 12. Orkneyingas. S. 116.

³⁹ Magnúsar S. berf. in the Fornmannas. Kap. 34, &c.

⁴⁰ Sigurðar S. Jórsalaf. in the Fornmannas. Kap. 27.

⁴¹ Same, Kap. 47, &c.

⁴² For Ex. in Egilssaga Kap. 32, S. 157.

⁴³ Strophe 16. The *Lindisseyri* mentioned in Str. 19, where Irish are also spoken of, is thought to refer to Northumberland.

⁴⁴ MacGeoghagan, T. 1. p. 215, and the accompanying map.

* Query—May not Kinnacoradh, Brien's fortress in Clare, be here meant? (Tr.)

Kunjáttaborg would be the right reading, and answer to the Irish name *Kiennachtabregh* or *Kjennachta-Ard*; that is, the tract which extends from Duleek to the river Liffey in the county of Meath, and also to the northwards of Dublin.⁴⁵

ULFREKSFJÖRÐR or *ULFKELSFJÖRÐR*, the reading is uncertain. *Schöningh* places this fjörd or firth on the northern shore of Ireland: here, if any where, it must be sought for, or on the eastern, near *Dundalk*, the usual rendezvous of the Ostmen. But the spot cannot be determined, and it is even a matter of doubt whether it was in Ireland at all. The name *Ulfkell*, reminds us of *Ulfkell Snilling's Land* in England; but as far as I can find out, there is not there either any firth of this name.

JÖLLDUHLAUF is said to lie three, and, according to other variations, four, five, and even eight days' sail from *Reikianess* in Iceland.⁴⁶ The name imports the struggling or the current of the waves, and the place can therefore be no other than *Lough Swilly*, near the headland *Cape Mellin* on the northern coast of Ireland. That it is situated on this island is stated expressly.

To these we may also add the towns which are spoken of in the *Kongs-Skuggsio* or *King's Looking-glass*, and are cited also by *Johnstone*.⁴⁷ There it is said, that in Ireland there was a lake, called *LOCHERNE*, in which there lay a little island called *MISDREDAN*, where the holy man *Diermicus* had a church. Of this name, there are the variations *INISDREDAN*, *INISKLEDAN*, and many others; so that it is easy to see that the transcribers, in their ignorance, read the beginning of the word *mis* instead of *inis*. In like manner, the ending of it also seems to have been corrupted in various ways. The place is, therefore, *Iniskillen* in *Lough Erne*, in the province of *Ulster*.⁴⁸ Some of the variations have most likeness with *Inis Cloghan* in *Lough Rhee*, where *Diermicus* was abbot,⁴⁹ and with *Iniskeltran* in *Lough Derg*;⁵⁰ but the express mention of *Lough Erne* proves that the first-named place is meant, and that the author of the *King's Looking-glass* may have confused these places and lakes with one another.

The *King's Looking-glass* further says, that another holy man named *Kævinus* dwelt in the country-seat (*bær*) (*villa predium*) called *Glumelaga*. This name is also read incorrectly for *Gлиндelaga*, and can be no other than the old bishoprick of *Glandelough*, in *Leinster*, where *St. Kevin* founded an Abbey.⁵¹

Lastly, the *Looking-glass* says, that in the same land there was a town (*staðr*), called *Themar*, which was once a capital and a royal castle, but that no one dared to build there now since the castle and every thing perished, because a king once pronounced an unjust judgment there.⁵² *Teamor* or *Temoria* (*Tea murus*), *Teamhuir* (the

⁴⁵ *MacGeoghagan*, T. 1. p. 224, 400, and map.

⁴⁶ *Landnámabok*, P. 1. Kap. 1. *Olafss. Tryggvas.* in the *Fornmanna Sögur*. Kap. 112.

⁴⁷ *Antiquitates Celto-Normann.* p. 287, &c.

⁴⁸ See the maps in *MacGeoghagan*, and in the *Monasticum Hibernicum*.

⁴⁹ *Warsous*, p. 171.

⁵⁰ *Monast. Hibern.* p. 61.

⁵¹ Same, p. 12.

⁵² "Thar er ok í því landi staðr sá einn er *Themar* (others *Themer*, *Themme*, *Them*) er kallaðr, ok var sá staðr sva forðum sem hann væri höfuðsæti ok konungsborg, en hann er nú thó auðr, fyrir því at menn thora ekki at byggja hann." This ancient capital is also mentioned in many passages of the same

palace of Teae). Tara, the royal seat of the Irish kings in Meath, in the province of Leinster, is here meant. It is said to have been built by the Irish Queen Tea,⁵³ and is often spoken of in Irish history as a royal residence of note. Another place of the same name is found near Limerick.⁵⁴

Besides, I have also set down on my map, *Tir Anlare*,* or Olaf's Hill—for by this name Olaf the White may be meant; and *Smerwick*.† because it is acknowledged by all to be of Norse origin.‡

work, as in p. 646, 647 (where the further variations, *Themere* and *Themes* appear) it is said of it:—"Elgi vissu menn fegra stað á jörðu," that is, "no one knows a more beautiful town on the earth."

⁵³ O'Flaherty Ogygia, p. 186. O'Halloran, vol. 1. p. 103.

⁵⁴ Ogygia, p. 341.

* *Tir Anlare*, Irish, *Tir Amalgaidh*, pronounced Tirawley, the barony of that name in the County of Mayo. (Tr.)

† Smerwick, (Norse *Smjörvik*, that is, *butter-bay*, from *Smjör*, *butter*, and *vik*, *a bay*), a harbour in the western part of the barony of Corkaguinny, County of Kerry. (Tr.)

‡ There is also *Kaupmannacy*, that is, *Merchant's Isle*, a meaning which is still preserved in *Copeland Isle*, at the mouth of the Belfast Lough. (Tr.)

THE FORGET ME NOT.

Soft as Moonlight's silver splendour,
There gleams beside a fountain's shower
A blossom of ray, benign and tender,
Oh, know ye not the gentle flower.

Fair as the azure hue of heaven
When no dull cloud its shadow flings,
Emblem of truth to us 'tis given,
And comfort to the heart it brings.

Now while mine own beloved listens
As this floweret breathes its thought,
In her blue eye a tear-drop glistens,
And soft it sighs—Forget Me Not.

The Moorings of Life.

SONNET I.

Dark and immense, by Fate's chain cable swings
 The soul at anchor on the tide of time,
 Riding out life, a sail from some far clime,
 Unmapped upon the world's imaginings;
 From whence her freight of merchandize she brings—
 But not to shore; for to her shrouds there climb
 Those who look forth for distant lands sublime,
 The destined haven of her folded wings.
 She heaves, and sinks, and heaves and sinks in turn,
 Rocked, but undrifted, on the heaving ocean,
 Whose billows vainly wash from stem to stern,
 And sweep, and sweep—away. Of such emotion
 Man's spirit owns the power, but yet can spurn
 The rush of life—moor'd by a deep devotion.

SONNET II.

She rides it out upon that adverse sea,
 The higher heaved, the fiercer swells its crest,
 In silent expectation of the rest
 Marked in her mission. Times and seasons flee,
 The flesh half sickens with despondency;
 Yet there she is, plunging her tide-worn breast
 Amidst the breakers, strained, but not distrest,
 And holding fast—'till, imperceptibly,
 The wind shifts, and the current turns—when, lo!
 A change! the naked spars are sheeted o'er;
 Bends the broad canvass as the breezes blow,
 Which waft towards some illimitable shore;
 And from all eyes she's swept with gentle force,
 Upon the track of her predestined course.

SONNET III.—OUR EVA.

She was so deadly pale, you would have thought
 The moon shone round her in the sunniest hour;
 So slight and weak, that any breath had power
 To buffet her away:—thus seemed she brought
 Like a translucent leaf, by eddies caught
 From gardens where there bloomed in gelid bower,
 Beside the wave of time, a lotus flower,
 With whose successive spoils the stream was fraught:
 But *she* was tangled in the weeds of life,
 Where, roughly held, she fretted to be free,
 Disputing with her bonds in gentle strife,
 Till, soon released, in happy liberty
 She sailed away upon the tranquil tide
 Into eternity—and thus she died.

IRISH DIFFICULTIES.

If Ireland was Sir Robert Peel's chief difficulty when he entered office in 1841, this difficulty is fearfully on the increase in 1846 : but even the present difficulties are not so enormous as to be incapable of being overcome by an honest and patriotic minister. We do not think that this will ever be effected by the present Premier. It sounded like honesty to speak openly of these difficulties at the outset ; yet in doing so, he made them more especially *his* difficulties : by declaring that point in which he felt himself weak, he gave his enemies an immediate and fatal advantage. When, during the Maynooth debate, he declared that the Repeal agitation could not be put down, he repeated this folly under circumstances still more disastrous to himself. His openness upon this subject will provide a rule by which to measure his competency as a minister. We shall, therefore, expend a very few words upon it, before we pass to that more particularly under our consideration.

His success as a financier is unquestionable. A comprehensive knowledge of the resources of the country and of the intricacies of trade was a necessary element in this success. Such knowledge he possesses to a degree perhaps more accurate and extensive than any other man in England. Another requisite was the power of giving a lucid exposition of his plans, such as to convince the majority of his hearers that the measures he proposed were really advantageous to the country. In this also he is not deficient. But most probably, notwithstanding these qualifications, he would have failed in carrying the important financial changes of the last four years, if it had not been for his complete reserve and secrecy in conducting them, by which he made it impossible for his political enemies to take measures for opposing him until it was too late.

No two things could be more directly opposite than Sir R. Peel's conduct as a financial and as a constitutional minister. In the latter capacity, we find no evidence of accurate knowledge of the history of his country, or of the character and principles, whether arising from reason or prejudice, of the people he is governing. The clear light in which his statistical and economical calculations were presented to his mind is altogether absent here. Therefore, while when he comes before us as First Lord of the Treasury, displaying his budget, and proposing measures for increasing it, we see a prudent steward instructing his master in sound rules of economy, and directing an obedient parliament to adopt them ; on the other hand, when he takes up the office of a lawgiver, the statesman is forthwith lost in the tactician. Here he has no useful measures to propose—he sees nothing beyond the House of Commons, and the only question that occupies his mind is—"How shall I gather the greatest number of votes out of these men ?" He does not come down with some well-arranged political measure, and having laid it before the house with argument based on clear and honest principles, boldly ask their support for the good of his country. In this instance he proposes nothing ; he hears other men's proposals ; he watches their effect upon the different parties, and then adopts those which seem most likely to be carried. This he does

because it is *expedient*. Here too we find a total absence of that clear statement which is so remarkable in his financial speeches. His arguments are founded on generalities. He carefully avoids the discussion of the principle of his measure, though he professes not to throw it overboard. His entire speech is apologetic—it is not the positive assertion of what is just and true, but a collection of negative excuses for injustice and falsehood. Who ever heard him use such arguments as these—“Let us adopt this measure, because, as Englishmen and Christians, it becomes us to adopt it?” He speaks of the Reform Bill, and the condition of parties, and the impossibility of resisting treasonable associations, as reasons for neglecting what otherwise we might desire to do, what manifestly we ought to do, what brave and good men will still do under every difficulty; and when with a skill not unlike that of the Tempter himself, he has checked the determination of his hearers to do right by exaggerating and multiplying these circumstances which make it difficult to do so, he proceeds to carry the semblance still further, and insinuates the expediency of doing wrong, on the grounds of their having been enticed to do the like under similar circumstances, on similar occasions, previously. But perhaps the most remarkable difference in his conduct as a financial and a constitutional minister is, that in the latter, by his openness he at once invites the opinions of others on matters in which he has no settled opinion of his own, and directs the attention of his opponents to those points in which he is most easy of defeat. But although he has completely sacrificed his party, he will not allow himself to be defeated; for he has, in fact, democratised the government by making it to be publicly understood, that whenever the most troublesome or most powerful factions in the country have declared their desire for any measure, he will be their ready instrument in carrying it out, and this without reference to its being good or bad.

This has been his course. But, even though he could always find a parliament so ignorant or so weak as to support him in such measures, other causes, themselves the effects of his misgovernment, will arise to defeat him. One of these causes will be brought under consideration in the following article. We shall treat here of the “*Irish difficulties*,” not only in reference to their probable effect upon the future government of the country by Sir Robert Peel, but more especially with the aim of elucidating their real character and endeavouring to set forth the best means by which an honest minister may meet them.

The difficulty is stated by O’Connell on every occasion of his rising in the Conciliation Hall. Thus, in his speech of January the 5th, we find him saying:—

“Look to France. The King of the French was in his old age—he was some years older than him—his days were numbered, and the moment he fell, his sons could maintain the throne of France only by calling out its military spirit. They must distinguish themselves in the field of battle, or the dynasty was gone. The life of Louis Philippe was the tenure of peace with England; and when that life was over, and that peace was at an end, England would want the arm of Ireland to aid her, and she should have it on their own terms—the Repeal of the Union.”

Again, we find him saying on the following Monday:—

“His own opinion was, that England would necessarily want the services of

Ireland, and, wanting her people, she should seek to cultivate their wishes, and gratify their patriotic aspirations. To obtain the services of the people, the government should conciliate them; and the only way to conciliate them was, to grant a Repeal of the Union."

In the former of these speeches we also find him saying:—

"He would tell them, they (the Repealers) had added 200,000 to their numbers during the last year—among these were several Orangemen."

Again, immediately after:—

"Then others were about to join them in their agitation. He read from the *Evening Mail* a paragraph inviting to a national party. He did not know whether his friend Remmy Sheehan was laughing at him; but he would tell him, that if he be in earnest, he (Mr. O'Connell) would join his party in half an hour. Mr. Sheehan proposed that they should join in every thing for the good of Ireland, leaving their particular quarrel on one side during their struggle for Ireland. He would take him on his own terms—he offered him his hand and heart. The name of an Irish party cheered him in every respect; and he was ready to use his influence, if any he possessed, to make it universal."

In reference to the proposal of the *Evening Mail* thus quoted by O'Connell, we find the following statement in that journal's publication of the 9th of January, 1846:—

"The base upon which we would construct this party is so wide and comprehensive, that there would be nothing at variance with the feelings of any man, either in religion or politics, to prevent his leaving an 'Orange Lodge' or the 'Protestant Alliance' on the one hand, or issuing from the '82 Club' or from the 'Conciliation Hall' on the other, and joining in one common effort for the advantage of our common country. It never occurred to us that a Conservative was to abandon a principle, or sacrifice a feeling, in giving his adhesion to this 'neutral party'; and it is not, therefore, likely, that we should expect or require it in others."

In connection with the above quotations, we beg to call to the reader's mind the Orange movement in the North, embracing, as it does, almost the entire of the middle and lower classes of Protestants, and not a few of the higher. This body has exhibited the strongest possible disgust and detestation of the present governing power in Great Britain—an ominous sign of the times; for they have been hitherto the most loyal, as well as the most prosperous and moral of the Irish people. We find also a new party, "the Protestant Alliance," springing up and extending itself largely amongst the gentry, the very principle of whose union is hostility to the English ministry. There are, no doubt, besides these, many quiet money-making men, who are careless about these questions, and will be always found to unite themselves with the strongest; but the general political aspect of Ireland in the year 1846, is, that however hostile the opponent parties may still continue towards one another, they are bound together by one tie, which seems every day to be increasing in strength—that of hostility to the present *English government*, and so hearty an hostility, that it seems not unlikely to grow up into hostility to *England*. To such an extent has this gone, that the question of Repeal itself, or what is very nearly the same thing, of a general advocacy of Repeal by all classes of Irishmen seems now to depend upon the balance of two uncertain and vacillating principles. As soon as the growing hostility of the Orangemen to the government of Great Britain exceeds their dread of

O'Connell and his party, the stability of the empire will be shaken ; for however easy it would be for England to defeat the treasonable purposes of the Repealers when supported by the steady good will of the Irish Protestants, two such powerful bodies as the Orange and the Repeal parties, if united, would be found impossible to be resisted.

An Irish party such as that recommended by the Evening Mail, we do wish to see formed, because in common with that journal on the one side, and O'Connell on the other, we cannot hesitate to cry out for justice to Ireland. We are sick of the cool contempt with which England regards us—indifferent alike to the just claims of all Irishmen ; and although we see nothing but ruin in a general combination of the Irish against England—ruin to the empire at large by a repeal of the union, which must of necessity follow from it, and more especially to Ireland, by the impossibility of adjusting the claims and uniting the principles of the two parties into which it is divided by any internal scheme of government—yet the natural spirit of resistance against the contempt of an older and stronger brother, and the arbitrary exercise of his greater privileges is growing too powerful to permit us calmly to measure consequences. Let these rest with those who have the folly to insult us by attributing every Irish complaint to the spirit of faction, and treating our expostulations with an indifference which they dare not exhibit towards the meanest of Englishmen. The whole body of the clergy of the Irish Church are designated “rebels,” because they scruple to sacrifice the principles of their religion in furthering an unscriptural scheme of education. The Bar is insulted by having its highest office almost invariably placed in the hands of an Englishman. Even now it is currently reported that the present English Lord Chancellor of Ireland is to be succeeded by another, and, to add to the insult, by a common law lawyer. If the English hope ever to succeed in the government of Ireland, they must regard us as men influenced by the feelings and sentiments incident to humanity, and when they find every class of Irishmen disgusted with their government, and burning with animosity against it, they ought to attribute this not to the influence of faction, but to their own injustice, or want of skill in ruling.

Let us not, however, be supposed to treat this question with flippancy, as though, while we boisterously display our grievances, we desired to deny the difficulties which beset the government in any endeavour to remove them. These difficulties are great, but they are not insurmountable, and we must be permitted to estimate the competence of the minister, not according to his knowledge of their existence, but according to his skill in overcoming them. The minister in every free country will always meet great difficulties in the performance of his task, and his inability to surmount them, proves either his own incompetency, or that the country is already in a state of anarchy. Into what condition a year or two more of the government of Sir Robert Peel may bring Ireland we will not venture to conjecture, but it certainly is not yet in so bad a state as to deserve to be called anarchical. It has, indeed, been gradually approaching to this position ever since he took the helm. Does it not, therefore, follow that he is not the man competent to govern Ireland ?

These difficulties would have been much less than they are, if the

bearing of the English ministers towards the Irish parties had been different. They were much increased by the unmeasured abuse which was at first heaped upon O'Connell and his supporters; they were still more increased by the fawning servility afterwards displayed towards them, and again they were increased to a degree still more dangerous to the permanence of the union by the severity and insults with which the complaints of the Protestants were received. All this is without reference to the justice or injustice of the claims of either party. In every case the ministers acted as if they thought that Irishmen did not deserve the same straightforward manly treatment which they dared not withhold from Englishmen, and the result has been that the Romanists receive their favours without thanks, and the Protestants have been driven by their contempt to that course of honest and determined opposition which might have been expected from independent minds.

But however an alteration of manner towards the Irish parties might smooth the way for the surmounting of these difficulties, much more would be required before such an end could be attained. We must view this question in two aspects: in reference to the complaints of the various parties, and how far they could be satisfied: and in reference to the danger to the peace of the state, which must still remain by leaving any of them unsatisfied. We regret that we shall be obliged to treat both these subjects with a much greater brevity than their importance warrants.

As regards the grievances, or supposed grievances complained of, it is manifestly the duty of parliament to remove all just complaints of any portion of the people, and that without reference to the influence or clamour of the complainants, but simply on their merits. The present ground of agitation taken by O'Connell being the repeal of the union, and all the zeal of his party being expended upon this, almost without reference to any other subject of complaint, would seem to imply that the Irish Romanists have in reality no grievance to complain of, none at least in which they are not common sufferers with all Irishmen. And this is indeed the fact. If Ireland has been placed in a disadvantage in parliament by the terms of the union, this is a subject of complaint common to all Irish parties. For our parts, we cannot agree with Mr. O'Connell, that we suffer any such disadvantage; it has been evident that for years back the Irish members have had at least a proportionate weight in the houses of legislature, and an objection in this matter does not lie against parliament—therefore we do not ask for a repeal of the union—it lies against her Majesty's government, and what we do require is a change of ministry.

A particular complaint is, however, made, that Ireland does not possess a proportionate representation in the Commons, and not a little outcry has arisen upon this subject. If we believed that there were just grounds for such complaint, no considerations of *party* would prevent our bold assertion of a *national* right, but as this is a question between those who would make mere numerical and physical strength the ground on which to claim a right of having a voice in the legislature,—an idea with which we have no sympathy,—and those who consider property and intellectual capacity to be the basis established of old by the British constitution, with whom we entirely agree,—although this

complaint may be suited for the purposes of exciting the populace, and alarming a timid minister, we conceive that in reason it is utterly without foundation, and unworthy of the sober consideration of parliament.

Another ground of declamation, with which the agitators occasionally break in upon the monotony of "Repeal," is the "Irish Church," and its University. As for the latter it was founded with very limited means by a Protestant Sovereign, and it has since increased by funds of its own creation and private benefactions, therefore under no circumstances ought they to set up a claim for this institution. Besides, it should be remembered that they possess Maynooth, in which every *student* has privileges which exceed those belonging to a *scholar* in Trinity College. As for the Church it is the distinct possession of the Protestants of Ireland, not abounding with overgrown revenues, as it is "slandrously reported," but with means altogether insufficient for their purpose. To attack it, therefore, is not to claim the rights of Irishmen, but to do grievous injustice to their own countrymen. And parliament cannot give up this point to them without the wholesale robbery of an Irish party, which, if it has been more silent, is not a whit less powerful than theirs. It is not likely that such a concession would satisfy the disaffected, it would certainly alienate the well affected and loyal.

The only other *grievance* we remember, is the right of the landlords to receive the rents of their own lands. This matter which, though it is rather whispered than openly proclaimed among them, is the real end of all their clamour, has been at all times the very last point of revolution and anarchy, we need not therefore mention it further.

Now with all these terrible grievances in his mouth, O'Connell is in the constant habit of threatening Great Britain, that if they are not removed, his party will watch the opportunities of a war to join her enemies against her. This is at least prospective treason, and the traitor, instead of being punished as his crime deserves, is rewarded by a gradual concession of all that he requires; not yielded because reasonable—for our governors take care first to inform him that they are highly unreasonable and objectionable—but extorted from their fears. And thus the Ministers of the Crown are step by step giving up the best pillars of the state to gain a phantom; for O'Connell is only rendered more violent in his expressions of hostility, which, if they had weight at any time—as we firmly believe they had not—may be supposed to have increased in weight since they have increased in vehemence. And while they thus fail to conciliate the avowedly rebellious portion of the Irish, they are setting at nought and losing the support of that portion of them to whom, in case of such a calamity as the agitator threatens, they must look for security to the empire. It is vain to close our eyes against this fact; right or wrong, the Protestants of Ireland are becoming every day more and more disaffected to their English brethren. If *they* were united in hostility against Great Britain in her hour of need, this would be indeed a calamitous event. However improbable such an occurrence may appear, no prudent Minister will regard it as impossible, or neglect to guard against it.

And now what is to be done, or what ought to be done to overcome these Irish difficulties? It may seem presumptuous in us to speak confidently upon a subject which has puzzled so many statesmen. Cer-

tainly, however, they will not be removed by giving encouragement to agitation, and calling into action so turbulent an element as popular and irresponsible combinations, and by making it to be generally understood throughout the nation, that it is not the calm voice of justice, but the noisy bluster of the fraudulent bully that will reach the ear of her Majesty's chief minister. The course of Sir Robert Peel has been to elicit this clamour. The man who would restore Ireland to peace, must have the courage and skill to silence it, otherwise every attempt will be in vain. The "Times Commissioner," to whom, though we sometimes quarrel with his conclusions, we owe a deep debt of gratitude, has pointed out the proper course in the admirable letter that closed his series—"Put down all agitation." If the doors of the Repeal Association are closed, if the malice of the repeal press is silenced, if the Repeal processions are put a stop to by such measures as will prevent all mistake as to their purport, and all escape from their application—we may safely promise, in the name of the Orangemen, that the government will not have much trouble with them; but if this is not done, we must repeat the advice already given to the members of this body, to continue, and extend, and strengthen their combination. It is necessary for the security of their lives and their personal liberty.

But Sir Robert Peel has declared that agitation is at an end. A man at the top of one of a lofty range of mountains loses his perception of the great height of the cliffs that surround him; if he is on the highest top they actually appear vallies to his eyes. Sir Robert Peel is himself the arch agitator, elevated above his brethren, with a delinquency surpassing theirs he sees their delinquency through a false medium. By the grossest agitation he carried the Maynooth endowment last session. What other British Minister ever dared to bring in a measure, and force it through parliament, by means of the threat that to reject it would be to involve the nation in a revolution? Having himself assumed the leadership of the league, he regards Cobden, Bright, and their fraternity, as very quiet gentlemen. The repeal agitation lies in a secluded and silent valley far below his vision. Even the Orangemen, whom he at the beginning assailed with such unjust and fruitless vigour, have pitched their tents on the bank of some quiet mid Alpine lake, sheltered by little mountains which are mole hills to his eye. The anti-state church association, with their rapid circulation of slander and public offer of rewards to the most venomous concoctors of impiety, are merely engaged in some evening pastime. No, no; unless Sir Robert Peel, having first laid aside the business of agitation himself, forces his lesser brethren to follow his example, he never will advance one step in removing the miseries that distract our country.

For one thing we thank him. The Queen, in her speech, intimated the intention of government to take measures to put an end to the assassinations. This is well so far; but our hopes have been too often disappointed to give us much confidence in the sincerity of her Majesty's advisers.

We have again to thank the valuable exertions of the "Times Commissioner" for the promised encouragement to our Irish Fisheries.

With regard to the treatment that ought to be pursued toward the

Protestant section of our country a few words will be sufficient. It has been assumed, without a shadow of reason, that the Orange agitation has been revived with the hope of obtaining an ascendancy over their fellow countrymen. It is their own grievances that have called forth these exhibitions, and this we safely declare, that, though of very considerable importance, these grievances are not many in number, and might easily be removed. Their removal also would restore the good feeling of this portion of Irishmen toward England to the utmost. Is it much that they should ask security to their lives, the support of government to their church in its danger, and a restoration of the Scriptures to their children? Let these requests be granted and the Protestants will be for ever faithful; refuse them and they, regarding themselves as excluded from the benefits of an alliance with Great Britain, will soon change from grumbling and wavering friends into bitter and determined enemies.

It is but just to apply to them the same rule that influences the minister in the case of others. Even though the Orange agitation were justly characterised by all those foul names which have been heaped upon it, it has not yet been so great an offender in the eye of government as the chartists and repealers, and since these movements have been taken as the consequences of some real grievance, and treated accordingly, extend the same principle to the Orangemen, and while with one hand you make the agitation to cease, with the other grant to the Protestants their just demands. While the cry for cheap bread is esteemed a sufficient reason for doing a deep injustice to the entire agricultural interests of the empire, surely *their* desire for the bread of life ought not to be regarded with scorn, when it may be supplied without doing an injury to any. Let us conclude by again imploring the parliament of Great Britain not to turn the honest and loyal Protestants of Ireland into disaffected subjects; it would be a grievous injustice to them, and a serious danger to the country.

Literary Notices.

Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the world, &c. By Charles Darwin. M.A., F.R.S., Second Edition. London: John Murray.

THE publication of this second and cheaper edition of Darwin's *Journal* affords us the opportunity of recommending its perusal to our readers, as it has also afforded us the great pleasure of again looking over those pages from reading which we had experienced no small delight on the appearance of the first edition. The work now appears as one of "Murray's Home and Colonial Library," a serial issue partly of original works and partly of republications, at a very moderate price.

There is probably no class of book more generally useful, or indeed, we may almost say, more generally liked, than well written travels. Every reader enjoys the account of manners to which he was before a stranger, or the description of scenery which he has not seen. In some this feeling arises from mere curiosity, ignorant of the advantages of such knowledge, and incapable of applying it to any useful purpose; while in others the same intense longing springs from a sounder motive, and they desire the information as a guide to a more general, and therefore a more truthful acquaintance with the economy of the world. To some, for example, the different races of mankind afford the favourite subject of their studies, and to them every fact tending to throw light on the varied and sometimes almost inexplicable migrations of tribes and modifications of languages, possesses a peculiar interest; others, who have devoted themselves to the study of Natural History, search eagerly for the descriptions of the forms, habits, and native abodes of animals; while some look to the more temporary and changing influences of political causes, and, from the present relations existing between nations, endeavour to speculate on the future. Now, if to each of these classes the writings of an intelligent traveller, who may have devoted attention to the subject, prove interesting, we can strenuously recommend Darwin's *Journal* to all. In his pages each will find much to interest and instruct; they will there meet the opinions of one eminently a self-thinker, but also eminently versed in the expressed opinions of others, possessed of a highly cultivated as well as a highly philosophical mind, in whose views it is sometimes difficult exactly to distinguish whether we owe more to the originality of his genius or to the well-balanced culture of his talents.

Mr. Darwin is already well known to the scientific world by his other publications. Volunteering to accompany Captain Fitzroy in the *Beagle*, during her voyage round the world, in order that the full amount of benefit might be derived from the valuable opportunities which such an occasion offered, of adding to our knowledge of the Natural History of the countries visited, Mr. Darwin sailed from Devonport on the 21st of December 1831, and, after nearly five years' voyaging, returned in October, 1836. In the present volume we have the notes of these five years' journeyings; in other works he has given the public, separately, the results of his researches into "The Structure of Coral Reefs," and "The Volcanic Islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," in both of which the same originality of thought and soundness of reasoning are prominent.

From a work every page of which is so eminently suggestive, it is difficult to extract any single passage capable of giving our readers any fair idea of its general character. Not a chapter can be read but we are tempted to lay down the volume and let our thoughts wander in pursuit of ideas called up by some passing remark—and conveyed, too, in that peculiarly simple, quiet, unlaboured style which is so characteristic of the author. And yet, ever and anon, we find his language rising with his subject, and some sentence catches the mind; the beauty and sublimity of which depends, however, not on the outward clothing, but on the intrinsic value of the thought.

The voyage having been undertaken expressly with a view to Natural History pursuits, it is of course to the Naturalist, and especially to the Geologist, that the *Journal* is interesting; but there are few readers indeed who will not derive

benefit as well as amusement from it. We had marked several passages for extraction in proof of this, but we shall content ourselves by quoting a few sentences from the concluding remarks of our author, and leave our readers to the unalloyed pleasure of a "first read" of the body of the work.

He says, in briefly reviewing the impressions of the past, page 503 ;—" Among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests, undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of Life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where Death and Decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature ;—no one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body. In calling up images of the past, I find that the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes; yet these plains are pronounced by all wretched and useless. They can be described only by negative characters ; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support merely a few dwarf plants. Why, then—and the case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm a hold on my memory ? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile Pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression ? I can scarcely analyze these feelings, but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely passable, and hence unknown ; they bear the stamp of having lasted as they are now for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep, but ill-defined sensations ?"

"Of individual objects, perhaps nothing is more certain to create astonishment than the first sight in his native haunt of a barbarian — of man in his lowest and most savage state. One's mind hurries back over past centuries, and then asks, could our progenitors have been men like these ?—men, whose very signs and expressions are less intelligible to us than those of the domesticated animals, nor yet appear to boast of human reason, or at least of arts consequent on that reason. I do not believe it is possible to describe or paint the difference between savage and civilised man. It is the difference between a wild and tame animal; and part of the interest in beholding a savage, is the same which would lead every one to desire to see the lion in his desert, the tiger tearing his prey in the jungle, or the rhinoceros wandering over the wild plains of Africa."

With these few lines, we must conclude our brief notice of this most delightful volume, to do full justice to which would require a much more lengthened examination than we can afford. We are, however, confident that this is of less importance, as, from the cheapness of the publication, we feel sure it will soon be in the hands of most of our readers, if it be not so already.

The Confessions of an Homœopathist. Small 8vo. Dublin, 1845.
SAMUEL B. OLDHAM.

"Circumstances of a peculiar nature," says the writer, "made the author acquainted with the history of one of the most successful of the disciples of Hahnemann. Its details were given by a dying man, painfully aware how near he stood to the barrier which intervenes between time and eternity—who no longer wished to deceive others, and whose awakened conscience told him he could no longer deceive himself.

"The author has pondered for some years on the propriety of placing these Confessions before the public; and he does so now, from a feeling that the time demands them, and a conviction that they will prove useful.

"The characters and incidents described are not the mere creations of fancy, but the grouping together of realities. Obvious reasons have necessitated the employment of fictitious names; the localities, also, both in Germany and Britain, are altered, to avoid the imputation of personality as much as possible."

The only doubt which crossed our minds as to the veracity of these Confessions,

arose from the rarity of such a thing as a conscience in a Homœopath—a course of homœopathic practice, we take it, being the most effectual sedative in the pharmacopœia for that part of a man's moral being.

Carl Gruber, *alias* Dr. Eisenberg, &c. &c., and lastly Count von Eisenberg, *alter et idem*, starts in life without either pence or principle; but by dint of lying and swindling, accumulates money, and after being banished from Leipzig, he proceeds to Munich, where he falls in with works on Homœopathy, and with a man who had practised in England, and by whose advice he departs for the same "paradise of knaves," after taking his degree. His adventures are extremely amusing and *vraisemblable* enough; but we regret we have not space to enter upon them at present. We must, however, extract the following illustration of the peculiar dexterity shown by the hero in getting out of a scrape, and the same mode of proceeding, we believe, could be paralleled in numerous cases:—

"A lady consulted me for pains in her head. I prescribed a specified number of globules, to be taken at certain hours. Two days afterwards, a message came to me, stating that the lady was worse, and had been raving all night. I ordered that the doses should be diminished, and that she should be taken out in a carriage. Next day the lady's husband came to me to beg, as his wife seemed worse, that I would come and see her. I refused, determined to follow the principle I had laid down. The gentleman went away indignant, and brought a surgeon of the town to see the lady. He declared that he considered her case almost hopeless, as there was inflammation of the brain, and that the only thing which afforded a chance of life, was profuse bleeding. This was accordingly put in practice, and the succeeding day the lady sunk into stupor, and expired. I was accused of pursuing a practice which must end fatally in such a case. I retorted, by saying, that had my practice been carried out, and the lady left in my hands, I had no doubt she would have lived; that it was the bleeding which had caused her death. The surgeon who had advised the bleeding, took umbrage, and insisted on a post mortem examination, which was permitted, and unequivocal traces of inflammation, and effusion in the brain, and its membranes were discovered, and vouched for by unprejudiced persons. A pamphlet, published of course by the surgeon, appeared, detailing this and many other cases, and affecting to give a clear account of homœopathy; but it was too broadly written to excite credence, and its object was too apparent to serve the purpose for which it was intended."

Money the quack accumulates, but reputation does not keep equal pace; and there is a "*bête noire*" in the shape of a gentleman, who, had lost his leg from Dr. Eisenberg's practice, who follows him from one town to another, beating him to a jelly at Manchester, half-drowning him at Liverpool, and flagellating him at Paisley, until he fairly drives him from England. On leaving each place the hero sells his practice; and we extract the following "*morceau*" for the benefit of all whom it may concern.

"The person who purchased my practice (at Paisley) was an Irishman, who had been just long enough in Germany to acquire a smattering of the language, and an imaginary Degree in Medicine, which he paraded on all occasions; and as he pretended not to be able to speak three sentences in English without introducing a foreign idiom, or outlandish word, he was supposed to be even a more recent importation than myself. It was since reported to me, that a lady of rank induced this adventurer to go to Ireland, and that he succeeded there, till an unfortunate case of inflammation of the brain proving fatal, led to an examination, which much injured his fame, and gave the regulars a fair open at him, which they were not long in turning to his disadvantage."

It would not be difficult to verify such a statement as this, and we wonder that some of the wisacres who patronize the system, do not inquire into these things. We have heard a *report* of such an instance having occurred very recently not a hundred miles from Grafton-street.

We conceive that society is under deep obligations to all who, like our author, try to destroy the vampires that feed upon its vitals. We lend our aid willingly, and are very glad to commend a work which unites to a correct appreciation of truth an agreeable manner of putting that truth forward.

L'Ultramontanisme; or, the Roman Church and Modern Society. By E. Quinet, of the College of France. Translated from the French by C. Cocks, B. L. Chapman's Catholic Series. 1845.

THIS Work is a translation of one of the many publications to which the war now waging in France, between the Church and the University, has given birth. In the publication before us, M. Quinet exhibits, in clear and vivid colours and in a style of considerable beauty and great power, the melancholy effects produced by the spiritual despotism of Rome wherever her sway reaches. The work consists of a series of lectures delivered to a large audience early in 1844. In his first lecture, our author carries us to Spain; and melancholy in the extreme is the picture he paints us of that unhappy, distracted kingdom, highly favoured as it is by nature.

"A nation of paupers, a monarch of paupers, an empire of paupers!" are his words.

In his second lecture he gives us the political results of Romanism in Spain, which cannot fail to be read with deep interest. In the fifth he shows how the Romish Church has ever been the determined foe of science, exemplified in her treatment of Gallileo. This chapter we take the liberty of recommending to the attentive perusal of that Prince of Bunglers—we use the word in the Fichteau sense—who holds his weekly levee in "Conciliation Hall." We extract the following:—

"Moreover, there is no business in which papacy has more often appeared in person. Urban VIII., with a singular fury, mixes himself up with every incident; he declares, in every variety of tone, that the doctrine of the movement of the earth is *perverse in the highest degree*.

"In short, Gallileo is given up, in the convent of Minerva, to the holy, universal, Roman Inquisition. Behold him, a man loaded with glory, that good old man of seventy, *questo buon vecchio*, kneeling before you, barefoot, in his shirt. You, who are to-day the friends of entire liberty, tell us what you did, at that moment, with that man, who then represented every kind of liberty. For there is a moment when history leaves him, and he remains entirely in your hands. Did you put him to the torture? You alone know. You declare you submitted him to the *rigorous examination*; but in that infernal code of the Inquisition which I have just studied, the *rigorous examination* is every-where synonymous with torture.

"Did he groan forth the words '*And yet it moves!*' amid his agonizing sufferings from the rope, the *cervelat*, or the iron-rack?

"Moreover, the greatest moral torment that you inflicted upon him was moral torture: forbidding him to teach or to publish anything; a general prohibition against all he had done, all he would do, *de editis omnibus et edendis*; an absolute silence commanded for the rest of his life. Banished for ever, like a *Pariah*, far away from cities, in his goal of Arcetri, you forbade him the commerce of men. When, his eyes having been worn out by looking at the sun, he becomes blind, as Beethoven became deaf, when this world, which he had enlarged, is reduced for him to the narrow measure of his body, and when, in this forlorn state, he loses his dear daughter, the religious Marie Celeste, who read to him the penitential psalms which you had imposed upon him as a chastisement for his genius, so many afflictions do not disarm you. You send the Inquisitors of Florence to inquire whether Gallileo is low-spirited, whether he is sad? You fear that the immortal spirit may rejoice in the interior contemplation of the spheres.

"Even his observations, his astronomical calculations, are carried away and dispersed, as suspected of heresy. The most faithful of his friends hides his manuscripts under ground;—they will never be found again. On this occasion the Venetian Micasio pronounces these noble words: '*No; all the powers of hell could not destroy such things!*' Well, then, you have been more powerful than hell, you have destroyed them!

"In a fit of devotion, his heir burned whatever remained of his latter works; and you inquire whether Gallileo is sad! Be satisfied! You have reduced the serene, strongest, calmest mind that ever was, to a state of despair. *A madness an endless melancholy overwhelms me*, is his answer to you; *una tristitia, e melanconia immensa*. Yet after the lapse of two centuries, M. De Maistre, the chief of the Neo-Catholic reaction, thinks to get rid of all this pain, when, with a hangman's laugh, he jokes about this prolonged agony, which he calls the *Story of Gallileo*! Ah! sir, a truce at least to your irony! New defenders of the Church, insult not the Martyrs!"

We wish we had room for larger extracts; the Work is in truth deserving of a far larger and more elaborate notice than we can here give it; we feel, however, that we have said enough already to give our readers some idea of its intrinsic value, and to induce them for this time to be their own reviewers.

* Vide notice of Fichte's *Nature of the Scholar* in a late Number.

END OF VOL. II.

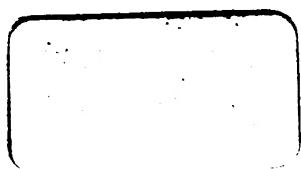
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